

## Letter #8

At Father & Mothers  
3P.M. 1911

Here's to every glad returning  
When with torches brightly burning  
We will ramble round the campus  
Digging up our secret lore.

And the people who are staring  
Where our yellow lights are glaring  
They will shake their heads and whisper  
"Nineteen-sevens"- nothing more.

May our spirit never smolder  
May it grow as we grow older  
Til the last, lone, loyal classmate  
Seeks the festive banquet board  
And let not our hearts grow older,  
But be ever truer, bolder  
And our secret hopes & wishes  
In the buried jug be stored.  
-Rose Henderson-