**An Essay of the Day**

**Picnics in English**

It's Never too Late to Live

By Dr. Brian Welbeck

Some of us are haunted by Thoreau's saying — "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." We grin and bear it each day, weighed down by the fear of insecurity, the burden of responsibility. Above all, we chain ourselves to a job — any job—which will promise some measure of security in old age. Is there any wonder that so many of us lose the spirit of adventure and of worthwhile living.

We have assumed our true personalities that we may have a bag of gold; sold our soul for thirty pieces of silver. As Jim Tompkins said — "As we go through life, little bits of us get lost." Darwin lamented that his thirst for scientific knowledge killed the musical appreciation which had enriched his youth. The world is no full of a number of things and that we should all be happy as kings. But are we? And why do we have to say no? Because we have squandered the wealth of art, the artistic enthusiasm.

How is this to be avoided? There are four fundamental rules which I have found have helped many people.

1. **NEVER BE AFRAID OF NEW ADVENTURES, AT ANY AGE.** You never know what you can do till you try. A woman I know was a housewife and mother when her husband was killed in an accident. She had enough to do to live on, but not enough to do to drive her loneliness. She began to write.

   Soon, she had enough rejection slips to paper her living room. But gradually her articles were accepted, and today she is a newspaper columnist. If you sink a well into your mind, the darkness and loneliness are not as bad — and possibly a little gold as well.

2. **DON'T DIE WHEN YOU RETIRE.** Have a hobby which you are itching to work at, full time. Like a friend of mine who, since he retired at sixty-five, has become a cartoonist.

   Building your happy old age is of paramount importance. Otherwise you will become an embittered old soul, hating your years, jealous of youth, and depriving your mental and physical pleasures. Unless the mellow years round off your life.

   (Slightly abridged)

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**One Summer Night**

Looking at the barn, I feel like my head is midnight but I still cannot sleep. The great heat which the sun sends down during the day does not seem to cool down. I think, I winnow my fan hand, and beds of perspiration run out from my shoulders, back, arms, and all parts of my body and wet my pyjamas.

It is not so hot now sitting in an armchair before the window. Overlooking the quiet street under me I see a sort of sense of coolness. The surface of the tar road has light flashing. Why? Oh! So the y are the reflections of the street-lamps.

Two further are brilliant street-lamps and just like a wreath of diamonds. Lifting my head I gaze at the sparkling stars hanging on the dark sky and the diary Milky Way which crosses heaven. The great boat seems to have all gone; lying comfortably in the armchair, my eyelids grow heavy and heavier and eventually I fall into deep-sleep.

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**Comments by James Lai**

As the title suggests, this is a very charming article. It is a well-written piece, and I enjoyed reading it. It has a good flow and the author's ideas are clearly presented. I would recommend this to others who are interested in the subject.

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**Learning to Read Quickly**

Courses in quick reading are now held at all the colleges and universities in the United States. As political and business life becomes more and more important, the amount of paper work increases and it has been felt for a long time that special training should be given to those who have to read through volumes of this material.

One of the main training methods is the use of a piece of apparatus called a tachistoscope. This is a screen which slides down over the printed page at a set speed, so compelling the reader to keep pace with it. As the efficiency of the reader in "digging" his material improves the speed of the screen is increased to as much as 1000 words a minute.

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**Dantes in Rome**

Rome has hundreds of statues, busts, and memorial plaques honouring great men of the past; but it has no monument to Dante. (July 5) greatest of Italian poets.

The siting of Rome were shocked when this was pointed out recently, and so a campaign has begun to raise a memorial.

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**A Young Man Called for an Old Gentleman Farmer to Ask Him something which he had been raised by a memorial.**

"How is your wife?" the man asked a friend he had not seen for years. "She's in heaven," replied the friend.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he added. "Then he realized that it was not the thing to say, so he added: "I mean, I'm glad." And that was even worse.

"How am I surprised?"