

Class of 1935:

Because we have had the privilege of sharing with you the hopes you have been cherishing, the tender aspirations you have been fostering and the dreams for success you have been harboring for these past three years, you have become very close to us. The pleasant associations we have had with you will remain ever present in our memories.

As you go forward to take your place with the builders of the nation, dedicate your lives to Service. Do not be disheartened if this Service requires of you Duty, Loyalty and Sacrifice. Difficulties may arise, your hopes may dwindle in the future but remember that courage backed with ambition conquers all.

FAE HUGHBANKS.

LYDIA DAHLEN.

*So, art thou feathered, art thou flown,
Thou naked thing?—and canst alone
Upon the unsolid summer air
Sustain thyself, and prosper there?
Shall I no more with anxious note
Advise thee through the happy day,
Thrusting the worm into thy throat,
Bearing thine excrement away?*

*Alas, I think I see thee yet,
Perched on the windy parapet,
Defer thy flight a moment still
To clean thy wing with careful bill.
And thou art feathered, thou art flown;
And hast a project of thine own.*

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

