

could be so interesting and worth-while as that of hockey? Could we ever go back to the dry, depressing details of politics, of world problems, or the general welfare of mankind? We might as well die and be done with it.

What about our politicians! Without the advantage of the friendship of the hockey stars and the resulting public recognition, what would some politicians do? Would they have to return to the dull business of studying and explaining the platform of their party, if they were to receive support, now that they could no longer parade a hockey star, the strong silent type, before the voters.

My Gosh! I just thought of it. How would we ever persuade Junior to eat his cereal? Before this all we had to do was to threaten him with ruin. "If you don't eat up all your cereal you won't grow up to be a big bruising hockey player". He would clean it up all right, and, with sparkling eyes, he would look up and ask, "Mummy, can't we have cereal for dinner too?" Would he never eat cereal again? Then the realization flashed before me. If major league hockey ceased to be in our fair city, I could afford to buy Junior milk to go with his cereal and this might add to its flavor.

—EMMETT ROCHE '53.

MARY OF MAY

The snow long since has fled the field,
With signs of summer plainly seen,
The farmer smiles while looking 'round
To see his pastures growing green.

All the things he sees around him,
With a freshness seem to gleam;
Like Herself they seem to glisten,
Like Herself so pure and clean.

Showers of April, hours of sunlight,
The friends he always holds so dear;
Have made May, the month of Mary,
Like no other in the year.

—CYRIL MacISAAC, '53.