

## *I, The Cycle of 1933,*

*give you within these covers of mine, tragedy, comedy, history, and song. On that Isle where dwells the Muse of prose and poetry, I was nurtured and cradled. And as I grew, I became filled with epics and lyrics which you, kind reader, are now to scan so eagerly.*

*Chiefly, I weave the web of romance and reminiscence about the Class of 1933. Within myself I hold the whip hand over fickle memory which might sometime obscure the events and impressions now so vivid and dear. Perhaps, kind reader, I am doomed to remain long unopened after your first interested perusal. But I shall still count myself worthwhile if at a later time you and your classmates shall open my covers and find and know other classmates as well as professors. You may in fancy dream of some sleepy lecture rooms, of some busy and interesting hours in recitation room, laboratory, and drafting room. Amid the events and mishaps of your future, you may smile at the events and mishaps that have been.*

*I am the answer to the hopes of many minds who have dreamed and labored to give me body and soul. Everyone who has had a part in creating me has given a little of his life blood, has shared a tiny fragment of his soul, has breathed into my being a little of his breath of life, to make me a living reality.*

*by John Frederic Mangold*