

## Freshmen Toast to '07

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O. C. D. S. sends out her best  
When the Seniors go out this year ;  
They're right, all right, they've stood the test,  
And have won their title clear.

They proudly soar in dental lore,  
Their minds are full of knowledge,  
Their hearts are true clear to the core,  
These boys from the Dental College !

The perfect, gentlemanly grace  
Pervades their actions everywhere,  
And, from an honest, open face,  
There beams a greeting and a cheer.

They have a history all their own,  
Their epoch has been a brilliant one ;  
The brightest yet that has been known—  
Equal'd, perhaps—surpass'd by none !

They've made their mark high on the wall.  
They know it, too, and point with pride ;  
They deserve honor, one and all—  
They're floating out high on the tide !

Their college life will soon be o'er,  
Each will hie in separate ways,  
As they part at the college door  
And leave behind their college days.

And, parting, each will have in mind  
A mem'ry as a token  
Of happy days they left behind,  
Before their loving class was broken.

Three cheers for the Class of Nineteen Seven !  
They will never be with us again !  
'Rah, hurrah ! Godspeed and heaven,  
These are the wishes of we Freshmen.

—J. E. GOODWIN.