THE BRUNSWICKAN

## Saturday, March 22, 1947

## l'ime Immaculate

Mona, Anglessey, Wales, is a tiny trip over the sea tonight with all ing power. Barc rock bravely over their shortcomings. Mona, Anglessey, Wales, is a tiny trip over the sea complete with a side but globe of dust harassing the rough that soup floating around. What if tried to shoulder it aside but tions and probably it is just as well hour is precious in this little human we put things off, and then globe of dust harassing the rough something happened out there in the water poured over it to come that we don't know about them. So span. . . We put things off, and then that we don't know about them. So span. . . We put things off, and then and treeless, where the waves break mist-sure all it ever means to you on the sudden shore, leap high, in is a list of names 'gone for a Burhide and seek with those across to ton.'

ner. A dingy mission hut my home, the taxi strip for our kite, 'Socrates.' set at one edge of the isle with brief- Shortly, I located it and entered that mer afternoon breeze, and frain from speaking out of turn at time like the present, as we find out ing rooms, mess and class-rooms inferno of thunder, meeting the were wraith-like in the mist times, but it certainly pays in the - to our cost ... "I'll leave it till tothrown at inconvenient remote dis- usual stench of gas fumes, mingled of spray, while the bushes long run. tances thereabouts.

"Today, I've been here a week, cupant, who was an unfortunate spoke of perpetual water. seven days nearer my reprieve from victim of airsickness. this living hell of eternal rain and After arranging charts and instru-Well, they did fly us too. 1 went ed with content as we slipped loose stare did not alter.

to mess, managed a cup of tea, only the chains of gravity, and soared He didn't see the tree-clad surveying the other materials they through the misty nothingness. I cliff and broken boulder-strewn which reads: "The tongue is but called food. Just seeing it shivered watched the altimeter and mutter-my spine. valley, and he had no eye for three inches long but it can kill a One's position in the estimate of his friends depends not so much on

thing seemed a haze—but I imagine I caught the bus with several others, drew my 'Mae West', parachute, couldn't be right for a change. 3500 compasses and color certridges feet-no cloud, save an endless carthen took my place with my crew. pet of woolly whiteness below, ca-All my mind seemed to say was, ressed by the mellow gleam of the enely down the valley. He saw 'This can't last forever.'

to get all the briefing, so I settled in, and E. T. A. through the intercom to to checking courses with the Bomb | the Pilot. Aimer, items of procedure with the The aircraft turned on course, not- stacks stretching to the sky. Pilot, and pleaded with the W. A. ing the time I pulled myself up, The great dam at their sprawl-G, to use the radio for navigation opened the astro-dome and project- ing feet was new. It glistened tonight, rather than listening to ed my head up partly itno the rush-"hot jive." The Pilot jabbed my ing air, breathing deeply the sweet arm and murmured, "They're sure aroma, which could only come from moan of the trains above iit was to scrub tonight. Then the weather briefing began was carried away in dreams, my over the wild.

-clouds, thin layer-tops 3,500 feet mind filled with ease, my heart was -base 2000 feet, mist below, clear light and from somewhere out in above, clouds broken over the sea, that blue a voice seemed to be sayand a full moon. I laughed quietly ing in such excitement, it filled the nestling in the valley, could to myself in a cursing way and whole air.

thought, "Yes-Hell of a lot you "Stry-come along my path of either as long as we get those hours up-up-to where the misty sails over land reclaimed from the know about it down here, or care dreams, above those weary waysin. You would make the whole damn arift on into infinite space-come, torreit. Children's cries as they

Compliments of Gaiety and Capitol

## THE DREAMER

with the odor of some previous oc-cupant, who was an unfortunate were the bright clear green that spoke of perpetual water.

Theman was standing down than you con reverse a radio wave fog and mud. I've never seen the ments, I sat back and gazed out the stream regarding the fall in- and shooti it back into the microsun cast forth one ray over this bar- window at the dim moving lights of tently, his face lifted to the sun phone. ren waste, and yet they claim I can learn to fly in all this. I'm on to-behind us, to position for take-off. night's flying detail, it's my first Soon we were being drawn by the and damp from the wet wind. too, even though it has been misting down the runway. Suddenly our sweat from a foreheal slowly words that found their mark like

Until 1 got to the briefing, every-and cloud, the black nowhere all the bright leafy foliage, no ear man six feet high."

