

forms of entertainment offered us, and then consider how much they have helped us towards our final end. Then we may ask ourselves: Are we **really** advancing?

—Thomas McGaugh '55.

FAR AWAY

As I lay here on my pillow,
Hopes suspended like a willow,
Oh! I long to be so far away.
I want to rid myself of sorrow,
'Cause I know that on the morrow,
They will come and take me
Far away.

Then they'll lead me to a cell,
Make my life a living hell,
To ones I love, more words I ne'er will say.
I'll be a number, not a name,
I'll bow my head, retreat in shame,
And pray to God to take my life away.

My life, I know, is not worth living,
Yet I loath to think of giving
To them that life so they can away
My hopes, for that is all that I have left.
Now I vow that on my death,
They will not be near me
Far away.

Yes, before this night is over,
A silence o'er this house will hover,
Never more I'll see the light of day.
They will come and find my body,
Yet, they'll come but will not find me:
I, though dead, will be so far away.

—Danny McCarron '57

XI. The family is more sacred than the state.—Pope Pius