

personal greetings to all present. He did mention the names of many groups of tours and when ours was mentioned, we, in our small group of ten, broke out with loud cheers and hand-clapping for His Holiness. We were more powerful than some groups of fifty and over. The Pope spoke on peace and asked all to recite the rosary often to keep this peace in the world. With a final blessing he thanked all again for coming to see him and wished everybody good health and happiness. With more shouts of "Viva le papa", from the crowd, Pope Pius turned and finally disappeared into his inner-chamber. Once again, as he left the balcony my emotions poured forth tears of joy and gladness, as I knew my dream of seeing a pope had come true.

—CHARLES J. DOYLE—
Freshman 1956-57.

THE BECKONING FIRESIDE

Pale as the moon the long road lies,
As the moon hovers blankly above;
Pale as the moon the long road lies,
As sure as the flight of a dove.

Straight the path, without a gust,
Still though the shadows stay,
My feet upon the moonlit dust
Wend their weary way.

The upward grass my tracks pursue,
As the road I trudge by meads,
And nearby air sends soothing dew,
Sparkling as some pearly beads.

So, when at last I've trod the way,
'Tis proof of welcome home
To see the fireside's looming ray
Bid me never more to roam.

—THE SCARRED BARD

THE MUSIC OF THE UNIVERSE

In the whole vast and wondrous world of created things there is a harmony that is felt by the true poet, and by him conveyed to the ordinary man. Good poets may live forever as the companions of our peaceful hours; their noble words can refresh us in our hours