

have missed only one Commencement Exercise, so I have seen forty-three graduating classes of excellent students who in later years have shed lustre and fame on their Alma Mater. Heading the list is our own great Cardinal McGuigan; then there are Archbishops, Bishops, Priests and distinguished leaders in other professions. Those wonderful graduates have made St. Dunstan's famous throughout the world.

I hope and pray that during this Jubilee Year plans will be finalized to erect suitable monuments in grateful memory of the great Bishop MacEachern who founded the college and made all its achievement and success possible.

W. J. P. MacMILLAN.

BAD BUSINESS FOR A BACHELOR

Perfectly content in his bachelor apartment in the suburbs of Halifax, Bim O'Bleek, a dockyard electrician, was enjoying a few moments relaxation after a hard week's work when his thoughts were interrupted by the insistent ringing of the telephone. "Damn the luck", he thought, "I don't want to go out tonight. I want to do some reading." Another nerve shattering ring and he leaped at the black miscreant, picked it up and uttered a gruff "hello." "Oh, is that you Bim? This is Rosella your favourite sister. Don't you remember me?" What an odd question, of course he remembered her. He had seen her only last night. In the ensuing conversation he learned that his sister and her husband, Joe, were going to their cottage in the country for a quiet weekend and she could not imagine trusting her six darling girls with anyone else but him. Before he realized what he was doing he had accepted the invitation and hung up. Later, but not much later, he would regret his hasty acceptance.

Two hours later Bim arrived at his sister's house, a smile on his face and a suitcase in his hand. Both were destined for destruction. The evening passed without a calamity. The packing was finished and the girls, under the direction of their father, were storehouses of efficiency. Not a misdemeanour was committed throughout the entire evening and nine o'clock found them tucked snugly in bed.

Joe and Rosella left early the next morning long before Bim arose. He debunked about seven, expecting to be at work by eight. Around the morning paper he viewed with some concern the dilatory movements of the oldest girl, Jane, who was preparing breakfast. The efficiency displayed the evening before was absent. He wondered what would be the best approach to get better results. A slight reminder that he must go to work had no effect. A frank admittance of hunger failed miserably. Tossing caution to the wind he demanded faster service. Jane was highly insulted, Throwing a "who do you think you are?" look at him she reluctantly accelerated. Her culinary prowess being in the early stages of development, the food possessed qualities and flavours which he had not formerly associated with its type. The worst was yet to come. In the middle of the repast a huge black cat clambered up on the table. A goodly blow soon rid the table of the beast, but his friends were not so easily vanquished. The six girls attacked. The element of surprise gave them a decided advantage in the early part of the struggle, but the fury of the attack subsided when the physical superiority of their adversary became apparent. A temporary decision in his favor established, Bim was glad, possibly for the first time in his entire career, to go to work.

Work proved to be the required sedative. They were supposed to install an electrical apparatus in the gyro room of a frigate, but the apparatus was not available. Of the five men allocated to the job, one elected to slumber peacefully on the deck, the other four engaged in a game of crib which proved to be both entertaining and profitable to everyone but Bim.

Dinner, under ordinary circumstances, was a delightful prospect. Today, with the impending disaster of facing the whole brood, it was anything but joy inspiring. The pangs of hunger overcame his timidity and he headed home. Surprisingly enough dinner was ready when he arrived. The four oldest children were quite sullen, which was attributable to Bim's infringement of feline privileges earlier in the day. The younger ones, either misunderstanding the gravity of the offence or prompted by a desire to be prominent, were very affectionate. A couple of smiles, mercenary though they were, among this group were most exhilarating. To show his appreciation the little darlings were amply remunerated which served to brighten the smiles and increase the outward display of affection. The

latter resulted in a bowl of hot soup being spilled in the benefactor's lap. Smug grins appeared on the faces of one side of the camp while the other side wailed industriously to show concern for their afflicted uncle. In all probability the little ones could see future donations dwindling and were trying to regain their former status. Determined to ignore the causes of all his grief Bim finished his dinner in silence and departed.

