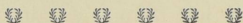


spite of our small numbers, we have broken the record, in being the youngest class that ever graduated from this institution, modesty alone preventing us from saying the brightest.

To our succeeding Seniors we wish the best of success in all the student activities, trusting that they will try to surpass our mark.

C. G. SCHURMAN, '17.



Class Prophecy

Do you know the land where the myrtles blow,
Where the beauteous rivers overflow
And wondrous plants and flowers grow ?

There, in a climate most serene,
Dwelt the seer and bard of humble mein
Of the glorious class of seventeen.

There, in the land of sugar and spice,
Where creepers and crawlers molest the life,
Her principal forte was catching mice.

But she never hurt them or spoiled their fur,
When they were about her she would not stir,
So each told a wonderful tale to her.

For mice are no ordinary beasts,
That spend their time in seeking feasts
Of bread and cheese; but are guardian priests

Of all that has been, and is to be,
And to the seer they told with glee
Of the wonderful things they used to see.

They told of what her classmates did
When Acadia of them was rid,
Things that otherwise from her were hid.