

departure from his decorous bearing, the only thing which irritated the little man, was for someone to fall asleep in his perplexity: on these occasions, the professor was moved to a bit of deviltry, and took seeming delight in lobbing a piece of chalk at the offender, after waving excitedly aside any students who might obstruct his target. In this operation, as before, the professor's accuracy in calculating the precise trajectory for his projectile was amazing. When the bit of chalk found its mark, and the sleeper started with surprise, perhaps casting a hostile eye about him while the class cackled with glee, the professor would only grin sheepishly as he resumed his lecture.

On one most memorable occasion,

while Professor Einstein was ambling along in a sort of intellectual "haze," his radar appeared to be on the blink, because we collided quite forcibly in the hall.

"Oops! Sorry, son," the professor exclaimed, as he regained his bearing and scooted off down the hall. I remember how I stood, staring dumbly after the retreating figure . . . perhaps the greatest mind which mankind has ever produced. I felt so alone. I wished the people back in Indiana could have seen me . . . knocking around with Einstein!

After my conversation with Einstein, and ever since, I have felt quite justified in referring to the professor as a friend of mine. Don't you agree . . . relatively speaking?

An Ode To Night

R. J. PAYNE

When I forget the soft spring rain
Upon the roof, or its command to sleep,
And to awake refreshed and healed;
Or the soft and heady fragrance
Of the new cut hay that comes drifting
From the fields, whose gloom of shadows
Are spangled with the milky-way of fire-flies;
When stirs me not the golden harvest moon,
Set in the smoky frost of Fall;
Or, if the warm, round lover's moon of Spring
Awakes me not, then Age has brushed me by,
And He will soon return.