

Literary

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

Stealing away from elders'
 angered mutterings
Of cold, approaching winter,
I kiss the shadowed hand
Of Autumn
That waves a silent farewell
To Summer.
Rejoicing in every precious breath,
I wander in the hushed forest,
Aware of the unknown force
Injecting the beauty
With tender, awakening passion.
Round a corner
I see them
Laughing . . . noses red,
Flinging their young bodies
Into a mound
Of richly intense colour
And I smile;
A happy, quiet smile.

L. Carroll 12B

THE THREE YEAR OLD

Crying out,
The tiny child,
Oriental,
Sitting
Cross-legged
Before
His demolished home.
Tears,
Lonely,
Streaming down
His boney, innocent
Face.
Little One!
No amount of calling,
"Mommy, Mommy!"
Can awake
The charred body
Before you.
I am sad
That you are hungry.

L. Carroll 12B

THREE MONKEY'S VIEWPOINT

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree,
Discussing things as they're said to be,
Said one to the others, "Now listen,
 You two,
There's a certain rumor that can't
 Be true.
That man descended from our
 Noble race,
Why the very idea is a dire disgrace."

"No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved his baby, or ruined
 His life.
And you've never known mother monk
To leave her young with others
 To bunk
Till they scarcely know their mother."

"And another thing you'll
 never see,
Is monk build a fence round a
 Cocoanut tree,
And let the cocoanuts go
 To waste,
Forbidding all other monks
 To taste.
Why if I build a fence round
 This tree,
Starvation would force you
 To steal from me."

"Here's another a monk won't do
Go out at night and get on a stew,
Or use a gun or club or knife
To take some other 'monkey's life."

"Yes, man descended - the ornery cuss,
But brother, HE DID'NT DESCEND FROM US!"

Anonymous
Taken from the Western Star.

CENTENNIAL YEAR IS OVER

Our Centennial Year is over and we'll
Celebrate no more.
We've had many celebrations across our
Land from shore to shore.
Project after project blossomed with
Enthusiastic pride,
In cities, villages and hamlets all
Across the countryside.
Events and scenes were reenacted, as
They were so long ago.
Our young men grew handsome beards,
And put on quite a show.
We ladies made long dresses, styles
Of our Grandmother's day
And enjoyed fun and excitement as we
Made our little play.
But now that it is over, another
Century, has begun,
I can't recall one hundred years, nor
Can anyone.
But if you ask me how it was
Some sixty years ago
I'll gladly tell you lots of things,
Which you will know is so.
We each have pleasant memories and
Some that weren't so good,
That take us back so long ago to days
Of our childhood.
Old folks think of ice and snow,
And plodding home from school.
And stealing rides on back of sleighs,
Which was against the rule.
Skating on a moonlit pond and
tobogganning down the hill.
The eats they had at midnight, they
Do recall the thrill.
They wore their long legged underwear,
Home knit stockings too,
And dressed beside the kitchen stove,
When they could manage to.
The romantic cutter rides they had,
Beneath the silvery moon,
Snow-laden bush on either side, sleigh
bells that played a tune.
And oh, those summer holidays,
Barefoot and carefree.
They had their chores, but that
Was good for them, they will agree.

They remember the first telephone,
It hung upon the wall,
And how they had to turn the crank,
when ever they made a call.
Delivery of their rural mail, they
Saw the first one come,
With horse and buggy every day,
Twas brought right to their home.
The motor-car and airplane, when
First they came their way --
They'd run to watch them out of
Sight and talk about it all day.
With the advent of electricity
They saw the biggest change,
They discarded their old washboard
Smoky lamps and kitchen range.
They said they'd have more leisure
Time, that their hard work was o'vr
But if that's true somehow they
Find that life has added more
With new-fangled ideas, appliances
and such
They've added so much to their day,
It didn't help them much.
They didn't have much money as
Housewives in those days,
But they derived their pleasures
From small and simple ways.
The crackle of hot fresh baked bread
Was not the least of mine,
Or the pure sweet smell of laundry
Taken from a frosty line.
No lack of entertainment as they
Mostly made their own.
The concerts and the Christmas trees
And parties in their home
Where till the wee small hours
The guests were loath to go.
They chatted, played a game of cards
And dances the Do-Si-Do.
They had no T.V. in those days
To tell them what to buy,
But they managed to survive without
A half a try.
Although they love to reminisce,
And talk about the past,
They like the times they live
Right now, if they didn't go so fast

M. M. MARRYATT

HAPPINESS IS...

