

Dedicatory Class '97.

We soon must leave these dear old halls,
 Our Alma Mater, fare the well;
 No more we'll respond to bugle calls,
 But stern labor rings the bell.

A tear of regret and then a sigh,
 For mementoes which you keep;
 Of many a hope of learning high,
 And wisdom broad and deep.

You, whitewashed walls could tell the tale,
 If you with tongues could speak;
 How oft in here we did our duty fail,
 And professors vengeance wreak.

Each cranny nook, and battered chair,
 A name or an initial keep;
 Each warped floor and winding stair,
 Much worn by tramping feet.

No more in seat we'll timid sit,
 Thinking is it my time next;
 An eight or a nine, or a zero what was it?
 I thought I knew the text.

Oft we did sit in section room,
 While the professor was "having his say;"
 The wind howled by with a bang and a boom,
 And the window frames rattled away.

No more to the hospital will we hie,
 When the days task is hard,
 To ride a "gim" fool "Doc" or try,
 Is the way we played the card.

But, these things are gone we put them hence,
 Deep buried with the past;
 We look to the future and from whence,
 Our die for fame we'll cast.

We are graduated with diplomas white,
 And a thing or two I ken;
 That from henceforth we'll try what's right,
 And show that we are men.