
GOD'S MEDIUM

Mary Mediatrix, channel of Grace,
Dear Lady, lead us to our place
High in Heaven, our eternal home,
Through your help, God bids us come.

Mother of us sinful men
Ask the Savior's pardon again;
Our heavy burden help us carry
So from His Grace we may not tarry.

Vessel of Honor, Mystical Rose,
Fairer by far than all earth shows;
Thy aid we need all day and night,
Our hope and solace, our sweetness and light.

Gentle Virgin with zealous care
Lest your children should despair,
Entreat your Son that we may be
Happy with thee in Eternity.

—PETER BEATON '52

THE LIFE HISTORY OF A DO NOTHING

For the past few years, I have been doing some very serious thinking about what is supposed to be your fate and mine in the light of the historical data which has been faithfully perserved for generation upon generation. To succeed and survive by the sweat of our brows, we are told. I am rather inclined to disagree with such tradition. I have been looking at my own life, or, if you will, existence, in particular lately, letting it pass slowly through my mind like some sort of panorama. And I have been considering the means which I have taken to bring me where I am now; at the amount of sweat and blood my education to date has required of me; at the flaws in character; at all the inconveniences, discomforts, worries and anxieties with which our existence is supposed to be filled, and when I consider all these things, I am seriously tempted to smile at the pessimism of other human beings. Why should I smile? Simply because it seems to me that my ilfe has been close to that paradise which so many people are seeking on earth.

You should know how it happened.

It would appear to the college graduate living in our age of specialization that to amount to anything he or she must of necessity become a specialist in some particular field. This truth occurred to me so often in my early youth that I finally decided to do something about it. I decided that I would specialize in some one particular field, and so I racked my brain in an effort to arrive at a specialized art, or science, it did not matter, which would be greater than all others. I went at it in this manner: If you specialize in one thing, be it in any field of endeavour, and specialize in a part of that field, and then, in a part of that part, you will gradually know more and more about less and less until you know everything about nothing. To know everything about nothing, I then concluded, was the highest form of specialization. It followed from that that in order to know everything about nothing I should have to do nothing, no matter how much it would take out of me. In brief, then, I decided that I should specialize in doing nothing, absolutely nothing.

It must be understood that it was not until I had reached the age of nine that I had understood fully what I was attempting. Yet, at the age of ten I had mastered a very delicate phase in the attainment of my ambition. I could at that time lie on a couch or a bed for hours at a time doing almost nothing. Sometimes I would stare at the ceiling, sometimes at a picture. Not long after, with some practice of course, I was able to let my mind go completely blank and stare at positively nothing.

At the age of twelve I became bored with staring at nothing so I undertook to discover other methods by which I could practice my vocation of doing nothing in a more perfect manner. I attended movies with clockwork regularity and found some solace in them. But movies only partly helped me to do nothing. I tried reading books but the strain of focusing my eyes on the pages soon made reading unbearable. Once or twice I sought the friendship of others but the possession of friends, I soon found out, demanded an enthusiasm which was not in accordance with my hard won principles. Then I realized that I had partly failed in my efforts because, you see, in attempting to find a better way of doing nothing I was actually applying myself, that is, I was no longer doing nothing.

Anyhow I managed somehow to get through High School without infringing too much on my sacred code and sought the aegis of the University as the ideal place for procuring thoughts on how to do nothing. The venture proved highly satisfactory. I had the acquaintance of hundreds of young people who had long since stumbled upon the same vocation as I was then assiduously following. It was truly wonderful! Nobody worked; nobody studied; nobody applied himself in any way whatsoever. All the courses were faithfully neglected, especially those which seriously impeded the ideal of doing nothing. Since entering college, then, I find that I have come much closer to the attainment of my ambition to do nothing. College life has provided me with an incentive, a driving force, a powerful ampetus to do nothing.

At the end of the year my fellow students (and I use that term out of respect to tradition only) and I would pass the year's work, some with flying colors, others with slightly lagging colors, and other with colors at half mast. What fun it was to sit at my seat during a lecture and pretend I was paying strict attention to the professor. What joy I have derived from watching a funny looking professor pass the exam papers around then, all in jest of course, attempt to fill the pages with all sorts of high sounding words in an effort to confuse him. Yes, college life is really wonderful!

Lately, however, I have been rather disturbed about the talk of my teachers. They seem serious in their insistence that there is something wrong with doing nothing and stress the importance of a true education, which does not seem to have anything to do with doing nothing. They seem to think that I am wasting my parent's and my own time as well. I fail to appreciate their views at all. My parents know exactly what I am doing. I can't help it if a shadow passes over their faces when they see my marks. I can't help it if my father stamps about the house filing his teeth and gnashing his fingernails. I can't help it if the professors do not understand the high ideal of my vocation. After all, I look at it this way.

I have progressed thus far through life quite satisfactorily by doing nothing, learning nothing, and doing nothing. I imagine that I shall be able to get along just as well when I leave college. The world, to a person who knows little or nothing about it, seems to be spinning on its axis

without evident difficulty. Communism, I think they call it, has never affected me. I imagine it is getting along all right. Hitler is dead, I hope. People still go to church on Sundays, I believe. There doesn't seem to be anything wrong with the church, I conclude. In fact, there doesn't seem to be anything I can do for civilization. I can say quite frankly that I am doing all right for myself. It seems to me in looking back over my life that that heaven on earth of which so many dream is not at all an impossibility, for I have already found it.

—MERRITT CROCKETT '54

TO A MISCHIEF MAKER

No, you wouldn't say that he was contemptible, just maybe . . . oh, mischievous and eager to have fun at your expense each time an opportunity presented itself. It is true that he had pestered his associates with mimicry, petty pilferings, and hoarse raucous songs which resembled the squeak of a rusty hinge, but nevertheless he was one of the most spectacular, beautiful and interesting members of his class. And although similar remarks could be said about the other members of his family, yet they were less fortunate, in that he was destined to remain with us much longer than his brothers, sisters or friends.

It is said that he is perhaps our most intelligent species, although he frequently betrayed that reputation through constant repetition of the most impudent things disguised with an air of the most matter of fact innocence. To place your whole-hearted trust in him would surely be hazardous and unwise.

Above all he loved liberty. As a result of this natural inclination to shrink from civilization, on many occasions he was denied those necessities of life which are obtained only through labor and co-operation with others. It was for this reason, if for no other, that he first appeared on the scene. For hardly had the echo of the hunter's rifle faded in the surrounding green when we noticed his intense interest in the hunt. He came over from the edge of a quiet brook that ran nearby, and with an extraordinary amount of flurry and noise stayed in that particular area for nearly an hour, vigorously protesting the hunter's claim to his reward.