We look through hypocritical eyes
At life we love, we live our best.
People through the grass we spy.
These we love; those, detest.

Our country's banner is flying high,
Church steeples are higher still,
But our lovely country will still try
To make us fight against our will.

We learn the words "Thou shalt not kill"
They mean so much when mind is sound.
There stood an enemy on that hill,
It took no time to shoot him down.

Into pits of ruin we throw ourselves,
Then holler "is God dead?"
How long has it been, ask yourselves,
Since you thanked Him for your daily bread?

We "blow our minds" to escape this place,
Then someone please tell me why
If, up to the world we cannot face,
Why are we so afraid to die?

One day we'll leave our fears behind
And our lives will be just His.
Happiness cannot be defined
For we've yet to hear just what it is.

AUTUMN'S TREE

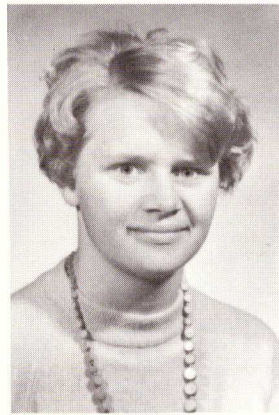
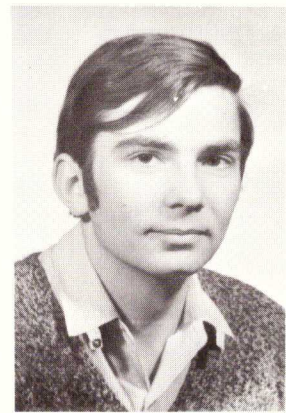
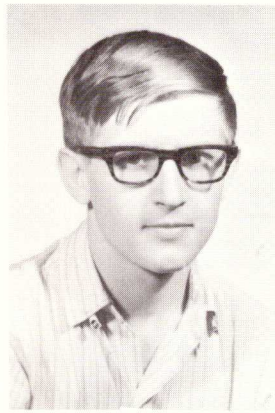
It stood beside the winding road,
In beauty rare to see;
It shimmered in the morning mist,
Fair autumn's golden tree.
The sighing wind had touched its boughs,
They waved in gentle grace;
Such beauty in the golden leaves
That drift around its base.
On pretty winds the swallows soar
Where open fields are wide;
Fair autumn graced a thousand hills
And all the countryside.
In steadfast, pride the tree remains
Through hail and windy storm;
God works in his mysterious ways
With wonders to perform.
Enshrined in all the morning light
So rich in autumn gold;
And there within its shining boughs
God's beauty I behold,
He giveth joy and rising sun
That skips along the sea;
And there beside the winding road
Fair Autumn's golden tree.

MY WILL

There now it's done, I've made my will,
Bequeathed all my wealth,
Being thankful for the things I've had,
Friends, contentment, health,
My share in this, my Father's world
With dividends it pays
In gold that's found in Autumn leaves,
In bright and sunny days;
The song of birds, the hum of bees,
The cricket's cheery tune;
Bright stars that stud the sky by night,
The clear, round harvest moon.

Soft emerald shades of bush and tree
And gently rolling lawn;
The ruby tint of sunset glow
Or of the glorious dawn;
The flowers that rival royal
The lake so sparkling blue --
To generations yet unborn
I leave it all to you.

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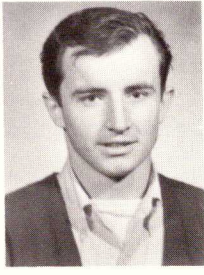
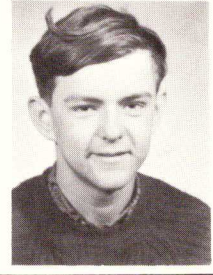
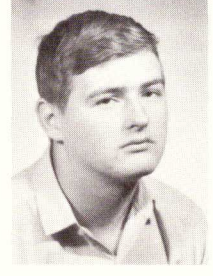
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