



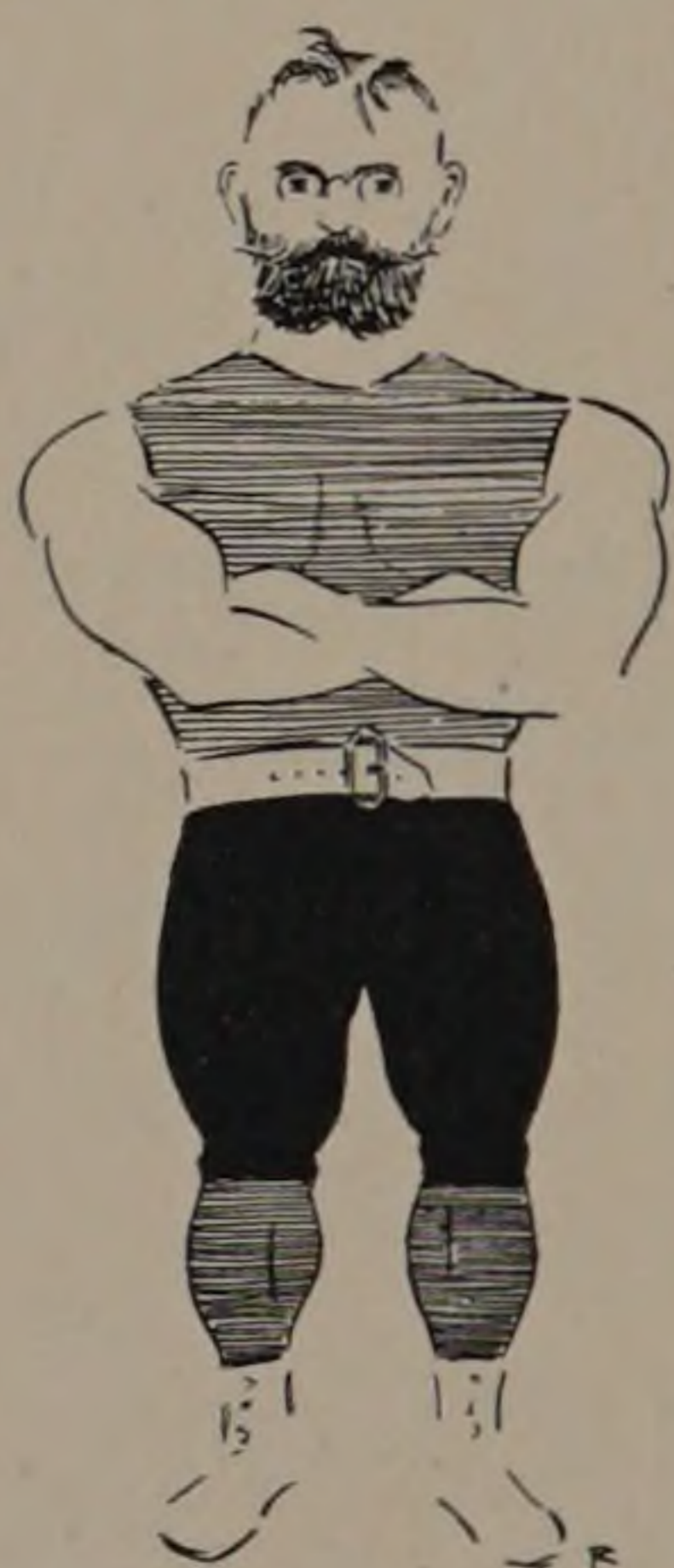
By J. M. J.

*"Who would extol the Gods must be divine,
A flegelings pen may all their faults define."*

My student friend I bring to you
A host of various rhymes,
Our "Profs" they introduce to view
As seen at various times.

To show our "Profs" but common clay
These rhymes with "roasts" I fill,
For none are less divine than they
But yet we love them still.

Dear "Prexy" we salute thee
Chief of a mighty school,
May hat crowned head ne'er greet thee,
May art our daily treat be
Forever be thy rule.



And he of ancient lineage blue,
(His family tree from Noah grew),
Our dumpling basket ball professor,
Prof. Alderson our champion guesser.

Silence! Silence! deep and thrilling,
Even Seniors shrink in fear,
Noisy Freshman hush, unwilling,
Miss Van Vliet is drawing near.

Free in his name and free with a pun,
He finds in his subject a vast deal of fun.
No greater than Freeman ever befell,
And Clarence E. answers: "Very well, very well."