

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.