



Ode to the Lunch Room

When the work of the morning is over
And the leisure of noon-hour draws near,
When the twelve o'clock bell sounds its warning,
Then a rush to the lunch room you hear.

Hungry boys ride up, all in a hurry,
But the girls must walk up the five floors,
And the line in the hall quickly lengthens
Till it reaches the chemistry doors.

One by one the starved students may enter,
Each may take one blue plate from the pile,
And survey the monotonous menu
As he slowly proceeds up the aisle.

There are baked beans or soup for a nickel,
Perhaps hash, or three peas on some toast;
Once a month there's Jerusalem pudding,
Or ice cream (but of this we won't boast).