

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.

"I dunno, I'm trying to study." Now perhaps I can get some peace and quiet around here. Three expeditions to Italy: the first put the Lombards in their place; the second settled the Roman nobles. My father is coming up the stairs, has gone into his room. Otto crowned emperor of the Holy Roman Empire in 962. He has turned the radio on, quite loud. Not Otto, my father. Some radio star is trying to imitate a bird warbling in the tree-tops. "Will you please turn down that radio?" I fondly ask.

"What? Don't tell me you are going to sleep again?"

"No, I want to study." Heck, I can't study here. I'll study out at the college to-morrow, third Dalton.

Well, after last night's sad attempt, I hope I can get something done to-day. There is another fellow in the reading room with me, a day-student studying philosophy. Poor guy!

Let me see; Otto came down to Italy again in 966 to subdue the Roman nobles. Why didn't he make a good job of it in the first place." Results of the expeditions—"Trying to get up on the old history, eh? We had to do all that book last year." These remarks from the student of philosophy.

"Yes, I'm trying to finish up before the exams." Results of the expeditions - - -

"This is awful stuff. I can't figure it out — just gotta memorize it from cover to cover."

"Go 'way, is that right? Well, I think I'll go down to the Economics Room: see if I can study a bit." Down I go three flights to the Economics Room.

This is quite a room. I wish **one** of the lights would work. Oh, well, I can do without. Um-m-m, they must have made this room out of two or three small rooms. Results of the emperial expeditions; weakened the empire . . . there goes the ball. Land-holders at home got too much power. The door is opening; in comes a Senior. "Out you go, bub, Latin 5 here next period."

Well, the Philosophy Room is across the hall. It is just as good. Silence and peace at last . . . Bang! Crash! Slugger, a student across the corridor, is trying to murder his room mate again. I give up.

—JAMES TRAINOR '49.