Preliminary Pages

No Author
either I am much mistaken or this will prove the most famous adventure ever seen
Annual Magazine of
St. John Fisher College
of Rochester, N. Y.

THE ANGLE

Spring 1964
Volume 9

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Associate Editors: John Attinasi, CSB
Thomas McKague
Charles Reedy
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https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1964/iss1/1
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Published by Fisher Digital Publications, 1964
But beneath the influence of my star I journey the narrow path of knight errantry, in which exercise I despise wealth, but not honor. I have redressed grievances, set right wrongs, punished insolences, conquered giants, and trampled down fiends. I am in love, only because knights errant are obliged to be so; and, being so, I am not one of those depraved lovers, but of the continent and platonic sort. I always direct my purposes to virtuous ends, and do good to all and ill to none.

—DON QUIXOTE

Look at the destination marker

By Paul O'Connor, C.S.B.

When I got on the bus that day on my way to work I was surprised to see how few people there were on it. Usually it was crowded at that time in the afternoon, but today there were only three people.

At the next stop after I got in, the bus stopped and let in an old lady. She sat down on the long seat near the driver to get change out of her purse. No one else on the bus was talking, so her voice sounded loud when she spoke. “I waited for this bus here yesterday and it was a half hour late. That was the first time that ever happened to me on this line.” She was not angry, she was merely passing along information to the driver. “How much is it again? I always forget.”

“Twenty cents, lady.”

“Last week I took the wrong bus and it was five blocks before I knew it. I had to walk five blocks back and wait for another bus.” She got up and put her money in the slot and then sat down again on the same long seat. She was the only one on it. “I thought the bus was going up town, but it turned down another street. I never saw that bus before, I had to walk back five blocks.”

“It runs once every three hours, lady, you should look at the destination marker before you get on a bus.” The driver stopped for a light and the old lady was silent. The bus started up again and I saw the old lady put her purse down next to her on the seat. Then she began to bend over from the side as if she were going to lie down on the seat. She almost did lie