

"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