THIS IS THE DAY Christopher Columbus stubbed his toe on the "new world", some 467 years ago. Chances are, it didn't take him two weeks to unload his gear and get organized. Some around here, however, are still unpacking, still trying to get to the bottom of a trunk or a book-box. Some may have found their way to class and back to their desks, but too many still haven't yet found their way into the hall chapel! Time you got organized, if you are one of these.

PRAYERS. Deceased: Father of Bert Bell, ex '58; father of Jim Piowaty, '59; sister of Charles McCauley, '19; Thomas Cotleur, '55; aunt of Jay of Pangborn, and David Kilroy of Dillon; uncle of Ed Gieselman of Pangborn. Ill: Grandfather of Dennis O'Brien of Badin.

ALL earthly beauty hath one cause and proof,
To lead the pilgrim soul to beauty above.

ANYONE who has trooped along with the fifty million fans who pack the nation's football stadia during each gridiron season knew the genial Bert Bell. A convert of a few years only, Commissioner Bell, during more than twenty five years in the game, had a reputation for honesty, sincerity, and a great sense of humor. Pray for the repose of his soul.

THOSE who are still in the throes of late summer doldrums might do well to mull over these words of Fr. D'Arcy:

A young man, who was at the Catholic school of Beaumont in England, wrote in a letter words which all of us should echo: "There is a tendency to portray the Christian life of today as an easy life, an attractive life; it should rather be presented as the hardest way of all; difficulties do not deter men, they arouse them to greater efforts, the natural tendency is to regard the hard thing as the most desirable, and yet in truth the heroic Christian life that seems to me to be demanded today is not hard; it is the only one with any true joy or peace here on earth."

The loves and ideals which are easy of attainment never bring lasting joy; they become trivial and die. You can choose pleasure and you will never find it; you can choose a career and nothing beyond; the taste of it will grow stale. Alone wisdom and Christian love survive time and the assault of evil. "I loved wisdom... for her light cannot be put out," and it is in the discipline of the Catholic faith that this light will continue to shine across the world like the rays of the moon across troubled waters. And it is this discipline too of love which will give you power to warm a desolate world by your faith.
I learned 'em my trick of ketchin' devillishes.
I've fitten' tigers, I've fitten' bears.
I have fitten' snakes an' wolves in their lairs.
I have fit with wild men an' hippopotamuses.
But the perilousest varmints is the bloody octopussies.
I'd rub my forehead with phosphorescent light.
An' plunge into the ocean an' seek 'em out at night!
I fetched 'em in grottoes, I fetched 'em in caves,
I used fer to strangle 'em underneath the waves!
When they seen the bright light blazin' on my forehead
They used ter rush at me, screamin' ter death.

Jonah took the harp, to strum and sing:
An' he bit off a rhaw. an' he chewed:
To feed all the oxens, feed all the asses,
All that the family could gorm andize
A'way T' caught, in half a hour on:
To feed all the humans, their babies
Feed all the bison an' leetle hopper's
To feed all the hound dogs an' hippos
To feed all the owls an' catamounts
To feed all the camels, cats an' lizards.

I used fer to strang 'em as they rushed from their grotts.
Ketch all their legs an' tie 'em into knots:
Jonah took the hook from a mudcat's middle
An' strummed on the strings of his backhand whip.
An' cut some blue terbaccar an' crammed it in his pipe:
—Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith.
Fishermen an' travellers, narrerin' an' mythin'.

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith.
Many stories—some fish stories among them—came back in September. Some of them don't show as much imagination as Don Marquis'. In fact, what do some of them show??????

Don Marquis.