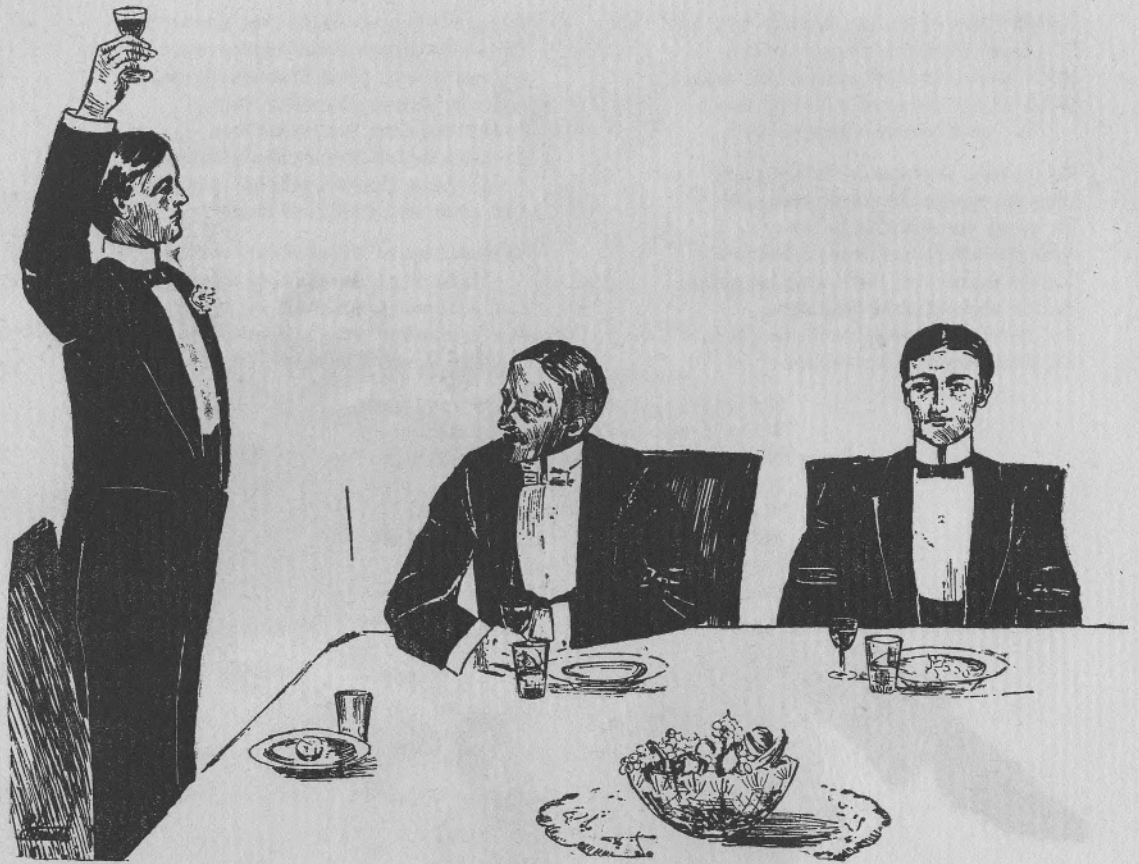




The Classes.



A Toast.

With Apologies to Mr. Kipling.

We've drunk to the days that have been,
We've drunk to the days that are,
We've drunk to the fancied future,
With its gates of Hope ajar;
We've drunk to our comrades with us,
To those we will leave behind;
The toast of toasts is before us,
To the Class of Ninety-Nine!

To its spirit of strength of purpose,
To its spirit that conquers all,
To its spirit of perfect oneness,
To its spirit naught can appall!
To our victories by the body,
To our victories by the mind,
To the class of all the classes,
To the Class of Ninety-Nine!

To the Class of Ninety-Nine (stand up!)
Raise high the glass of wine!
With love that words can ne'er impart,
With all the pride of a loving heart,
To the Class of Ninety-Nine!

To its past that has been our glory
(For we never did count the cost),
To every success and failure
(For the effort has never been lost),
To the tears, and jests, and laughter,
To the days of auld lang syne,
To its folly, its worth and its glory,
To the Class of Ninety-Nine!

To its Future, as each of us makes it,
To the Future we make or we mar,
A place in our Alma Mater's crown,
As its brightest gleaming star;
To the life that lies before us,
To success that stands at the end,
To the hope that we all shall reach it,
And seize and hold like men.

To the Class of Ninety-Nine (stand up!)
Raise high the glass of wine!
And comrades, we shall ne'er regret,
And comrades, we shall ne'er forget,
The Class of Ninety-Nine!

We've drunk to the days that have been,
We've drunk to the days that are,
We've drunk to the fancied Future,
With its gates of Hope ajar;
We've drunk to the former classes,
To those we will leave behind;
Toast, toast, and splinter the glasses!
To the Class of Ninety-Nine!

H. HULL.

