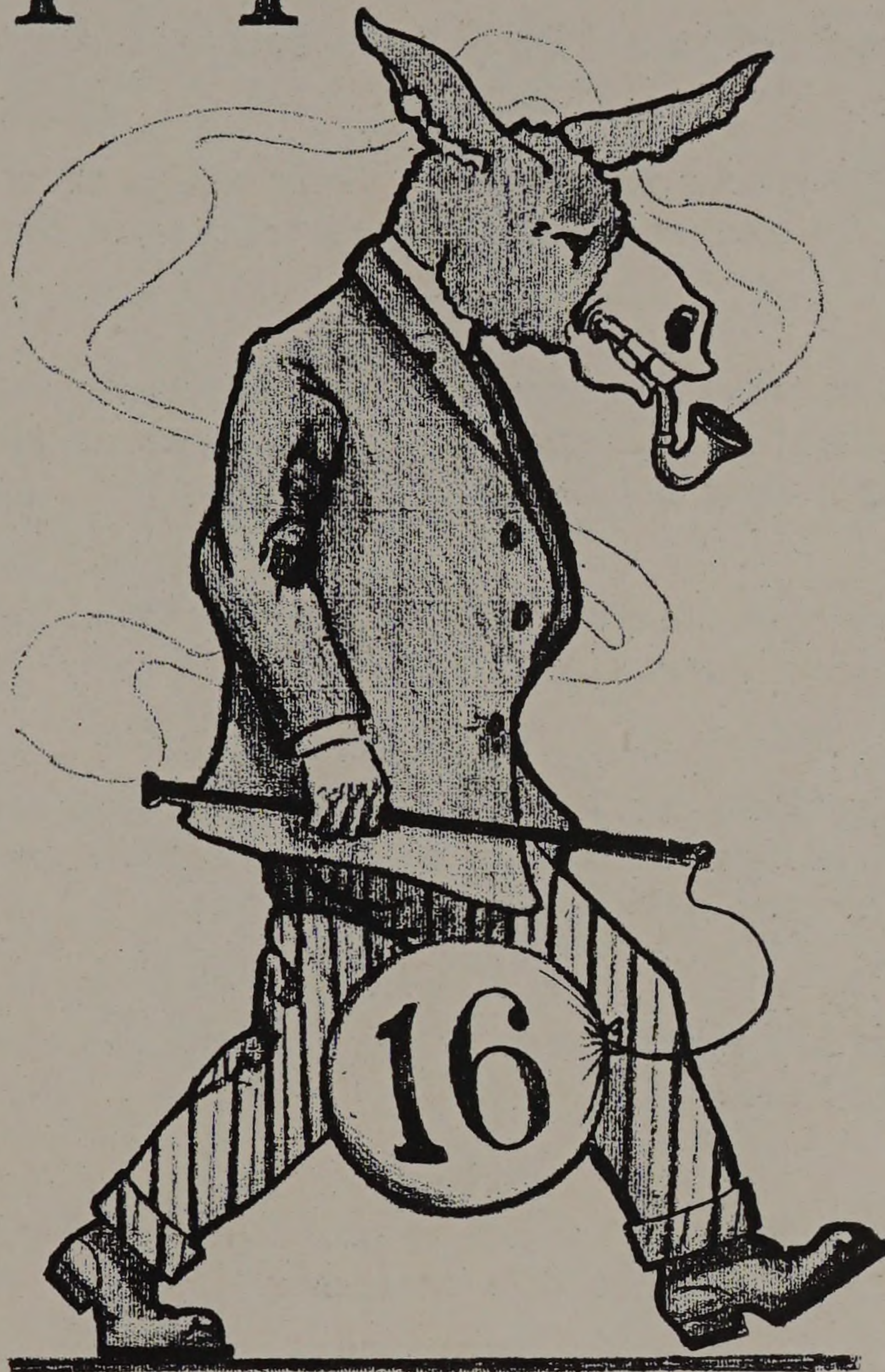


Ye Freshie



At The Smoker

"CALC"

Here I sit in Calc, forlorn,
 Trying the work with the devil born,
 Integration, differentiation, and others as fine,
 I'm not a shark, it's not for mine.

Campbell sits on the raised chair,
 Smiling and looking with a devilish air—
 As if to say, "Come boys, shell out, the game is o'er—
 Calc last year, this year and maybe more."
 Such is the gleam as it comes to me,
 From the Professor, haughty and stiff,
 I think of this, so I make the "Biff."

D. B. L., '14.