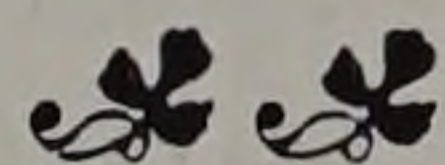


**I**n years to come when we are  
scattered to the ends of the  
earth, whether we may be  
basking in the sun of pros-  
perity or breasting the tide of  
adversity, then may this book bring  
these happy days to mind, and for-  
ever link us to our Alma Mater.



## Commencement

Call this not a day of joy, 'tis that  
On which we all must part;  
Memories of our bye-gone years  
Must soothe an aching heart.  
Ere Father Time in swiftest flight  
Numbers another year,  
Causes unknown may separate  
Each friend from classmates dear.  
Make not of this a festal time;  
Each hour but sounds a knell,  
No word to us is sadder than  
That word of words—Farewell.

—DOLAN.