

ferent ways. Their local canon law and local customs also varied. In this way the three original rites of Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch gave rise to all the other rites.

The diversity of rites does not militate against the unity of the Church, but rather shows its universality, since it permits other peoples to maintain their peculiarities in the same way as it permits the members of the Latin rite to retain their peculiarities.

Fittingly, indeed, did the Patriarch of the Chaldeans declare on the feast of Corpus Christi, 1919, in the Chaldean Cathedral in Bagdad, "Here is a unity which the Catholic Church alone possesses; here are men, women, and children of varied nationalities and rites, yet all holding the same faith, imbued with the same hope, their hearts aflame with the same love, and all united under the leadership of Peter's successor, the Holy Father, their true and universal pastor."

BULL SESSION

Vincent G. Murnaghan, '45

As I sit musing at my desk this beautiful spring night, the thought suddenly strikes me that this is March twenty-eight and there are less than six weeks left until the final exams. There are less than six weeks in which to do all the work that I should have been doing for the past three months. I begin to wonder to what cause my inactivity can be attributed. I rack my brain for a long time and finally I come to the conclusion that it is due in large part to my laziness but in larger part to those notable events known at St. Dunstan's as bull sessions. So I decide that henceforth those things shall be strictly taboo. I resolve that my door will remain locked and that no one will enter until I have acquainted myself with his name and occupation. If he is not a student, he shall not be allowed to come in. My lip drops. I will put in a very lonely time for the next six weeks.

While I am thus in the midst of my good resolutions, a knock comes to the door and a voice, of course it is my own, shouts, "Come in." I have already broken one of my resolutions, and one of my classmates comes in. Without delay he proceeds to make himself at home, stretching himself out on

the bed. What am I going to do ? I don't want to insult him, but I do want to get rid of him. I bring up the topic of work and the short time remaining until the exams, but this has no effect on him. As a last resort I think that I hear the footsteps of the disciplinarian, but my friend throws off this suggestion with much levity. In a few minutes several other boys come into my room, of course without knocking, and before I know where I stand we are in the midst of a bull session.

For the benefit of my readers who may not be acquainted with college language I shall attempt to explain what I mean by a bull session. A bull session is an informal meeting of a number of boys, preferably with different opinions regarding politics and members of the opposite sex, in a small room as far distant as possible from that of the disciplinarian, for the sole purpose of wasting time in the most absurd way. The number of participants in the meeting varies, but the general arrangement is three on each bed, two on each desk, one on each chair, and a number on the floor. Those squatting on the floor are generally freshmen. The topics of discussion vary from women to the construction of a new car ferry, from the banana industry in Alaska to the war in North Africa, from local politics to the government of New Zealand.

Well, we have already entered the third hour of the session with a very heated discussion in progress concerning Canadian politics when we hear a knock at the door. A look of horror fills the faces of the visitors in Room 44. No doubt that is the knock peculiar to the disciplinarian. Immediately there is a wild rush for the closet; the disciplinarian, however, is too smart for the offenders and, instead of walking into the closet, they march in single file past a tall, slender man who stands sizing them up as they pass by. He quietly shuts the door and I am left alone within the smoke-filled room to mourn the loss of another valuable night.



Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.

—*Juvenal.*