

# Dedication

With angelic satisfaction and devoid of all reservation we proudly dedicate this book to the prince of education: the student. We are neither humble nor meek about this tribute, because we are aware of no other individual worthier of applause. The student has the natural right to stroke his own mane since there have been many times when he has pulled in desperation this very same hair. His toil has not been entirely directed to overcome ignorance, but rather mostly consisted of a constant scheming designed to out-wit (with not limited success) the docile professors.

Without the student, that specimen for whom the administration has a devoted interest, scholastic institutions would not thrive. Obviously, there just would not be classes if there were not students, and students would not cut classes unless there were classes to cut. Without him education would be futile; however, whether men are learned or teachers, time proceeds heedlessly. And assuredly, time is the student's only disinterested spectator. The prince of education is the material object of education and the amoeba floundering in the evaporating ocean of time.

Hence, as delighted children with the pride of devils, we project our chests and dedicate these pages to the Beowulf, the conqueror of ignorance, the essence of learning, the protagonist of a four-act comedy, the professor's maintainer and the molder of the future—the student.

S. JOHN LaPUMA

. . . to the Student

OUR LADY OF FATIMA PRAY FOR US  
THE HOLY ROSARY