He saw a riiver flowing seryawning moon." At height, 4000 shining white concrete build-I suddenly realized I must hurry feet, over Base, I called the course ings o nthe cliff top, neat and orderly in their rows, their i nthe sun and the mournful some celestial garden in paradise. I his symphony of man's triumph

> He could see the clean buildings of the industry's workers hear the calls of players and the click of golf balls as they sped

played came to his ears, also the voices of their mothers calling them to their meals.

The mournful howl of the freight pulling out o fthe factory yard became, suddenly the vicious buzz-z-z of an attacking mosquiito. In a trice the softly flowing river dissolved into the mighty roar of raging water as he slapped viiciously With a sigh he surveyed the desolate scene and wearily turned, shouldering his rods. Wipiing the sweat from his eyes he turned and trudged back along the path he had come, just another unsuccessful fiisherman going back to his dull routine job.

Page Three

Toronto who, when the travelling

man asked to borrow the hotel alarm

DAGGER TONGUES. PROCRASTINATION The best way to make and keep If you have a job to do-then do it The water roared menacing- friends is to throw the spotlight on right away - Tomorrow is a long ly, and was terrible in its rush- their virtues and draw the curtain way off - we only have To-day -The present time is ours to use, and

ing foam two hundred feet be- allowance for the things we do not and then, it's more than likely that the other shore. Of all air stations, I stumbled out with the others in Iow. Trees on the cliff edge to the good points and to remember the good points and forget the bad. It takes lots of self-control to remember that we lost — There's no morrow" - That's a fatal thing to

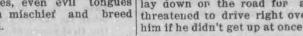
you can't bring it back any more Ever hear about the hotel maid in

A good many of the heart aches clock, told him that some-times it

much hatred. The Japs have an ancient proverb

It certainly pays to be tolerant. what he thinks as what he says.

in this old world can be charged up would fail to go off, and if it did, just to words that never should have to give the button a little push and night flight here. I bet they fly us thin steel blade, faster and faster His soft white hand wiped the been spoken - ill chosen, cruel, the beli would ring all right. -Or Sambo, who when his mule all day with lazy clouds sagging o'er-head like the springs on my bed." nose lifted skyward, we were air-borne. I recorded the time and smill stare did not alter. daggers. Yes, even evil tongues create much mischief and breed the time and smill



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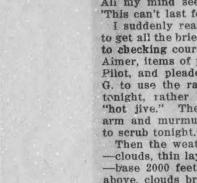
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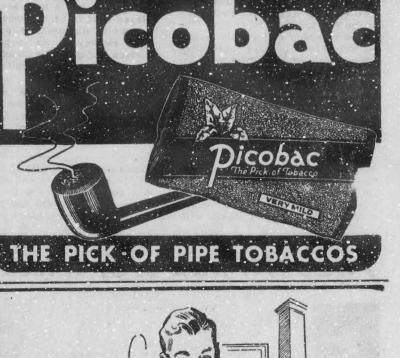
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1947







let us skip along the Milky Way to gather roses from the sunset hues. violets from the dusky purple sky buttercups in the moonbeams. We'll dream along that Snowy Way until we can hear the trembling strains of harps, the Angelic Hosts-even unto the Thorns of Heavenly Grace, reach out and clasp the very Hand of Goa.

"Why are you veiled in minds in finity, always dark in tomorrows space of time, never sharing the lucious toasts in tune with life. Always vainly endeavoring to scale the walls of human dignity, never content with the joy of your own simplicity.

"Why return, knowing that all your tomorrows will be as all your yesterdays-one grave struggle. Now that you are free, descend not from space to cast your soul and body again to that auction of life, to he bid to naught, scaled to wantoness and shackled to hopelessness, a monument to dispair."

Another voice was calling, "Hey! Chum are you going to navigate this crate or not?" Jarred from my reverie I tock the radio report the W. A. G. was handing me, answering, 'Yes-yes'. For the remainder of the flight I could still hear that voice above the roar of the engines. It was as though I was being torn between two worlds.

EVEN BIG OPERATORS HAVE

AND SAVING that small change can be both pleasant and profitable. Collect your pennies, dimes and quarters . . . deposit them regularly in your Bank of Nova Scotia savings account. You'll have a sizeable sum by graduation ... Open your special graduation account today.



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