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What was it you were walking toward? Was it a dream?

Was it real? Was it truth?

We tend to think of Marshall as a dream before we get here. Gung ho higher education and all that.

But Marshall is an escape of its own sort. You get to the point where school doesn't interfere with your education.

You "waste time" (according to parents) to learn about life's complications and its simplicity through a heavy discussion with a friend. No one understands you when you'd rather fly a kite in Ritter Park on a nice day than sit in Spanish class.

You party for a few years at local bars and then settle down to "quiet" parties at friends' apartments. You do or you don't get into drugs.

You read books other than textbooks when you get the time. Hardly anybody reads textbooks anyway.

You either know scads of people, including faculty and administrators, or you crawl into your own little shell.
I have things changed?

following oldies taken from 1952 and 1961 Chief Justices

4 / have things changed?
... and no
but — we have an alternative
rediscovering country peace for some
for others Ritter has to do
20 / but for us it's death, taxes and fall semester
west hall carnival
30 / pike's peak
white roots of peace
dorms
usually furnished in early american student
Well Jack, maybe we can schedule Las Vegas next year at double or nothing.
54 / have a nice trip?
see you next fall / 55