

Nineteen-Thirty-Two

Old McMicken on the hill . . . Since the birth of U. C. tradition it has symbolized all that is sentiment, all that is romance . . . Stalwart and constant . . . the emblem of all that is worthy to those milling hordes who chase eternally the dim and elusive light of learning. February's chill blasts change to the warming breezes of spring . . . Old McMicken is indifferent to all. . . .

February

