

countries in a position to do so should help if only for selfish motives; because if Russia once could complete her domination of the European continent, she would then concentrate her efforts on this side of the water. Thus we see that The Marshall Plan, or what has been called more recently The European Recovery Plan, is a first line of defence for the Americas against the cancerous spread of Communism.

—PAUL LANDRIGAN '49

### I WAS DISAPPOINTED!

A poolroom is a rendezvous where you find the skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled all coagulated into one heterogenous mass, all striving under conditions of monopolistic competition to merit the epithet "pool shark".

Saint Dunstan's is fortunate . . . (or unlucky, as our prefect insists) . . . in having one of these magnetic, foul-aired paradises on the second corridor of Memorial Hall, about two doors from my humble abode. Usually I participate in one game of pool per day, but some days are better than others and I play four, five or even six rounds of this soothing sport.

The evening on which this particular incident occurred was cold . . . bitter cold. The flimsy corrugated birches were starkly silhouetted against the rising moon, their long, drawn-out shadows interlacing on the crackling snow. Myriads of crystalline stars sparkled in the dark immensity of the winter's sky. We had twelve-thirty permission to town, but I, depressed by the frugal weather, and financially embarrassed, decided to remain on the campus and shoot pool.

When I arrived over from supper, the cues were all occupied and ten eager students were awaiting their turn. Nevertheless, I stayed watching enthusiastically while anxiously waiting for the command, "Rack'em up, Dom." Although permission began immediately after supper, these greedy lads, all dressed up for town, had to have a game before leaving. It was amusing, however, to sit back and watch the antics of the various sharks: "Ace", with cue in hand, calling impossible shots and combinations, as his ardent fans, led on by the penetrating chuckles of "Falstaff", rooted him to victory; "Fido", scrutinizing the table for two minutes, rasping for two more, and then with a sneer, ordering the referee to spot the balls properly or to "rack'em up again"; "Barkis", missing a sucker (as usual) and muttering something about a crooked cue. Several times throughout the evening I was forced to vacate my comfortable chair in the corner when left-



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?