

The two men were exchanging a few final words about the weather when McVety noticed the front storm door swinging in the wind. He could even see the folded note now wedged between the sash and glass.

"By George, I forgot to close your storm door when I knocked," he said, at the same time taking a few long strides toward the house before the old man could stop him. Quickly he reached inside and tore the note off, closing the door securely in the same motion.

A minute later he was driving down the lane with the prize two-year-old leashed to the rack.

"Pretty fine guy," mused old Hally as he figured the one-hundred-and-fifteen dollars in his overalls pocket, "thoughtful enough to go back and close the door."

—DESMOND MULLALLY '59

REGISTRATION DAY

September 17, 1958, dawned bright and clear. Although this September day was supposed to be an ordinary day in autumn, it certainly was no ordinary day as far as I was concerned. For on this special day I left little Miscouche to seek my fortune in greener fields—the halls of learning at St. Dunstan's.

After meeting Sister Superior at Marian Hall, I had my first glimpse of my home for the next eight months, the small and cozy girl's residence, Marian Hall. When Sister Superior had finished dispensing the rules of the house I unpacked, and then, with an air of confidence not entirely felt, I carefully picked my way across the half-constructed road to the campus of S.D.U.

With my heart in my mouth, butterflies in my stomach, and my registration fee in my hand, I somehow mustered up my courage and managed to find the front door of the Main Building on the campus. I had heard that the boys badly outnumbered the girls at S.D.U., but I had never expected anything like this. Down a long hall and into a room (the Assembly Hall, as I was later to find out) stretched an unending line of boys of all descriptions. There were dark boys and fair boys; there were some who looked a little timid, and others who looked as if they owned the place. The worst part of this situation, however, was that I could not see one familiar face; moreover, all of those strange faces belonged to boys. There was not one girl to stand by me in this hour of need.

Somehow, I took my place at the end of the long line, and after ten minutes of looking at my shoes I finally dared to look around me. With my usual bad luck (perhaps it might turn out to be good luck) I had managed to put myself between two of the biggest Freshmen on the campus. One glance at these two six-foot monsters was enough to turn my eyes to my feet again.

Then, after a half-hour of waiting (it seemed like half a day), I came to some desks where three or four priests were waiting in comfortable chairs to receive students. Their friendly questions and sympathetic faces soon put me at my ease. Whether or not these clergymen believed in co-education was a thing I would have to find out for myself. However some of the boys behind me soon let it be known, by a whisper loud enough to be heard across the campus, that a woman's place is not in the classroom doing math., but in a kitchen washing dishes.

After paying my fees and answering all necessary questions, I was given a schedule of all classes and a list of the books I would need. Fortunately I "ran into" Father . . . , the only priest that I knew at St. Dunstan's. He very kindly showed me around the classrooms and arranged my schedule. Had it not been for this charitable priest I probably would have looked for the library in Dal'on Hall (Yikes!!) and for the book-store in the Science Building.

After this most hectic experience in the run of such an unusual afternoon I wended my way (quite confidently now) back to Marian Hall. Here I found the four other girls in Freshman year busily unpacking their suitcases. After we were all acquainted and the others had registered, we went to the **Orphanage** for what was a well-deserved supper. We spent the evening talking and listening to the radio. At about 10:30, happy and tired, we put the lights out in the dormitory. Sleep ended with dreams, and our dreams ended on the happy note of being answered with the first of many glorious days to be spent at old S.D.U.

—PATRICIA POIRIER 61

LAST CHANCE

The state-trooper honked his horn impatiently in the driveway opposite the gas pump standing in front of the Indian souvenir shop. Garished, colored lights ran in irregular patterns from the roof of its weather-beaten front porch, where a sign, read "LAST CHANCE—NO GAS SERVICE WITHIN 200 MILES," across the yard to the walls of the shack. They stuck out like painted fingers poking into the desolate darkness that covered the New Mexico desert wastes finely divided by a thin stretch of highway. Above the island of light that defined "LAST CHANCE", eery, dark shadows flew in ever-slow weaving circles. They never touched but they always came closer to the little, pale halos of grisly light only to glide back into the murky night and be replaced by a less flagging vulture. A constant, murmuring wind had apparently made Old Tom, the half-breed, weather-proof the walls of the shack with billboards and tin signs announcing products long disappeared from the market. Desert water bags hung haphazardly, empty, on pegs of the shop's front porch. Displayed on stands of the same porch were oddly, shaped, pottery, figure carvings and trinkets and near-by colorful blankets and rugs and broad-brimmed felt hats all of primitive Indian design. Beside the old shack lay the remains of early, wrecked cars piled mutely one on top of the other as if buried together for common rotting. A sign that had red letters, "NO SMOKING—GAS BURNS", stood out on a stand which was supported from behind. It was situated near the gas pump where it would do the thoughtful motorist the most good, if he intended to obey it. The State-trooper was about to honk again when the screen door opened from the shack and out came the old half-breed, slamming the door behind. The state-trooper offered his hand.

"How are you, Tom?" The half-breed shook it.

"Fahn. Haah yeev!" He was an unkempt, rawboned, old man, dressed in greasy clothes, and behind a pair of clear glasses that clung to his parched, craggy features as if they were part of his physical make up were docile,