It was good to get out in the air away from domestic scenery. He walked briskly down Barrington Street, out the Spring Garden Road to the park where he spent the afternoon contemplating the various forms of vegetative life displayed there. Irrational and inanimate creature are very soothing to nerves sorely tried by human companionship. The afternoon flitted by presenting once more that dreadful encounter. He took a tram home. An awful silence prevailed as he entered the house. What deviltry could they be up to now? He found them all in the kitchen. What a beautiful scene! The older ones were sewing and knitting and the small ones were playing with their dolls. Had he judged these children too harshly? He must have. Now they represented everything that was good and lovable. In this frame of mind he readily accepted the first request to join the sedate group. The girls sang, danced and recited for his entertainment. "Talented little rascals" he thought, at the same time fancying himself as an entertainer and attributing the girls' accomplishments to the relationship between them. Suppertime arrived and Bim went upstairs to dress for the occasion.

The room allotted to him was a cozy little den where the evening before he had nonchalantly thrown his suitcase. Now it gave an entirely different impression. The suitcase was in three pieces on the floor, the room was littered with debris which had been his carefully chosen personal effects. Another reversal of judgment! The little monsters! How could he avenge this dastardly deed? Corporal punishment, no, something more severe, capital punishment—that was the only answer. Suddenly he felt an imaginary noose around his neck. The law frowned on homicide. Its long arm would reach out with a real noose if he imposed the penalty. Was there not such a thing as justifiable homicide? In his heart he knew there must be, but would the authorities condone it? They could not, else the human race would have been extinct long ago. Every lesser punishment conceived had an accompanying unfavor-

able legal aspect. He decided to overlook the incident for the moment.

Regaining his composure Bim returned to the kitchen where supper awaited. An enquiring glance revealed no suspects. Innocence personified! Professional emotion concealers! They were all talking at once. On the whole the conversation was unintelligible. The older girls made reference to several masculine names, but the most noticeable part of their talk consisted of "he said, he said he said." The younger ones, whose hunting instincts were still latent, made high, piercing, nonsensical assertions such as "I saw a Shinaman in Shurch this mornin'" and "I'm tellin' Daddy, I'm tellin' Mother." Oh, if Daddy and Mother were only here. They could restore order and maintain silence in this mutinous gang who were now engaged in open warfare using pastry for ammunition. Decided to be arbitrator in the fray Bim hit the table a resounding wallop. Hostilities ceased instantly. He took this opportunity to propose, in a few well chosen words, the course of action he would follow in the event of further transgressions. The desired effect obtained, supper was resumed and finished in a civilized fashion.

After supper Jane decided to get ready for the dance. Such scrubbing, greasing, powdering, painting, brushing and shining could not be paralleled in a Royal Navy training ship. On completion, about two hours later, she secured the services of her sister to test the smoothness of her cheek. "Aha!", yelled the baby, "She's gonna dance sheek to sheek." "Don't be so foolish," offered another girl. "She'll fall down and break her neck. Every time she sees a boy, she falls, hoping he'll help her up." Jane made no comment. She flounced out of the house and down the street tripping and falling, very conveniently, in the path of a brawny youth who sidestepped deftly and continued on his way, ignoring the prostrate form on the sidewalk.

It is an established fact that children hate to go to bed. These were no exception. No amount of vocal persuasion could convince them. A persuader, in the form of a razor strop, soon convinced them of the necessity.

When the din quieted Bim curled up with a detective novel. He became so engrossed in the mysterious plot that he did not hear the door opening. At the sound of footsteps he looked up and there were Rosella and Joe. What a

sight for sore eyes! Now he was relieved of all responsibility. They explained that a family of skunks had taken up residence in their cottage rendering it uninhabitable. Eviction notices had been served and fumigators hired but the weekend had been spoiled. After an exchange of experiences it was time for bed.

Bim opened the door to his bedroom—Splash!—The contents of a pail suspended over the door descended on his head. Pressing onward he tripped over a taut string and landed head-first in a pile of tin cans and cardboard boxes. Picking himself up he turned on the light, grabbed his hat and coat and stomped out of the house uttering phrases very unbecoming a gentleman.

Bim O'Bleek walked down the street a very confused man. Would he get married and risk the consequences? Or would he retain his lonely bachelorhood? He was very interested in a nice girl and his friends had warned him that he would keep chasing her until she caught him.

—ERNEST LARKIN '55.

FOR MARIAN YEAR

Queen of spotless purity,
Queen of the Holy Rosary,
Mystical Rose.
No name can truly name thee,
Mother of my God.

Flower of obedience,
Queen of all the angels,
Hear us as we praise thee,
Mother of my God.

Simple queen in Nazareth,
Pieta upon Calvary,
Help thy wayward children here,
Mother of my God.

In this year dedicated to thee,
Glorious Queen of Heaven,
Bind us closer to thy Son,
Mother of my God.

E. M. '55.