

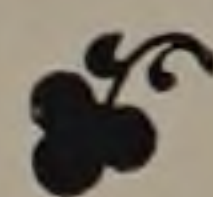
The Wonders of Physics

by J. M. J.



When I was an innocent 'Cad
Strange the lessons in Physics we had.
With eyes opened wide
How often I've tried
To believe all they told a poor lad.

I suffered a sudden reaction
Since by capillary attraction
Plain I could see
How Flanders, he
Held his bicycle stockings in action.



Our Bicycle Agent

by J. M. J.

A little "bike" in a basement lay
'Tis true, 'Tis true,
'Twas battered and bent in a shocking way,
Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!



'Twas spied by Terry, "the bicycle saint"
He bound it with wire, and he splashed
it with paint,
The "Cad" who bought it wails sad
complaint
But Terry still murmurs,
A "do," Adieu!