

his efforts perverting the purpose of his talent. His help is sorely needed today, for as the world cries out for reform, the frustrated reformers cry out even louder for assistance. The assistance they cry out for must come from the satirist, the laughing philosopher who cannot go unheard.

—FRANK SIGSWORTH '51

AN AWAKENING

I slept and dreamt the world had changed;
I woke to find it rearranged.
And so I slept again . . .
But now a voice was in my ear:
"Rise up, the harvest time is near.
The Cup has spilled its contents far;
The Lamb has tamed the hounds of war.
The world will change when you have changed.
Arise, and speed the hour!"

L. O'HANLEY '51.

THE WRONG TURN

The first bright rays of the warm June sun were now barely perceptible in the east. The solemn silence of the countryside was interrupted only by the purr of a motor and the occasional hoot of a drowsy owl. The leaves were hanging sleepily on the trees and the grass glistened with sparkling diamonds of dew as a bright new roadster, loaded down with fishing tackle, left the highway and turned down a side road. This was indeed the finest Sunday thus far in the summer. The day was meant for fishing.

As the sleek roadster moved swiftly along the damp pavement, Eddie Malone sat proudly at the wheel, a disturbed expression on his face. He had been driving his father's car now for five years, and the ease with which he handled it always inspired the admiration of his friends.

"You're really making time today, Eddie," came a voice from the back seat."

Eddie smiled but said nothing. He was not paying attention to the voices behind him. His mind was wandering. It must have been the early morning air. Or was it because today was Sunday? His thoughts took him back to the days when he had first met his companions who were

laughing so heartily behind him, back to his first days in Highfield College.

Dad's new job. That's how it began. Better money and a chance for promotion. College! Just two blocks away. The courses are almost the same as at St. Mike's and Highfield has much better facilities. Besides, "you'll get a better chance to meet other people". I was glad when I left St. Mike's and came to Highfield.

Highfield was so big and new and different. I liked it much better. It was all so novel and it certainly taught a fellow to be broadminded. We never talked much about religion. It wasn't just the right thing to do. It would be so embarrassing. I will never understand why the Church always encourages "Catholic College for Catholic students". None of that at Highfield. Everything is really wonderful. We don't take courses in religion like they do at St. Mike's, but then that's a little out of place in a college. Microscopes and test tubes are so much more interesting, and far more useful. Besides, I passed my Catechism in High School and that's all that's really needed.

The car skidded around a curve in the road and then lunged ahead until the speedometer read sixty. It was always Eddie's boast that he could "get ninety out of her easily," and today he seemed to be trying to make good his boast. In the back seat, the boys were laughing merrily. "Slats" had just told a story. He was a good story teller and was always the life of the party. Eddie recalled the first time he had met "Slats".

We always walked to and from college together. "Slats" lived on the same block but I didn't get to meet him until I started at Highfield. He was an athiest but he didn't mind talking about religion. As a matter of fact, he liked to talk about it. He's smart. Sometimes he'd ask the strangest questions about religion, questions I had never thought of before. I could never answer them. "Slats" always had an answer though, and it had always sounded logical.

The car was on the clay road now. They had been driving for forty minutes and it was getting warmer.

"Half way there boys. The fish are starting to jump about now."

"Driving pretty fast aren't you Ed?"

Poor Bud. He's always worrying. Bud's a Jew. He

never eats any pork at all. Sort of a silly idea. If we're going to abstain at all, we should all get together and agree on what to abstain from and when.

They were approaching the outskirts of a small town. Eddie drove a little slower and looked pensively at the little groups of people . . . all walking in the same direction.

Going to church, I suppose. Oh well, I'll go next Sunday. The folks would be angry if they knew I was missing Mass. But then they take everything too seriously. Getting old, I guess. I've missed before. Two weeks in a row the time I had the mumps. This is almost as bad. The boys were depending on me for the car. By the time church was out it would be too late to start. We would have gone yesterday but Bud doesn't fish on Saturday. Says Jews aren't allowed to. He takes things too seriously, too. Always worrying. Anyway today's a better day.

The small village was left behind the speeding vehicles in a cloud of dust. The boys in the back seat were laughing and "Slats" was still telling stories. Eddie paid little attention to it all. As the last faint sounds of the church bell died in the distance, Eddie pushed his foot on the accelerator and roared down the winding road.

I guess I could still make it if I turned back now. I could just get to the church in that little village. But what would the boys think? They always smile to one another when Bud refuses to play ball on Saturday. They'd laugh if I turned back to go to church. Especially "Slats". Imagine "Slats" waiting while I prayed to someone in Whom he doesn't believe. When I mentioned church last night it was "Slats" who said, "I guess the boss will let you go for one week." I guess he's about right too. A fellow could do a lot worse than skip church one Sunday. Like the time "Shifty" Kelly got drunk and was put in jail. The folks told me never to go near him again. They said he was a bad influence. It's not as bad to skip church as it is to get drunk.

"Hey boys, we're doing seventy now. We'll be there in a few minutes."

May as well get there as quick as I can. When those fish start biting I'll stop worrying about skipping church. I'll fix everything up next Saturday at Confession. May as well have a good story to tell when I go. And, as "Slats" said, "one week couldn't do any harm."

"Slow down Eddie, for heaven's sake!"

"What's the matter, Buddy? Scared? Well watch this!"

I like teasing Bud. He gets scared when I drive fast. I can't see why we have to go to church every Sunday anyway. Other churches don't have to. A fellow could do a lot worse than skip church one Sunday.

"Hey Eddie, turn back. You missed our turn."

"It doesn't matter, "Slats". I know a better spot."

"Turn back, Eddie, there are no more fishing spots down this way."

These guys don't know the country like I do. There's a little village just over the next hill, a sharp turn, a railroad crossing, and then a big mill pond. One of the best fishing spots around.

"Watch us fly, Bud. Look at that speedometer . . . seventy-five . . . eighty . . . eighty-five . . .

As Father Fogarty was finishing the announcements an usher hurried up the middle aisle. He stopped at one of the pews and whispered to its occupants: "Hit by a train. Killed instantly."

As the usher and Mr. Malone assisted Mrs. Malone down the aisle, Father Fogarty was beginning his sermon: "Watch ye, therefore, because you know not the day nor the hour."

—ALLAN MacDONALD '54

BLESSED BE THE NAME . . .

At once I lift my face to let the warm wind wash it,
(Dear God, I thank Thee for this pleasant day.)
From fields and roads and trees faint mists arise,
And green all grows and glows on every side.

I turn into the storm-winds bitter blinding,
(My God, my God, I only beg to pray.)
The blasts beat 'round; I fight to stand . . . alone;
The path is dark, and air and sky and ground.

(May I, in fairest or in bleakest seasons
See in all things Thy Hand. Thy Will be done.)

—K.B.R. '51