

in the Tabernacle. Soon we shall celebrate our Centenary, when the sons and daughters of St. Dunstan's will come flocking back to relive again for a few hours, "the best years of their lives." It will be splendid, glorious to be able to partake in this wonderful centenary celebration, and to see and meet the illustrious of other days. Our greatest, of course, is our beloved, James, Cardinal McGuigan, who graces so well the proud See of Toronto. When he knelt here, I wondered, did any glimmer of his future greatness ever come to him or were his chief worries like mine—how to get pass in Economics I and in Math. and where to get a few extra dollars for the Prom. I thought, too, of Bishop Kelley, who remembered us so frequently and so well and who went out from here with "a head full of determination to make every ounce of learning count for a ton," and went on to do so much for God and the Church with that learning.

I thought—too long. My concentration on our interesting past had been so engrossing that a glance at my watch assured me I had missed the bell and consequently Class. Now, I shall have to go and ask for a "blue slip," and whatever shall I give for an excuse?

—C. F. '54.

### FRIVOLITY

Fretful over what to wear,  
troubled by unruly hair.

Ruled by convention's silly yoke,  
wasting away o'er a glass of coke.

Irked by another's common sense,  
miserable over a matter of pence.

Volition free is held as naught,  
when a place in society is sought.

Old fashioned are words of the wise,  
for it is so easy to rationalize.

Love is taught from comic books,  
and based merely on physical looks.

Intoxicated by that called culture,  
for such is to secure the future.

To see ourselves as WE wish to see us,  
is not the least bit troublous.

Yearning for things that demoralize,  
and thus the failure to spiritualize.

—DOMINIC MacDONALD, '52.