

having an anti-aircraft gun pointing at her, or maybe it was the "acking" that disturbed her. Anyway she actually ordered him to put his gun outside. Tommy told her to go out herself, or to go someplace. She started towards him but he side-stepped her and halted when he reached the open. Outside the door he found a miniature Stone of Scone and returned to do battle.

Miss Killjoy must have had some ring experience. Her coordination was perfect as she faded to the right, deflecting the missile with her left ear, and regained her composure long enough to pounce upon our little boy and deliver a well aimed slap. After two days Tommy's cries subsided sufficiently to relate this much of the story. How I shudder when I thought what the results of that slap might be! We would probably have a juvenile delinquent on our hands for the rest of our lives.

Miss Killjoy returned from the hospital, minus one ear lobe, and had the audacity to place herself once more over a crowd of children, but the results of that slap are still being felt by Tommy, and by us. Today he is crushing stones in Alcatraz, expressing himself all the while, and even yet there is no course in Child Psychology being offered to our future school teachers.

—EMMETT ROCHE '53.

A PRAYER

I thank Thee for each time I fail;
In it, I see
A small but clear reminder of
My frail humanity.

I thank Thee for all times I fail;
For well I see
That should I have success, my pride
Would keep me far from Thee.

—B. R. '51.

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."—Shakespeare.

"He hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is
the clapper, for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks."
—Shakespeare.