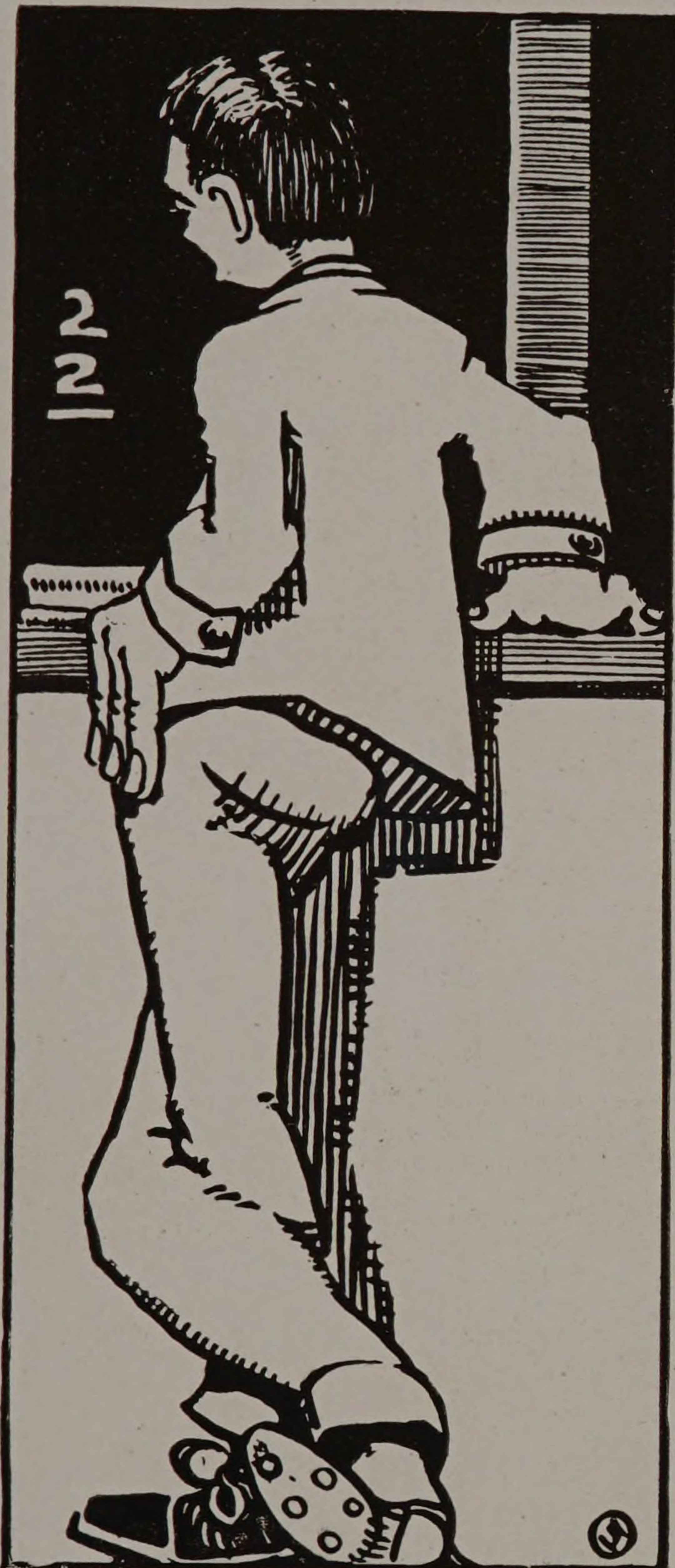


THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK

1911

The Charge of the Math Brigade



With apologies to "Alf" Tennyson.

"Onward the Math Brigade,
To the blackboard," he said.
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the Freshies knew
That they had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to bluff, to try.
Up to the board black as night
Strode the half-hundred.

Comments to right of them,
Comments to left of them,
Knocks from behind them,
A blank space in front of them,
They stood and they wondered.
Knowing it was a sell,
Boldly they tried,—oh, well,
'Gainst such a fearful spell
Nought could avail but the bell
"Saved," sighed the half-hundred!

In Dynamo Lab

Instructor:—"Now we'll cut out one leg of the three-phase transformer and run it as a V instead of a delta combination."

A Student:—"Which limb of the transformer did you say we should remove?"

Guess who said it.