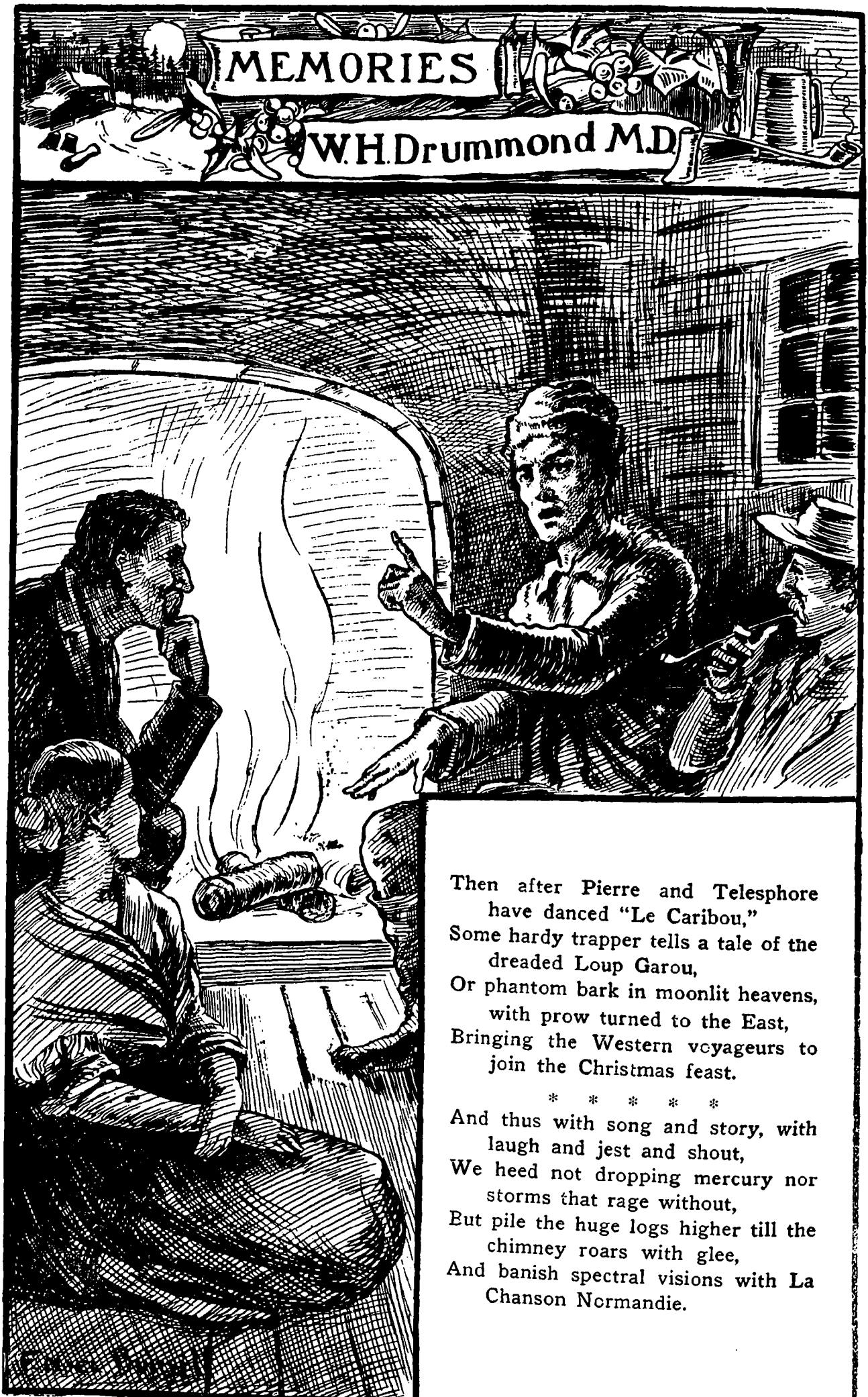




MEMORIES

W.H.Drummond M.D.

Then after Pierre and Telesphore
 have danced "Le Caribou,"
 Some hardy trapper tells a tale of the
 dreaded Loup Garou,
 Or phantom bark in moonlit heavens,
 with prow turned to the East,
 Bringing the Western voyageurs to
 join the Christmas feast.

* * * * *

And thus with song and story, with
 laugh and jest and shout,
 We heed not dropping mercury nor
 storms that rage without,
 But pile the huge logs higher till the
 chimney roars with glee,
 And banish spectral visions with La
 Chanson Normandie.