

The next day, I felt I owed an explanation to my colleagues in the Legal Division who were responsible to the whole Department for their exaggerated faith in my charm, which faith our Recreation Association had been duly bullied into sharing. My colleagues, however, were more interested in having me concentrate on the Treaty problems referred to our Division. No sense of humour around here! Nevertheless I think you may like to hear about the excuses I had thought of the night before.

First of all, having been a lawyer for eight years, I should have been better prepared to face judges. However, while school students are trained to argue and win their cases with imagination and words, the power of charm is overlooked completely. If I lost the "Department's case" it was mainly because of this "deformation professionnelle".

Secondly, I did not find any counterpart for Pygmalion's instruction on which to base my conduct. In ancient Greece, as well as in Bernard Shaw's epoch, it was relatively possible to conjure up Venus, body, soul and mind, and to imagine the full realization of all these three components - but who could ever imagine a contemporary professional woman, as serious as I am, forsaking consciousness to become a mere statue. According to the law of nature, one can add to one's personality but it is more difficult to subtract from it. This was the real challenge.

Even all the qualifications of the Legal Division proved insufficient to provide constructive advice on such a matter.

S. Barrière.

THE 24TH OF MAY

The observance this year of the 24th of May as the official birthday of Her Majesty the Queen gives added point to the schoolday rhyme which will soon be heard:

The 24th of May
Is the Queen's Birthday,
And if they don't give us a holiday
We'll all run away
And hide in the hay
And eat cakes all day!

The strict rhyme and metre of these verses call to mind the classical purity of the *Birthday Ode, 1732*, written by the Poet Laureate of George II, to wit, the renowned Colley Cibber. Should these immortal lines have faded from the memory of present readers, a short, but representative, extract follows:

Let there be light!
Such was at once the word and work of Heav'n,
When from the void of universal night
Free nature sprung to the Creator's sight,
And day to glad the new-born world was given'n.

Succeeding days to ages roll'd,
And ev'ry age some wonder told:
At length arose this glorious morn!
When, to extend his bounteous pow'r,
High heav'n announc'd this instant hour
The best of all monarchs shall be born!

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Around the royal table spread,
See how the beauteous branches shine!
Sprung from the fertile genial bed
Of glorious GEORGE and CAROLINE!

The great white Queen, the celebration of whose natal day has replaced the pagan rights of spring once associated with the primordial festival of May Day, at once period in her life withdrew into the gloom cast by Prince Albert's tomb. During that extended period of mourning, courtiers and rhymsters alike be-