

Felix chuckles. "Don't think that you have a corner on bull sessions. There have been real times out under the trees in Burnet Woods. I often wondered what those girls talked about. I guess we poor men bore the brunt of it."



"Well you know, Felix, that's one thing that hasn't changed. Just what do you think is the greatest difference that has come about in the last twenty-five years?" we query.

"I don't know. Human nature seems to be the same. But when I see the sensible clothes the girls wear now, I wonder that the co-eds of my day moved about with such spirit, just as coyly back and forth, and up and down."



Back and forth and up and down. Back a quarter of a century. Forth from the day of Commencement. Once more by the old lions that are still smiling. Goodby to the classmates of those odd years ago. "Parting is such sweet sorrow," they say. And thanks to Felix for this priceless set of his own photographs.