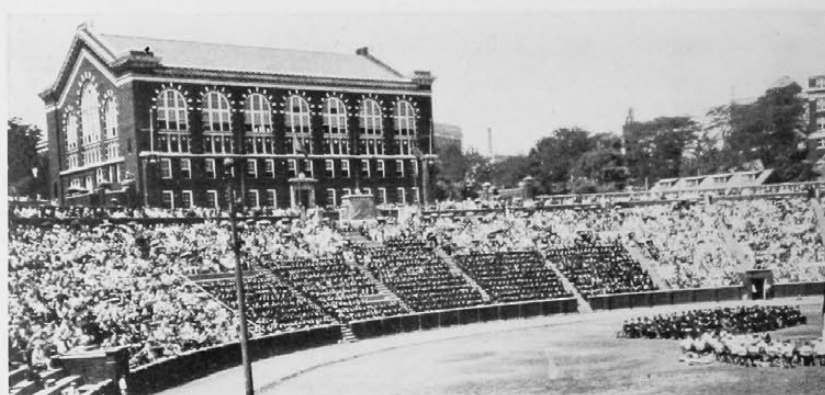




*"—now invest you with the hood"*



*Friends and loyal alumni*

Between the latticed windows of the "Y" the advent of approaching evening is just visible, and already the lights in the dorm to the east begin to flash and twinkle through the mellow twilight.

The week has been chuck full of activities. Class Day with its ivy oration and its daisy chain, the Baccalaureate, the senior banquet, the class play—and only today, graduation and homecoming.

In the settling dusk proud parents from out-of-town are strolling about the campus. Graduates, happy but wistful, are pointing out the old haunts—the Quad, ivy-covered

McMicken, the new Convocation Hall, old Tech Lane with its rows of Lombardy Poplars.

People are moving toward the stadium, and soon the fraternity-sing will begin. The arch of lights along the main drive suddenly go on, followed by the lamps along Clifton Avenue, stretching to the north-west like a string of pearls.

It is quite dark now and a distant church-clock chimes nine. The sound of voices raised in song drifts from the stadium. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■



*Old Tech Lane*



*Path to the Stadium*