

The C.C. READER and Frank thanks all of the friends who have helped us get along during the school year.

Bill Mathews
Bob Hetzel
and the S.G.A.
Jerry South (who was there
for the asking)
Doris and Jacque
Jane Kinsey
Brad Langdon
Mike Nonnemacher
Jim Bollinger (good luck
next year)

Mike, Pete and G.P.P.
Jim Toggert (for his help in
tapping the kegs)

Carmella and Irene (for helping
the football team get over
its shyness)

Fred Prouser (for a lot of trying)
John Fisher (for moral support
and some good pics)

Peg Furey (what name?)

Boz (of course)

Frank Bellini (for never putting that
speaker in)


Liza Yaffe (at least the thought
was there)
and a cast of thousands

and Gerry (photographer, philosopher,
poet, back patter, and a good friend)
and Bill (the READER's roommate and best
friend, who has helped just about
everybody and their brothers)

and Charlie.

Thank you all.

HAPPY TRAILS



Your hearts know in silence the secrets
of the days and the nights.
But your ears thirst for the sound of
your heart's knowledge.
You would know in the words that which
you have always known in thought.
You would touch with your fingers the
naked body of your dreams.

And it is well you should.
The hidden well-spring of your soul must
needs rise and run murmuring to the sea
and the treasure of your infinite depths
would be revealed to your eyes.
But let there be no scales to weigh your
unknown treasure,
and seek not the depth of your knowledge
with staff or sounding line.
I myself is a sea boundless and measureless.

Say not, "I have found the truth," but
rather, "I have found a truth."
Say not, "I have found the path of the soul."
Say rather, "I have met the soul walking
upon my path."
Fear the soul walks upon all paths.
The soul walks not upon a line, neither
does it grow like a reed
The soul unfolds itself, like a lotus of
countless petals.

KAHLIL GIBRAN

C.C. Reader