

representative was not confused at all, but merely becoming more and more worried about what nobody seemed to be aware of, and was actually trying to do something about it in a youthfully tentative way. Indeed, looking back and prying into personal details, one would perhaps come to realize that something funny was going on, and it was not entirely explicable. It was almost wierd.

He was a patrol-leader in a local Scout troop, and was later to become a Queen's Scout, as well as an assistant scout-master, and once, while still a patrol-leader, his then scout-master had come to him saying that a boy's mother told him that her son had few friends, could not get along with others, and was shyly inconfident, being somewhat frightened of competition. The master was putting him in his patrol hoping that the boy would get over it. The young patrol-leader took this as a duty then, but soon found himself bound to the boy through personal friendship and together they both rose through the levels of scouting achievement and consistently won commendations for their high capability of meeting competition and dealing with it, even to the point of having to cancel their arrangements to attend ceremonies for the receipt of their Queen's Scout citations, because they had both won awards of the highest standing in a science fair unrelated to their scout work and had to attend a banquet in honour of all winners of the competition. Throughout this, the shy boy exercised himself with increasing poise and confidence in that his success in company with the older boy gave him a lever that was his own with which he could pry self-respect out of his experience. In short, he became a social magnate, broke away from the older boy, became the centre of his own group, struck out on his own as an individual, found a girl-friend, won high honours at school, enjoyed life and went on to study biology.

The Snail

(sent in by a reader)

Come listen to this little tale about the lowly humble snail,
While crawling on a rotten log, he isn't putting on the dog.
He doesn't think as he labors, that he is better than his neighbours,
Nor that he is a little god, he knows he's just a gastropod.

Though he is host to liver flakes, he doesn't merit our rebukes
He doesn't do as humans do, and brag of blood thats really blue;
He mentions not his family tree, and does not care for pedigree,
Admits his kin are slugs and whelks and doesn't try to join 'the Elks'.

He does not weep nor curse his fate for being born invertebrate,
He does not mind his spineless lot nor doesn't seek to be what he's not;
Instead of bones he has a shell and thinks it serves him very well
He does not know how he's abhorred, because he has no spinal cord.

When cupids bow lets fly a dart that strikes the snails two chambered
heart,
And he starts out his love to find, she doesn't seek a higher kind;
He knows no name in upper crust will help him satisfy his lust,
And geneology can't prevail when he just wants another snail.

False pride is never his asylum. He knows mollusca is his phylum
And though his gait is very slow, he really has no place to go.
With ventral nerve without a spine, he still thinks life is pretty fine,
All arguments are sure to fail, he's satisfied to be a snail.

I thank whatever gods that be, that such a fate was not for me
That evolution did not swerve till man had brain and dorsal nerve
That upright stance and flattened face prove mankind a higher race
I swell my pride-and then- I see the works of these great men.

(cont'd)