



# Farewell

THE Senior representative was rather nervous; not that you could really blame him, for he had a very difficult task to perform, having been chosen to say the "good-byes" to his Alma Mater. Of course, he was undoubtedly good at this sort of thing, or he certainly would never have been chosen. But still and all, it was a rather rough spot for any man; and he hoped that he would be sincere enough and properly transmit the feelings of the whole class at this important interview.

And so, though quaking somewhat, he knocked at the door of the inner sanctum where the personification of his school sat.

"Come in," called a voice, and the Senior nearly fainted. Nevertheless, he succeeded in pushing open the door, and made his way towards the desk where the object of his affections and felicitations sat. "Sit down, please," said the voice.

The Senior could see nothing but a blur, but then again his mates had always said he was nearsighted. However, he did find the chair, and having thus come in contact with stark reality — for the chair was rather hard and not at all ethereal — he gained some much needed confidence.

"I've been expecting you, my son," said the blur behind the desk, and the flighty Senior thought he was back in Shangri-la or something like that. That's what the 200 year old priest had said to Ronald Colman, wasn't it? Maybe it would snow any minute. "I suppose you have come to say good-bye for your class," he heard, interrupting his reverie.

"Yes," said the Senior falteringly. "They thought I would be able to do it best; they say I'm a good student, I'm active in different extra-curricular activities, I'm an accomplished speaker, and besides, I'm a pay student."

"A very important consideration," smiled the shadow, "but go on, son. Are you just going to say goodbye and good-riddance?"

"Yes . . . er . . . no," faltered our hero.

"Well?", insisted the kindly voice.

Suddenly the Senior remembered that Uncle Don had told him how courage would come in life situations if one would but eat Ferzens Baked-18-times bread; so, calling a small boy from the freshman class, he sent to the Subterranean Grill for a celery sandwich. Having gained the much needed courage via the bread, he was ready to deliver the speech which he had spent so much time preparing.

"Well, it's like this," he said, "I've been asked to deliver the Seniors' goodbyes to St. Francis College. They all would have come, but it wasn't possible."

"I understand," encouragingly from behind the desk.

"We really did have a good time at St. Francis, and really think we did gain an education comparable with that received at any other college. I guess we did cause some trouble here and there; and we're sorry if it hurt you. Naturally, in a way we're glad to leave, if only to find our place in the world and vindicate the faith placed in us by our parents and by you. But since we did go to college, we are glad it was St. Francis. And we want to thank all the professors and members of the administration sincerely for all the help and hints they have given us. I guess that's all."

The Senior turned to go. As he turned, he thought he saw a mist in the eyes of the shadow behind the desk.