

H. Sherrill, and Samuel H. Fisher, Henry S. Robinson and Lewis S. Welch, were requested to act for the Class for the next reunion. It was voted to have a meeting of the Class in connection with the Bi-centennial. At this meeting Mr. H. A. Smith called attention to the publication of the poems of Thomas Buchanan, a former member of the Class. It is the intention to send a copy of this book of verse to each member of the Class. The cost of publication is defrayed by subscription. The average cost of producing a copy of this book is two dollars.

The Class was photographed on the steps of Osborn Hall at the end of the business meeting, and very shortly after it formed with its band on Chapel street and went in cars to the ball game.

The Class dinner was served about seven o'clock in the New Music Hall on Court st. Nearly sixty-five men were present. The meeting was in charge of Mr. Sherrill and Mr. Welch and the following toasts were responded to:

"Neath the Elms," T. S. McMahon.
"Ten years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics."

Reciting on "General Information,"
D. M. Barstow
"Not prepared, sir."

Collateral, and its Pursuit, C. S. King
"On the Banks of the Wabash."

Sweethearts and Wives, George Coggill
"No matter what you do,
If your heart be true."

Expansion, W. D. Sawyer
"Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough,
't will serve."

Decennial, J. C. Griggs
"Here's to Eighty-Nine,
There was never Class so fine!"

Dr. Barstow's response was the following poem:

Hear ye the lines as I have wrote
By order of The Secretary.
Whether to criticise or quote,
Hear ye the lines as I have wrote;—
Being as how I am the pote
Of this here anniversary.
Hear ye the lines as I have wrote
By order of The Secretary.

Hark to the unaccustomed noise
Of mid-day shouts, and mid-night revels!

More merry than a hundred boys,
More noisy than a thousand devils!
Rent are my ears with beat of drum;
Blinded my eyes with bonfires burning.

What? Can it be decennial's come,
And Eighty-Nine's again returning?

It is, it is!—Welcome with cheers,
This day for which we're long been waiting,

To set New Haven by the ears
And set ourselves to celebrating.

From fair Chicago's peaceful rest,
From rock-bound Maine-coast's foggy weather,

From north, from south, from east,
from west,
We come to-day, all boys together.

We "lure the morning finger back
To cancel" all of ten years' writing.
We smooth our foreheads of the track
Of work and worry, fun and fighting.

We walk again in boyhood's path,
And morning calls us forth, to grapple

With Greek and Latin, "Lit" and
"Math,"—
And bow to Prexy in the chapel.

The campus greets us with a smile,
Kind as of old, or kinder, may be;—
Once more the happy hours we wile
With marbles, tops, and "Nigger baby."

On Alma Mater's spacious lap
Her sturdy sons are snugly sitting,
Nor care a continental rap
How fast the merry hours are flitting.

Our sturdy athletes lead the crews,
Our graceful striplings lead the dances,
Our ready penmen, in the *News*,
Bring forth each day their strange romances.

Our deacons, in the halls of Dwight,
Expound what sins a man should lay for,
And, in the darksome shades of night,
Our "antis" give them things to pray for.

Oh happy, careless times of yore!
Oh days of play, and nights of revel,
When fun was always to the fore,
And *atra cura* to the devil!

We liked our friends, and fought our fights,
And drank our beer, and sang our ditties,

Nor hankered for the sweet delights
Of life, and love, and—cup committees.

The shining vision fades away;
I see a row of older faces
That come, on this reunion day,
To greet the dear familiar places;—
To roam the campus' holy walks,
To feel the elm trees arching o'er us,
To hear, perhaps, some old-time talks,
And sing, perhaps, some old-time chorus.

We've all begun to live our lives;
In college fields no longer grazing,—
We've finished sharpening up our knives,
And through the world our way we're blazing.

We did not smell the battle's smoke;
Not ours the fame of noisy warfare;—
We stayed at home, like quiet folk,
And worked for bed, and bread, and car-fare.

We're getting on toward middle age,—
We've cut our teeth, and dropped our rattle,
And some have heard the heathen rage,
And some have heard their babies prattle.

And some of us have lines of care,
That tell the tale of thoughts that harry;—
Some doughty deed we didn't dare,
Some merry maid we mightn't marry.

But for to-night at least, we're young.
Our old class yell, right loud you hear it,
No quaver in the songs we've sung,
No chilling of the old-time spirit.
Let every head keep holiday!
Let every classmate pledge his neighbour!

To-night we drink, to-night we play!—
To-morrow, back to life and labour.

And oft, in many a coming year,
May we good fellows clink our glasses.

And when at last the time draws near
To sleep beneath the waving grasses,
The cup of darker drink we'll quaff
With that good sand that never fails us,
And be this line our epitaph—
"A good old class of loyal Yaleses."

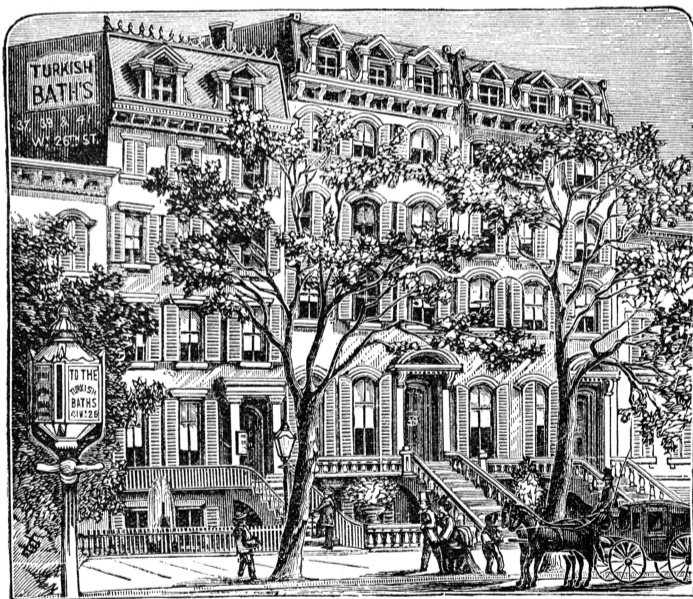
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NINETY-THREE.

About eighty members attended the business meeting of Ninety-Three held in A1, Osborn Hall, Tuesday noon. Noah H. Swayne, 2d, was re-elected Secretary and W. E. Dwight, Roby and Gardiner were chosen as a decennial committee. A telegram was read from Gallaudet, regretting his inability to be present.

The Class dinner was held at Harmonie Hall immediately after the ball game. Mr. Swayne acted as toast-master and the following toasts were responded to: "One side of the question—The married man," E. T. Mathison; "Our new President," Ralph Birdsall; "Both sides of the question," Henry C. Allen. The following men were present: Abbe, H. C. Allen, J. W. Allen, Anderson, Bacon, Barnes, Beadleston, Birdsall, Bixby, Bliss, Boardman, Bristol, L. E. Brown, Brownson, Bull, Burchard, Chisholm, Clark, Clarke, Cooke, Creevey, Crouse, Day, Dickerman, Donnelly, Dorsey, W. E. Dwight, Eccles, Ewing, Ficken, Field, Gatchel, Gibbs, Hackett, Haldeman, Harmstead, Hay, Heermance, Hickox, Higgins, F. A. Hill, Holbrook, Hurlbert, Hutchins, A. H. Jones, C. D. Jones, Jordan, Judson, Klimpke, Lloyd, McKnight, Maffitt, A. J. Martin, G. G. Martin, Mathison, Merritt, Morgan, Murphy, Nadler,



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