

THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK

1911

The Architect's Muse

Esma rose among six thorns,
Pure as Mary's lamb;
Profanity he ever scorns,
Though sometimes he says—(slam!)

Now behold our Homer G.
Peer to none at repartee;
Ever ready to give proof
Of his powers as a "goof."

Merry Merri lost his heart
To a girl named Sadie,
Merry Merri likes the part,
For he loves the lady.

An Art Club in a Medaille book
Doc thought great enough to hook;
The Prof the plan knocked all to pieces,—
Now Doc's looking for a thesis.

Little Harry whenever alone
Up at the office, grabs a 'phone,
Calls up a dame he never knew,
Makes a date, and then he's through.

B. C. Greengard is his name,
An Architect who will win fame;
First Mentions always come his way,
For he works thirty hours a day.

Sophomores a vengeful score
Attacked the sinful Seniors' door,
Of cream puffs sweet they had been robbed,
The Seniors seven they would have mobbed;
But Ralph the brave stood at the gate
And shielded us from their mad hate.
Leonidas the Greek of old
Scarce equalled R. N. F. the bold.

