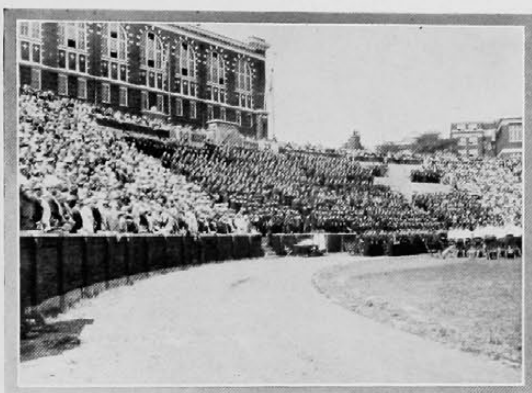
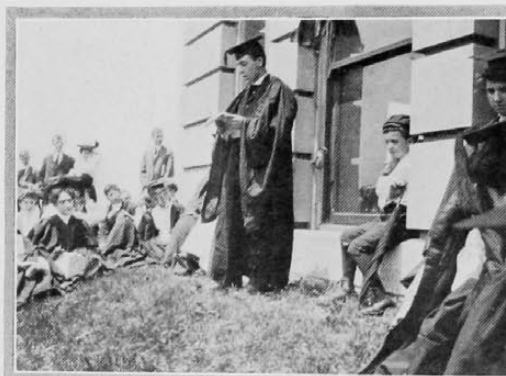
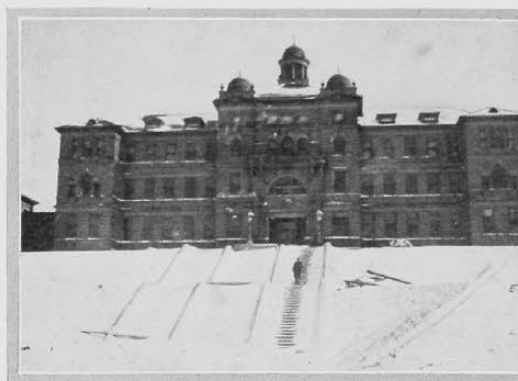


"My, you're a lucky bunch," says Felix, "to have this wonderful stadium for Commencement—even if the seats are concrete. Mind you, 25 years ago today, just a quarter of a century, I wore the cap and gown, and did I sit on the grass or else stand up? I tell you! Why—"



The mass rises. Praise be to the Father for this institution and for its children of learning, young and old. May His blessing be upon them.

Amen. "Why," Felix picks up, "twent— Come on, walk around the campus with me. I'd like to see some of the old places where we used to bum around back in 1904. This morning I registered in McMicken. Saw some of the old boys. The place hasn't changed much, has it?"



"Well," we say, laughing, "don't be too sure about that. Did you ever get to school with about two minutes to go till eight-thirty and then find that all the parking spaces were taken and have to go down on Clifton Avenue? It surely—"