

To Dean Monin

Four years—even through daily contact, is this a sufficient length of time for one to learn fully to appreciate one's teacher, one's dean, one's leader? Truly a pupil rarely can be expected to see the entire value in such a man when the two minds have met only on very few occasions. It is only after years of reflection upon his teachings that we can hope to gain an insight into his real character.

But in our Freshman year, the moment we first met the man, we felt his kindliness, his strength and his wish to aid all of us on our journeys. From that moment, we felt that our troubles were his and that we could abide by his counsel. Though we saw very little of him within the next year and a half, we felt his presence. In our Junior year he crept into our hearts; but it was only in our last year that we have been able to get a glimpse of the true dean. His optimism, his joy in living, his doubts, his fears, his questionings—he gave them all to us; we found that they were ours.

So now we would leave him; but lo, it is he who leaves. Throughout the years of which we know very little except from hearsay, he has been teaching and guiding; and now he feels that it is time to go to his homeland, Switzerland; there to enjoy the remaining years of his life.

We, the Alumni and Students who have experienced his friendship, regret this final parting. For thus it is to be. Here we go in diverse directions, possibly, never to meet again; but the memories—these we shall retain and they shall be our dearest treasures.