



KENT H. PARKER

## THE CYCLE

1928

An editor is gifted by popular fancy with the strange power of assimilating and digesting common facts, coating them with a sugar of his superficial philosophies and snap judgments, and recasting them at a gullible public as so many indisputable truths. This common fallacy is shared by both public and editor, for the lay reader is no more avid a believer in the supernatural powers that lie behind an editorial desk than is the high and exalted creature himself. Most intelligent men have an instinctive and natural respect for their own brain power, and it is but natural for a man whose brain revolves at a slightly higher speed than his fellow man's, to stop and wonder at the terrifying velocity at which it is whirling through cosmos. Reflection promotes but does not always attain to thought, and the editor is often misled into believing that the sparks thrown off from poorly machined cogs in his thinking mechanism are the white-hot outpourings of a philosophical crucible

contained within his cranium. College editors are no exception and often have a slight superiority complex to add to their gift of indigestible verbosity.

In giving the foregoing exposition on the genus editor, we have absolutely killed all our opportunities for writing the editorial of the year, the final fling of our notorious career. It was to have been couched in such excellent grammar, with neat little turns of speech and phrases, and metaphors and similes tucked away in the most unexpected places. At first, emotion was to have been turned on slowly until the second hundred words, when the vox humana was to have played lilting little counter-melodies to tickle the palate of those who drank of the saccharine draught. And the end,—a thunderous burst from the full organ of oratory, scattering the equivocators and die-hards to the four winds. The subject,—the subject was related to school publications, but what matters that in editorial composition.

All that is past, however, for our homicidal disregard for the hothouse nurtured constitution of our dream child has struck it too severe a blow ever to hope for recovery. Then too, entirely too much face would be lost if the editor should attempt to recant his heretical statements and publish an editorial. We shall let it lie,—a shattered, bruised, and pitiful sacrifice to the downfall of editorial quibbling and the triumph of blunt truth.

With the placing of this book in your hands, as an editorial body, as an entity devoted to the publication of the Cycle of 1928, we will cease to exist. We have builded for a greater Cycle, a greater interest in publications, and a greater Armour. Like the gladiators of old Rome, we have waged our fight against time and all the obstacles that beset the publishing of the year book. And with that same gladiatorial fling at the inevitable, and with the realization that it means our editorial dissolution, we present The Cycle of 1928 to the school. "*Moraturi te salutamus!*" "We, who are about to die, salute you!"