

# THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK

## 1911

### Sonnets of a Senior

[Penned during a Period of Aberration by a Pensive Senior.]

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
Now a last and fond farewell;  
Your remembrances we treasure,  
And the reasons here we tell:

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Physics, Graphics, and Mechanics,  
Drawing, Chem Lab, other panics,  
Mysteries of Kinematics,  
Many kinds of Mathematics,  
Served to burden our poor brains;  
While we struggled on, on, on,  
Through a vast unending throng  
Of the piffle and the spiffle,  
Through the piffle and the spiffle that they've fed us  
Oh so long,  
While we wondered and we pondered why we always were  
in wrong.

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Oh, the Stresses and Strains  
That gave us such pains;  
Much dope theoretical  
And oft hypothetical  
Fuddled our brain  
All in vain.

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Dear old Physical Lab  
Almost made us a crab,—  
Oft assailed by a Doubt,  
We had many a bout,  
With the bugaboo of the third year,—  
Getting rid of it brought us good cheer.

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How we scrambled, how we floundered  
Through the many paths of lore,  
Which were held for us in store.  
Still we fought and strove to please,  
If but our minds to set at ease.