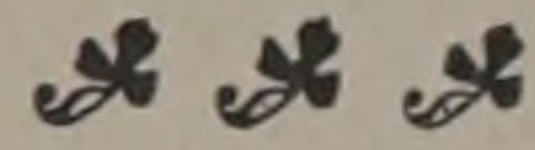


## To the Comet



H, how can we let this Annual go to press without a word for thee?

We need no Yerkes telescope to find thee, when the blazing sun

Proclaims the noonday hour.

We often think of thee all day, oh generous Comet!

Nourisher of our various nightmares, that, through thy administration

Often make the fastest time on record;

No stories told about thy wondrous namesake are tougher than thy steaks,  
Namely, how one day it will descend upon us and destroy the life

That thou would'st save.

Strange, they should have named a thing like that for thee!

Thou art a star, a peach, or anything we like,

Who never will or can

Destroy our raging, knawing appetite.

