

# In Memoriam



LARRY F. FAILE

*naturae* MCMLII  
*VALE DULCISSIME*

*obit* MCMLXVIII  
*VALE DESIDERATISSIME*

In November of last year an untimely tragedy struck and a member of the Cadet Corps was cut down in the flower of his youth. Larry Faile, during his brief sojourn with us at the Academy, exemplified many of the characteristics of humanity which are held dear by all. The passing of this young man whose winning smile and kind heart had injected into our lives a brief ray of warmth, was for us a most sad occasion. At such a time, vain gestures and hollow words offered but little comfort to the bereaved. However, the pain caused by death's sting has been dulled somewhat by an expression of the entire scheme of our brief existence in the immortal lines written by Alfred Lord Tennyson in the Poem of his **In Memoriam**:

*Strong Son of God, immortal love,  
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;*

*Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
Thou madest Life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot  
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.*

*Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;  
Thou madest man he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.*

*Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
Confusions of a wasted youth;  
Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
And in Thy wisdom make me wise.*