

**HINC ILLAE LACRIMAE**

(A FRAGMENT)

Like weeds in the Garden of Eternal Beauty . . .  
Like cancerous growths on the face of the Future . . .  
Like an army of . . .

Lepers

Down the labyrinthine maze

I see them stumble . . . . . alone.

"Halt O mighty River of Eternity!

Alas! . . . . .

Thou floweth faster . . . . .

Sweeping us to everlasting

. . . . . destruction . . . . .

And we are lost."

Slowly they sink beneath the black muck . . .

Down . . . down . . . down . .

Ne'er to emerge . . . . . for they are . . .

Doomed.

Like them . . . . . I too am doomed!

For vain . . . . .

Are my attempts

To ease . . . . .

This aching

Tooth.

—FRANK SIGSWORTH '51.

**MY FIRST SOCIAL**

"Are you going to the social today?"

I wondered why he asked me that question. After all, I wasn't the only one going. There were lots more. Why didn't he ask them?—Oh, I could perceive his motive. He likely knew that I never before attended a social. He might even have been aware of the fact that I never danced 'modern' before, and probably thought that I'd back out of it—that I'd deny that I ever had any intention of going. —Well, I'd fool him. I'd show him that I was no coward. I could take it as well as the next fellow. And so, just as if going to a dance for the first time was a common, everyday occurrence with me, I replied with as much complacency and indifference as I could muster: "I think I will."