

CLASSES

The Senior Class

A Picture of the Class by the Class

At last we have finished our happiest, and at the same time our saddest year of college life. We go forth with our minds awirl with the countless maxims and warnings which professors have thrust upon us. They have assured us that we are but neophytes in a world of wisdom, helpless mortals in a world of supermen where there is none of the lenience and tolerance that we are accustomed to in college. As the chip of wood is cast upon the raging sea, we are to plunge into a tempestuous sea of industry captained by stern, grim-visaged men. These men, though college educated, have achieved success, and they are able to pick out our innermost shortcomings with but a passing glance. To be brief, there is little hope for us poor boobs.

As the past life of a drowning man flashes rapidly before his vision, the accumulated sins of four years parade before us as we are about to take the celebrated tail spin into the aforementioned sea of industry. When we were freshmen, we were wont to gaze with awe at the ponderous machinery of engineering, the automatic, integrating, deflecting horsograph, and other fascinating apparatus. It all lies before us now like an open book. What machine is so complicated that we cannot divulge its secrets with a simple twist of the slide rule and the use of a certain constant known as the "answer factor?" What chemical unknown will long remain unknown to us now? We need but judiciously apply a little intuition and past experience and there you are. Have we not conclusively proved that the slide rule method is far superior to Michelson's method for operating the interferometer? As we reflect back upon these outrages against science, we have an uneasy feeling that these short cuts and dubious paths to knowledge are largely responsible for the feeling of insufficiency that we may harbour at our debut into the professional field.

But are we downhearted? Certainly not! The sweet music of the New York Central is not overpowered by the sound of gnashing teeth. The serene calm of night is not disturbed by deep, heartrending sobs as the seniors lie upon their stony cots. We are going to show the pessimists that they are wrong, and that eventually the world will be our oyster. In obtaining an education we may have passed lightly over a few details such as Calculus and Thermodynamics, but the education is there just the same. We have spent four years preparing to take our place in the world, and although we know not what is coming, we are ready for it. The senior year was our happiest because it was our best; it was our saddest because it was the last.

We have taken an active part as usual in the social and athletic life of the year. A basketball team composed of senile, doddering, toil-worn seniors was victorious over teams of the other classes whose members were not yet debilitated by lugging brief cases full of six dollar books. The seniors were present and largely active at all the dances, smokers, and affairs which go to make up college life. We hope we have demonstrated that our four years were good for us, and that we go out better because of them, with a good feeling for everybody and every thing, even the lunchroom.