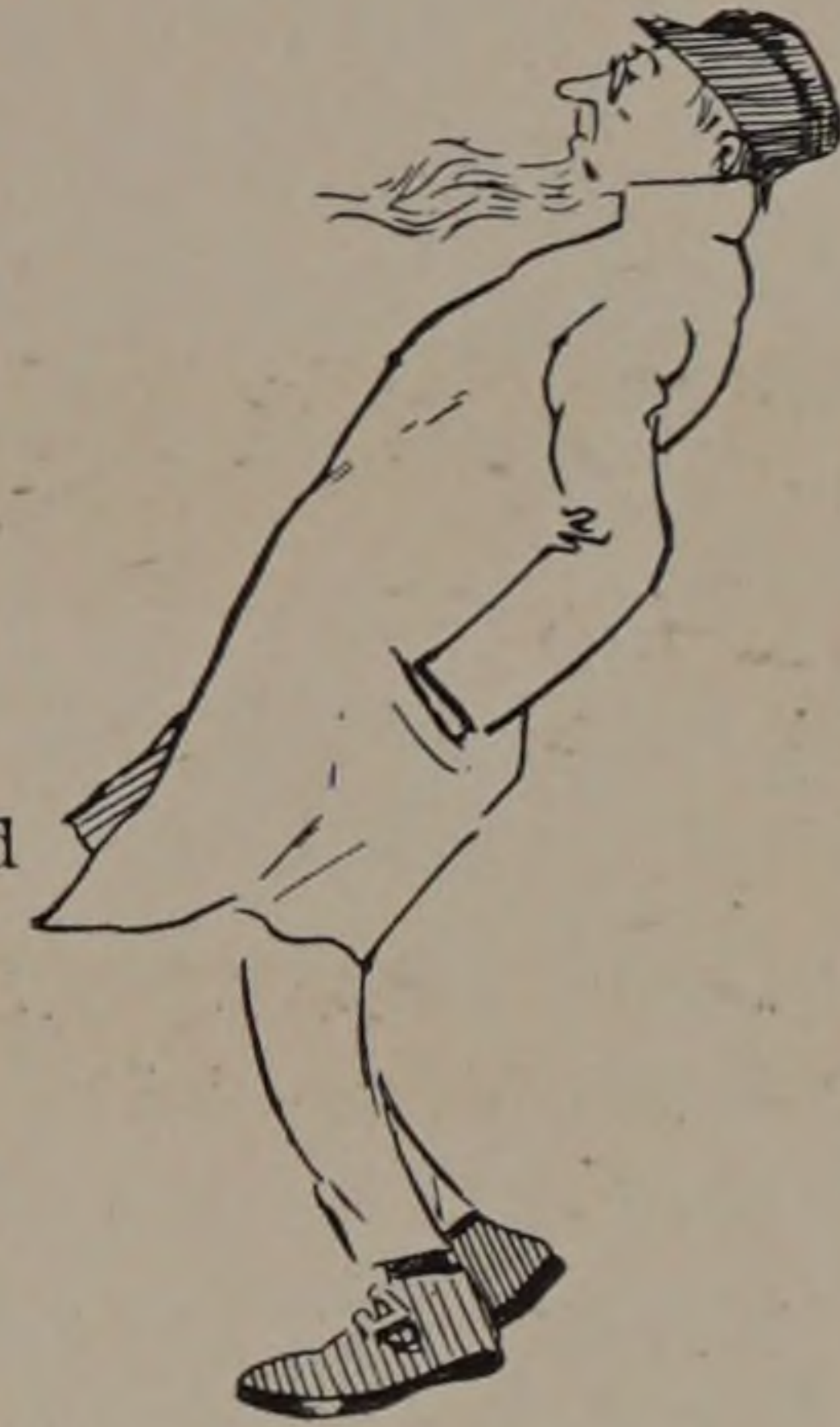


In pattern shop the sawdust flew,  
 The stout hard wood the saw groaned  
 through,  
 And that same sound your ears will meet,  
 When wind the Ritchey's whiskers meet.

Dear little Feldman, meek and so mild,  
 Proudly we called him mechanics own child  
 Although in good English his thoughts he  
 makes plain.  
 To think save in Russian would cause him  
 great pain.

