

## Farewell

**E**NVY us not, for we leave our little worlds behind on Butler Street and with a tilt of the cap and a twirl of the gown, about face and brave the winds that howl and send despair. But alas! there must come a time in every collegian's life when he must leave his Alma Mater to take his place in the world of tomorrow. We look for neither smooth sailing nor tail winds, but we won't fly blind. We have our course charted and with beacons guiding us, we should make a three point landing.

But lest you get the impression we are waxing sentimental, as Editors usually do, we reminisce long enough to show that all was not milk and honey.

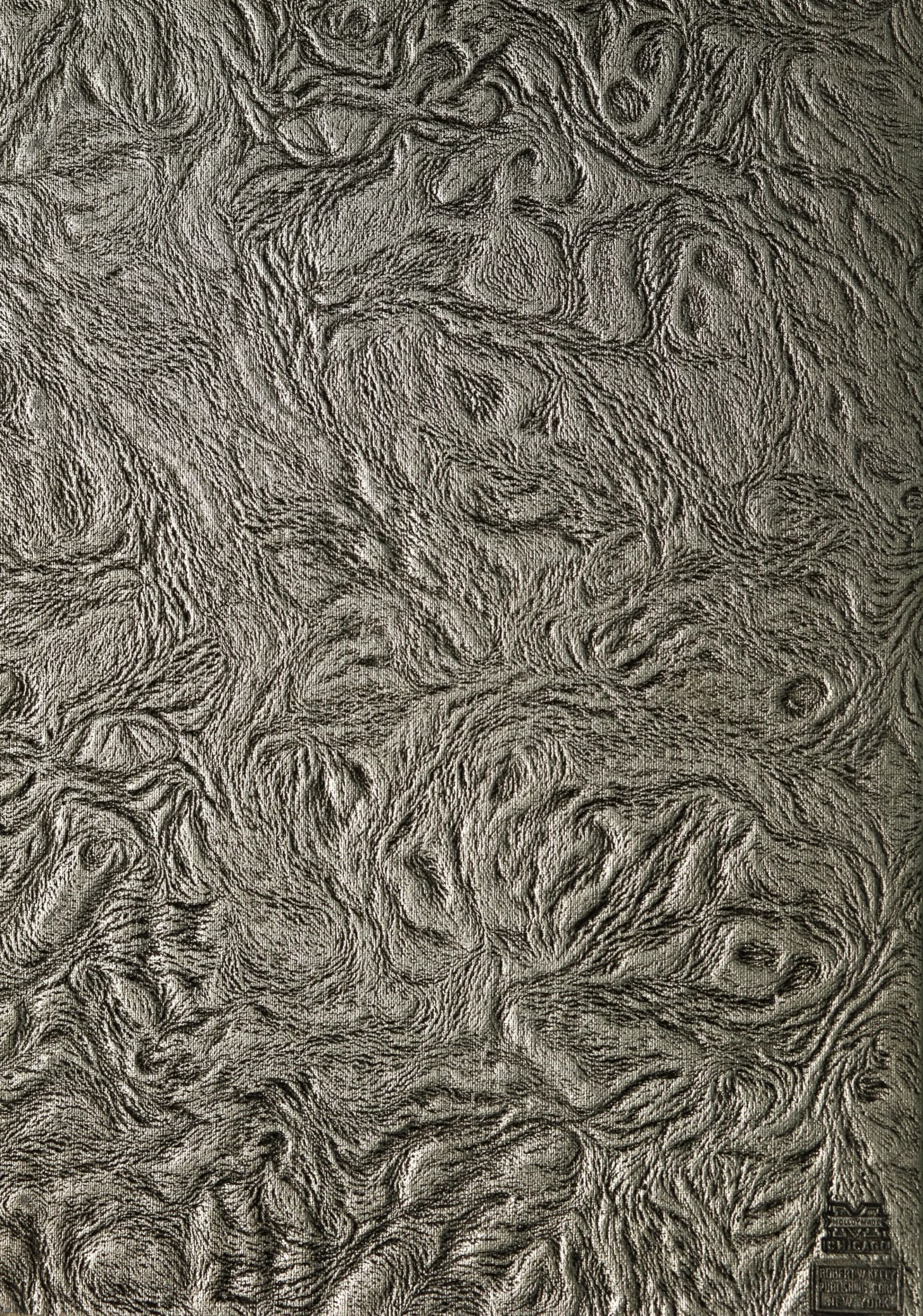
We make no claims that we always patted the faculty on the back. There were times when they got out of hand, but true to form of senior superiority and with an Operatio Sequitur Esse, or a syllogism with a distributed middle, we showed them what was what, sometimes not too receptively. We admit they sometimes pulled an ace from up the sleeve and left us flatfooted, but then we too were quick on the draw.

And many's the time we looked upon a Frosh P.T. class in disgust and with a nod of our quickly graying crania, berated the children for their Maypole-day prancings imitating ducks in the Carroll Street wading pool.

Nor should we forget the nights absorbed in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" while others lightly shuffled the boards to the tender strains of "Flat Foot Floogie" while wild lights madly followed their antics. Will the Waltz never return?

And lest we forget, the numerous occasions when we boldly burst into the office of the Dean and proclaimed: "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings with a full house, and here's what I want done . . ." . . . and the day a nameless one forgot to look and make sure he was out for the day.

With clowning finished, and informality ended formally, we bid au revoir as our ship moves down the harbor and the view of those left behind seems like a morning-after image, hazy and blurred, with individuals lost in the vast mass of nothingness.



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