

ing all he could to help his fellow men. This prompted him to action. He began to strive for perfection, and to influence his fellow men to do the same. Soon Peter had many followers, and they were good soldiers in Christ's army. Although their work seemed useless and very disappointing at times, they strove on with that zeal and conviction that the apostles of Christ had. Finally they were successful. They succeeded in Christianizing a large factory in France. If the student applied this zeal and love of fellow men to the student life, all things in the student life would be restored in Christ. Then would the three characteristics of a student be evident. The true student is one who desires to know the truth, is one who is perserving in his pursuit of truth, and one whose heart is free from guile, prejudice, and jealousy. He will be able to think and act as a Catholic should; and he will be conscious of his life as a student. On graduation day, the men of the graduating class would be men who realized their vocation as students, and they would be men who, "are properly taught, properly motivated, and properly trained to do the right thing, the Christian thing, in the right way, the Christian way."

—JAMES LARKIN '54

THE GREAT CALAMITY

What does a fellow usually do with a three day's beard? If he does not chance to be a sailor, or if the growth is not exactly appealing, at least to others, he cuts it off. Such conditions dictated that I shave. Since my stubbles might well serve as barbs for a wire entanglement to delay advancing Chinese Communists, I get the best results from a straight razor.

It was Wednesday afternoon and everyone was quiet with the exception of Tommy who was "ack-acking" all over the place as he brought down the largest elephants with his anti-aircraft gun. He always made sure to announce his conquest by toppling a chair or anything that was "toppeable". Maggie strained her auditory nerves to follow the soap opera which at that time was being screamed from the radio, harmonizing with Tommy and his falling elephants. It was vital that Maggie be there when Jim bowed slowly—occupying the whole of three days—and kissed the wart on Faye's nose. Perhaps there was a background of soft music but our radio didn't pick that up.

This was the atmosphere into which I brought myself and my shaving set. How could I ask Tommy to tone it down to a yell when the dear boy was merely expressing him-

self? I didn't want him to mature with his subconscious all honeycombed with suppressed emotions and become a misfit in society.

I carefully laid out my shaving equipment on the chair in front of me and proceeded to work up a lather. Suddenly a soiled chubby fist darted from no where and grabbed my razor. While keeping him at a distance I pleaded with him to give me back his newly found toy, but the only response I got was, "Me shave too, Daddy". He always called me "Daddy" when things were going well. I explained to him the importance of his jugular vein and the danger of slitting it. Perhaps he didn't understand me or was anxious to verify my explanation. I politely yelled for his mother. She leaped over a few dead elephants, quickly entering upon the scene, and as she changed hues in rapid succession, advised me not to be too hard on the pet.

The latest book on child psychology advised that a substitute be found, but Tommy was always a hard one to please and flatly refused to make a deal when Maggie offered him the butcher knife. All she got for her troubles was a kick on the shins.

My plan of action was to proceed with my shave and let him imitate if he would. So I stropped my old razor and proceeded with my shave, being careful not to molest any stubbles under my chin, while Junior copied every slash. We came through the ordeal splendidly. I was left with a Vandyke where one was never intended and he with a couple of dimples where they were never intended.

The little lamb mopped his beety face, wiped the razor on his cowboy breeches, and carefully put it away, while Maggie and I congratulated ourselves on our strategy, and on the fact that we still had Tommy, and a Tommy free from complexes, too.

He has had many eventful days. On his eighth birthday we persuaded him to go to school. What a job that was! We told him how he would be able to read comic books when he would grow up, and enjoy the other fine things life had to offer, but he was not interested. Finally, I got a bright idea. I told him that there were a couple of Russians in the institution, and that he could take his gun along and "bump" them off. The prospects appealed to him. The next morning at nine-thirty he started for school, armed with his anti-aircraft gun. Maggie and I stood at the window and cried. We were going to be so lonesome.

I never did find out exactly what happened that day at school, but, apparently, Miss Killjoy did not approve of

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.