

# THE PALMETTO

## FOREWORD

*After the toil the rest is sweet,  
Pleasures are best after pain;  
Lilacs and roses most fragrantly scent  
Old flower gardens after a rain.  
Things that were dearest of all yesterday  
Are now only bubbles for blowing away.*

*Into this book our joys are spun,  
Sorrows are slightly shown;  
Only the best we would have recalled  
After the years have flown.  
Things that we prize the most in school  
We put in our book as a general rule.*

*Carlisle is shown as it really is,  
Whether for good or best.  
Pardon defects if you find any, reader,  
We ask as a simple request.  
The crystallized spirit of school is here—  
We give it to you, and no censure fear.*

—“THE BOHEMIAN, 1918.”