

Ye Pumpkin Romance

'Way down East, in a town of two score,
 A father raised Tarbells and pumpkins galore.
 The youngest, called Clarence, was a dear little youth,
 His legs grew as fast as young "punk" vines, forsooth.
 The free mountain air coursed his matted locks through.
 As one evening he groped 'mid those pumpkins, sehr bla:



"Why yes, why can't this rash learned lady
 Just do as I want her, and call me her 'steady'?"
 Hour after hour, this hot summer long
 Have I tended these pumpkins with soul bathed in song;
 "My pride—my prize—hidden deep in the patch,
 His golden sides gleaming, without blemish or scratch."

"On a sled did I lift him, with back almost broke
 Two hours did I tug—by gosh 'twas no joke."
 "But at last Mr. Punk was landed to suit
 I pinned on my verse and took a swift scoot."
 "Dearest Mandy: Here's food for thy stomach's delight
 Make pies fat and forty—think of me with each bite."



"Taint any use trying—no love in her breast
 Good-bye, yellow Brothers, I'm off for the west.
 Four years has our friend languished day after day,
 His growth stunted early, no heart in our play
 Mid' Physics and Chem, Math, Valve gears and English,
 He plods on his course, straight toward the finish."

Oh sweet anxious moment, in that town of so few
 As Clarence returns, when Tech days are through
 Straight to Miss Mandy will go our M.E.
 No pumpkin to offer, but a bright, new degree.



Peal, all ye bells, ye band make much noise
 Your young pumpkin expert returns crowned with joys.