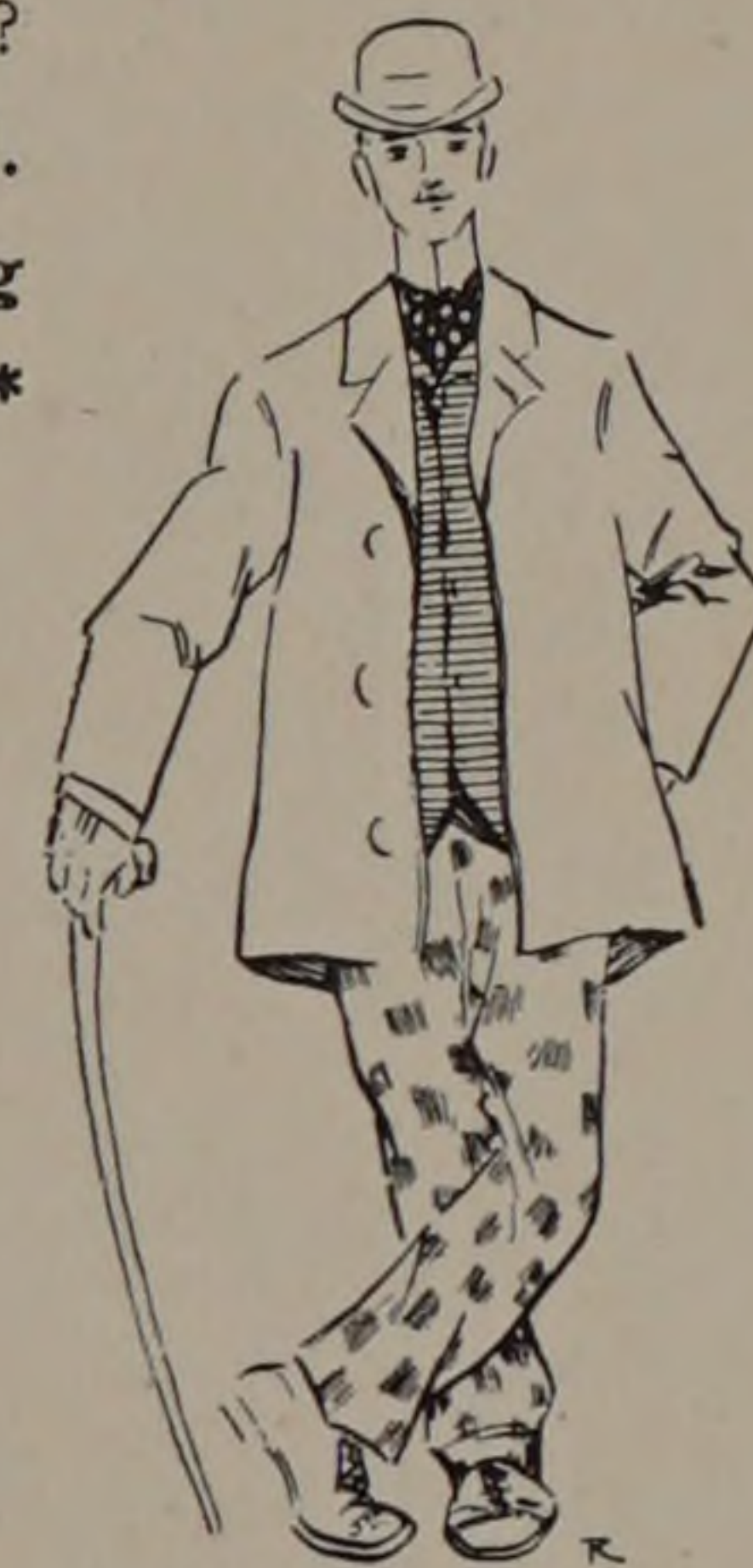


"Können Sie Ihre Deutsche Lection?"  
 Daily Miss Lang asks the same,  
 But  
 She prefers with circumspection  
 To "jolly up" a foot ball game.

