

ESCAPE

A cold, dank, clammy, all-embracing fear,
Which settles in my tortured, striving brain,
Upsets me oft on even's dark, yet clear,
When twinsling planets pierce the night with pain.
The ageless myst'ries of the Universe,
Where space and time in endless chaos dwell,
To me, sad heir to sinful Adam's curse,
Bring thoughts which sear my soul like breaths from hell.
My frenzied thoughts race on and never end;
From whence? And why? Will answers ne'er be found?
Confusion reigns; conceptions will not blend.
In darkness, by God's plan, through life I'm bound.
But when, with poet friends, I wander far,
I pluck me down with ease the brightest star.

—E. J. HEMPHILL '49.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND MY EXAMS

The notice was posted before Christmas — "Examinations will be written in all subjects from January 23 — 29 inclusive" — but that was only a plot to make us study over the holidays; in fact, I have only started to review tonight.

Well, no better place to study than home! I open my History (I believe in starting with an easy subject,) and start reading about the Saxonian line of kings . . . that clock; tick-tick, tick-tock, tick-tock. How can a person concentrate with a clock making such a confounded racket? Under the pillow it goes! There, that's better. Now for the Saxonian dynasty; oh yes, Henry, Otto, Otto, Otto, Henry. So far, so good. My sister just went into the bathroom. She turned on the taps; more noise. I wish that bathtub would hurry up and get filled. Oh, well, let's get on with the history. What is she trying to do? Drown herself? Otto the Great, he gave his relatives holdings. Some of them rebelled — the bathtub is filled at last. So he gave his lands to churchmen so they wouldn't be hereditary. Of course, she has to start singing, of all things, "Begin the Beguine!" Now she has stopped for an intermission. I might get the chapter finished before she starts again.

"Who was the wife of Oedysus?" This from another member of the family, a cross-word puzzle addict.