

Class of 1934

As the black-gowned mass disperses and stretches its parts in all directions of the stadium we stand aside in the sun-parched dust and recollect—many, many things. This sheep-skin crumbles in our hands, it becomes as nothing. There is but one thing remains to us—tangible. Our recollections.

We mutter an uncertain line or two from The Lyrics of Little Joe. We jingle the three tarnished Greek keys that have always reposed in our pockets away from the common gaze. Till now they provided us a certain egotistic satisfaction; tomorrow they'll be forgotten in some drawer.

Only very occasionally now, will we foregather about some cluttered table or in someone's untidy office to settle the destinies of men and nations. People will go away and we'll write faithfully for a month or so—then stop even that.

But really, now, isn't this all too, too mellow and sentimental of us? We are university alumni now, you know, people of the world.