



## The Senior.

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The curtain falls on Ninety-five,  
They'll tread these classic halls no more,  
Their bark of life now sails away  
Far from the dear old campus's shore.

With feelings wrought'twixt pleasure bright  
And sorrow dark, they bid adieu,  
Amid the smiles there shines a tear,  
For friends are parting good and true.

No more they'll hear the college yell  
That echoed through the campus air;  
No more they'll walk by L. C. I.  
To gaze upon some fair one there.

Relentless time has swiftly flown,  
Commencement day is here at last.  
Farewell to books and hard exams,  
They take their leave, the Senior class.

Good-bye we bid to all the Profs.,  
Who here four years instructed us,  
We know they'll never find a class  
Who know so little how to "bust."

Farewell we say to all the boys,  
From Freshman green to Junior wise,  
May every one now follow us  
And never, never miss a rise.

Four years ago as Freshmen green,  
We entered at the U. of G.;  
To tread the road of knowledge here,  
That leads at last to a degree.

Commencement day has now arrived,  
The chapel bell peals out once more.  
A fond farewell to Ninety-five,  
The curtain falls—our play is o'er.

G. W. R.

# Class of Ninety-Five.

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## YELL.

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!  
Sizz! Boom! Ah!  
Ninety-five!  
Ninety-five!  
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

## COLORS.

Black and Maroon.

## FLOWERS.

Sunflower.

E. M. GAMMON . . . . .	President.
JOEL J. GIBSON . . . . .	Historian.
GEORGE W. REAB . . . . .	Poet.
HAWES CLOUD . . . . .	Secretary.
H. H. EZZARD . . . . .	Treasurer.
C. E. BRAND . . . . .	Prophet.
P. J. SHEAROUSE . . . . .	Chaplain.
W. P. GEARRELD . . . . .	Captain of Baseball Team.
S. G. HUNTER . . . . .	Manager of Baseball Team.