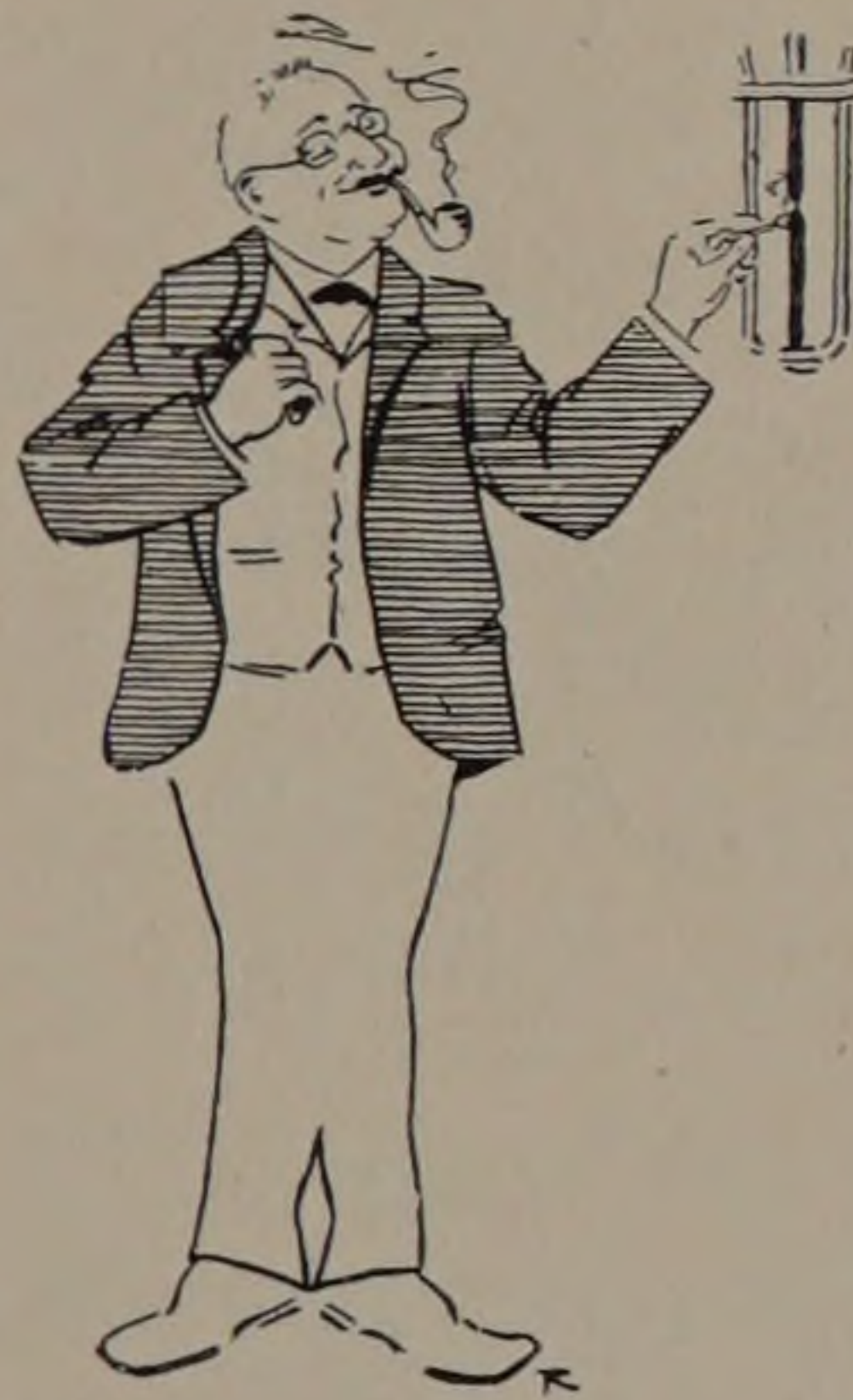
Why this dread sound the startled air appalling?  
 The Glee Club hath no untried discord found.  
 The pavements crack, the very sky seems falling

\* \* \* \* \*

With gaudy tie and boistrous trousers Mr.  
 Scott strolls around.



Miss Bullard we would know thee,  
 We would write of deeds to thine,  
 But our pen will ever slow be,  
 Till you ask us up to dine.



Great is his head and mighty,  
 Many the things he knows,  
 The arc lamp refuses to light,  
 He strikes a match—and it goes.