

handed Francois gave the little white ball so much momentum that it was sent off in a centrifugal curve in my direction.

I witnessed all these events for fifty minutes. At last, just as I was beginning to become discouraged and disgusted at so long a wait, I was consoled by two facts:

(1) My turn came to keep the score.

(2) This game was to be short-lived . . . (Ed and Dick had challenged "Fish" and "Boone").

To watch McNeill and Bourget play instills in me a wish that cannot seem to be realized: that I might be as good a player as either of them. While watching Dick with his side-cue drive, call and make his three ball combinations; at the same time break them up and whip fifteen off the table before laying down the cue . . . while noticing all this, I said to myself, "You won't have long to wait now, Dom".

The next man up was "Fish" who shot, missed and left four suckers dribbling over the pocket for Ed. This McNeill boy, with his polished touch, did not hesitate to take advantage of the breaks, but when he needed two more balls to finish the game, two more balls that would make him my worthy opponent, something happened that quelled all my hopes for that night. All was quiet save for the cue which moved in the dextrous hands of Eddie, when suddenly—slowly—the door opened to reveal the familiar visage of our prefect, peering over his glasses . . . in his customary manner. For about one minute he glared at us without speaking and then in the same shrill tone that so often breaks the stillness of the morning, in that same firm pitch, he said, "Some students on this corridor want to study; no pool for you tonight, Donnelly."

—KENNETH DONNELLY '50

A DAY

When the silvery streaks of the dawning
Pull back the dark curtains of night,
When the sun rises radiant, piercing
The cold misty shroud with its light,
When the birds now awake from their sleeping
Have burst into jubilant song,
God has given a day that's worth living;
How could there be anything wrong?

When the sun's riding high in the heavens,
The world below bathed in its beams;
It's then happiness seems to come natural,
And smiling is easy it seems;
When the children are laughing and playing
Beneath the deep blue of the sky,
When the leaves and the flowers are growing,
All's right as the world hurries by.
As the sun in the west is declining,
To give a clear sky to the moon,
And the flowers all hang their heads weeping
To see the night coming so soon,
We look long at the beautiful sunset,
And think as we go on our way,
Human beings have made many wonders,
But God alone gives us a day.

—DANNY DRISCOLL '50

THE EASY ROAD

The kid was scared. It showed in his every action. He came walking down the aisle of the lurching passenger car, his eyes shuttling back and forth, as if seeking a possible avenue of escape. Every now and then he would look furtively behind him, and reassured, would make an unsuccessful attempt to look casual and nonchalant.

Joe Mowery, sitting alone and reading his paper, glanced up casually from the sports page as the youth slid into the same seat; then burrowed back into the paper again. The kid fidgeted for awhile then he nudged Joe and said, "Got a match bud?" "Yeah", said Joe noncomitally, and without raising his head from his paper, he passed his companion a packet of matches "Keep 'em", he said briefly.

"Want a smoke?" ventured the youth.

Definitely annoyed, Joe lowered his paper, stared at the young fellow and tried to keep the edge out of his voice as he said, "No thanks! I just had one."

It was then that he noticed the other's nervousness, tiny beads of sweat stood out on the youth's forehead, and a muscle twitched spasmodically in his face.

"What's the matter son, are you sick?" he inquired, a kinder note in his voice.