POESIE D'AUTOMNE

Pas de chance vraiment! Les coups de fusil s'étaient répercutés d'écho en écho . . . et rien dans ma gibecière . . . Le jour allait bientôt décliner et il fallait songer au retour, plus de cartouche, les pieds et le coeur lourd et, comme pour me narguer, un lièvre qui traversait en courant le sentier pour ensuite s'arrêter et me fixer peureusement.

A foulées lentes, je faisais crisser les feuilles mortes. C'était une lumineuse journée d'automne. Comme une caresse, le soleil poudroyait les feuilles des arbres et on eût dit la forêt rougeoyante un immense brasier. Là-haut, les érables berçaient leurs longues chevelures dans la brise tel un son d'orgue lointain. Sous la lumière tamiseé qui perçait les buissons, deux écureuils jouaient à cache-cache et s'arrêterent un instant pour me fixer avec de grands yeux timides et veloutés comme le satin.

Parvenu à l'oreé du bois, il me fallait franchir d'un bond un petit ruisseau qui flàaait sous les ramilles, accentuait sa course et venait s'élancer en faibles cascades sur les roches capitonneés de mousse pour aller ensuite se perdre au loin en babillant tel un rire d'enfant.

Du faible épaulement de terrain où je prenais un instant de repos, les champs tout près m'apparaissaient comme un immense damier. Les clôtures couraient en ligne droite, des arbres isolés se dressaient en sentinelle. Des familles de croassants corbeaux nichaient dans les épinettes touffues et leur concert était celui d'une ribambelle d'enfant qui, au coin des rues, se disent des noms.

Si je regardais encore, ou mieux si j'écoutais, j'entendais bruire la moisson aux épis lourds de blé et d'espoir qui hochaient leurs têtes blondes en une mélodie rythmée au Créateur. Une hirondelle venait presque effleurer mes pieds, passant légère et gracieuse comme un zéphyr.

La forêt, la campagne sentait bon, bon comme le parfum que sillage d'un être cher, d'une jeune fille aux yeux rieurs et au frou-frou de soie. Harassé, fourbre, j'atteignais mon gîte, à ce moment ou la nuit endort le jour. Le soleil, tel un sous brillant, se perdait dans la tire-lire de l'horizon.

Je revoyais le gibier . . . la campagne . . . la forêt . . . un être lourd de bagages et de sommeil . . . une journée pleine quand même.

—ALBAN BERUBE '59

MY PROBLEM

It seems that during the first three or four weeks after registration day a number of students residing on first floor of Memorial Hall delved into the books so deeply and so often that they soon found themselves miles ahead in every single course. Since they did not wish to go beyond the material for which they would be responsible in the mid-term examinations, these gifted boys had to come up with a solution to this serious situation of unemployment. For a period of two days, the problem was studied until one of the higher intellectuals came forth with the idea that a few games of cards every day would pass away the long hours prior to examinations. This man of genius who had been forced by an injured knee to abstain from studying was none other than basketball player Lone Majigan.

A meeting was held immediately, and all were asked to vote either for or against Lone's suggestion. The results showed that all but one were in favor of his idea. A deck of cards was brought in by Dan'l Abron from his native Bedford, and a few rules were laid down, the main two stating respectively that at least ten games of auction forty-five should be played each day, and that each club member should play at least four hours each day. It was decided that there would be no money involved, since the only man who had any in his wallet was Dorgie Dunk. Rumors say that Dunk has found his wallet to be of too small a capacity to house his greenbacks and has traded it in on a brief case which he has found to be much more suitable. I believe it was Dorgie who introduced to the game of auction forty-five the right to check—or maybe it's cheque—which permits the player to the immediate right of the dealer to raise the bid after the dealer has held it.

Other members of the cub who have amazing schemes and abilities when it comes to card playing are the following: (1) Cire Ettecoud, who is sole owner of the ace of spades since his name is on it. (2) Siuol (pronounced see-you-all), brother of Cire, who invariably cries out something like this when he holds valuable trumps, "Can't you all see that Siuol has all the cards?" The Ettecoud brothers are gypsies. (3) Willnot Yessirrom, a sailor of some importance, is a foreigner, whose last name spelled backwards is a common English name. Willnot always holds his cards with the spots out so that his partners know what he has; to deceive his opponents, he turns the cards upside down, and since only his partners know that by turning a summersault they can see what Willnot has, the trio win quite often. (4) Wayne William Valentine Aloysius Wheelin who is called W W V A for short. (5) I.P. MacDowling who, at first, was employed as a carryall driver until he lost his license for speeding, and was forced to join the club. (6) Charles Roterb who is a very desirable partner, not so much for his ability as a player, but for his ability to chant in such a way as to captivate his rivals to such an extent that his mates can look at and even exchange the hands of their opponents. Charlie and his pal Duchugar Kane (better known as sugar) are the fightful owners of the K and R room, where most of the games are played. All members have been mentioned except one who, I think deserves to be given a separate paragraph.

Although it has been thought from the beginning that at least one card was missing from the deck, this has not been proven as yet. However, Don Glis, an engineering student, says that he will find out for sure this coming week end by a method which he has revealed to his fellow members who have confirmed it as the best and most logical way. Don intends to drive to Summerside by car and on the way he will throw a card out the window for each mile covered. By computing, with the aid of a slide rule, the number of miles travelled at the time when the last card is thrown, he will be able to determine the number of cards on his return trip on Sunday so that it will be possible to resume games immediately upon return.

I intend to join this growing club in the near future if I can pass the requirements for admittance. If I am accepted, I shall try my best to induce the members to gamble a bit. My biggest problem will be to choose the best pair of partners.

—RED NAXELA '60