Ad Infinitum

John Thomas Linkins

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Recommended Citation
Some years ago, I attended a small teachers' college in South Dakota. When the institution was founded, it appears, the administrators met and formulated a number of rules which they expected to be the traditions of the future. That they lacked foresight is shown by the type of rules set forth. One, in particular, forbidding smoking on the campus at any time, seems already to be obsolete. Already the "tradition" has been broken, because students refused to accept it.

In my opinion, if traditions are important, they should have the most thorough consideration before they are taken into the by-laws of an institution.

FRANK TSCHELL.

Ad Infinitum

By JOHN THOMAS LINKINS

One night the universe poured forth its harmonies.
Deep they beat and filled my emptiness—
All of heav'n and all earth's loveliness
And I were one in these unearthly symphonies.

To die! But I shall live forevermore
In tones of many loves and lights of eyes—
To sing to them of all that they adore,
And live with them their dream of Paradise.

Singing and singing goes my heart—
Nor can I catch the song
That takes me from the world apart
To loves where I belong;
For this heart, that seemed another's,
Sang so clearly and so strong.