

the Fifteen, mourn the thirty who also ran. Read the BLUE SKY and consider what we have lost. When you read the Fulcrum remember that we made that. Forgive us; we knew not what we did!

We do not wish to brag. We could tell of hard fought battles bravely won; battles with other classes, battles with the Profs, from the lowest to the highest; and never have we met our match or trailed our colors in the dust. Alas for the men who fought at our side but now are far away. Yet why should we mourn? Is Pease not still with us whom we have taught to say "By gosh?" And Roughhouse Cohen the 110lb. champion? Hast heard of the Seven Seas? Behold Lewis, the man with the seven A's. Surely a crowning blessing.

But we must close. With swimming eyes we say farewell. Already we are beginning to speculate upon what the future may have in store for us. But, wherever we may be cast, let each and every one of us strive to reflect credit upon this college which has guided and aided us in mastering those subjects which shall help us to be successful engineers and helpful *men*.