

Toast to the Ladies

"Perhaps if you address the lady, most politely,
 Flatter and impress the lady, most politely,
 Humbly beg and humbly woo, most politely,
 She may deign a look on you".

Before we men can consent to honor the women of this College with a gesture of sentiment, we must be practical and convince ourselves that they deserve it. Let us therefore recall some of the events of the past year, and ascertain by fair reasoning the value of the presence and actions of the fairer sex.

The first incident we recall is that the majority of them decided to lure us into their grasp by managing our social activities through a somewhat hazardous (for us) dating bureau. It left many of us, if nothing else, astounded, although we could not but admire the ingenuity and aggressiveness of the plan. When this scheme failed, they resorted to "Dogpatch" tactics, promoting TWIRP season. We co-operated in this endeavor—drank their coffee, let them lug our books, and capitalized on free shows. But it was not easy to contend with such primitive activities. The results of Sadie Hawkins week proved that when our girls set out to do something, they invariably accomplish their mission. The results proved astonishing and surprisingly interesting. We dared not admit to succumbing to such obvious advances. Let us just say we became increasingly aware of them. The essence of their presence became more obvious. When we were depressed, they soothed us; when we were sad, they cheered us; when we were angry, they calmed us; and our meditations were constantly jarred by their oddly colored limbs (the excuse for these creations as their warmth, although it is difficult to imagine the women becoming practical with regard to clothing). They became our constant companions, and they were practically indispensable in all the College activities. Their kindness and willingness to work was heartwarming and encouraging.

Gentlemen of the College: We are convinced that our girls deserve this toast, and we are proud to stand, clink our glasses, and bow to these wonderful personalities.

URBAN JOSEPH.

Toast to the Boys

"The time has come", the girls once said,
 "To talk of many things:
 Of Artsmen, Matric men,
 And Commerce men and Kings.
 And also Engineers who dream
 Of hard-earned lead rings.

"To meet these men," we girls then said
 "Is what we chiefly need:
 The year's begun, to have some fun,
 We male companions need.
 We'll try our schemes, then try again
 If first we don't succeed!

"Forsooth, not us," the boys all cried,
Turning a little blue,
But they so shy? And so withdrawn,
What else could we girls do?
We offered but encouragement
The rest, dear boys, was up to you.

Our hopes and plans were not in vain,
We soon had friends galore.
In class, in labs, on weekends too,
The boys made studies less a chore.
Sometimes a date, or just a friend
We girls could ask no more.

O College men, companions dear.
We've had a year of fun
But best of friends must part, they say,
And now the time has come.
So girls, let's drink a toast to these
"The boys" — the friends we've won!

MARLENE LANG.

IOAN SHAW.