by Ed Summers

The engineers and architects must look forward to at least one more year of school. For them, nothing distinguishes this summer from any that have preceded it. Next year they will return to Rice bypassed by their class, and will occupy unsavory positions as lonely relies from the past.

Uncertain Plans

A fraction of the class which looms alarmingly large to those who are not in it expect to start faculty life as soon after graduation as possible. Others will go into the armed services, most as officers. A few intend to go to graduate school. Many have jobs and an apartment waiting for them. And more than a few may grasp their degrees and wander off the platform, unsure whether to turn right or left after they descend to the asphalt of the Lovett Hall parking lot, so uncertain are their plans.

Memorable Moment

The Class of '59, while it has its outstanding individuals, has not been a spectacular, exciting, or even especially colorful class. Its four years at Rice have been marked mainly by undramatic efficiency and competence. It has, however, given the school its share of moments both rich and tragic, historic and petty, memorable and sad, and Rice has been improved by their presence.

30 Years From Now

And ten or twenty or thirty years from now its members may return to stare through myopic eyes across bewildering perspectives at the campus they roamed as young persons in the prime of life. They will eat barbecue and joke about each other's double chins or receding hairlines, and finally, after a speech by the president, will go sadly home and write out a check to the Alumni Association. . . .

To Face Society

Between that time and now, this class must go out to face society on its own two feet. How long it maintains that upright position will be a direct reflection not only on them, but also on Rice Institute. We wish them luck.

At the Crossroads

The year's last issue of the Thresher marks the arrival of Rice Institute's senior class at the last and greatest crossroads of its college days. After four busy years of the best and the worst that Rice has to offer, the Class of '59 finds itself forced inexorably closer to that time when its members must see each other for the last time as undergraduate university students.

Rice Ritual

The Class of '59 will be able to invoke the traditional Rice ritual of grinding study and fierce relaxation for only a few more days and nights. After that time, there will be no dry-eyed professors, no carefree afternoons in the sun, no idle hours in the lobbies of Jones College, no midnight ordeals over lecture notes and coffee. There will be no school parties and dances, no roommate to tear the town beside, no steamy-eyed young ladies with whom to stroll the shaded sidewalks.

Individuals

After Doctor Houston has shaken the hand of each of the graduating members of this class— as he has done for thirteen years, and Doctor Loyett for thirty years before him—what will become of them as individuals? Do the roommates of four years separate and cease to exist to each other? Do student and study return to their roles as strangers?