

HUMOR

THE LURE OF ARMOUR

As I was sitting in my hammock (all alone) one beautiful eve. last summer, I saw the moon begin to rise above the treetops. The beauty of the scene and the "speed" of that home town of mine 'way down in Indiana inspired me. I began to rehearse my one year just past, spent at gay old Armour, when low and behold! something told me I was a poet. Being very superstitious, I picked up my old Chem. notebook (now being used by my sister for kitchen receipts) and began to write. I wrote as if something was calling to hasten away the summer months, and this is what was calling:

In an old Northside beer garden, lookin' raptly o'er a stein,
I can see myself a-sittin', a-tryin' to make things shine;
For the wind is from the lakeside, and the fox-trot belles seem to say,
Come you back, you dampfool student, come you back to old Broadway.
Come you back to old Broadway, where the bathing beaches lay—
Can't you hear the motors chuggin' from the park to old Broadway?
On the road to old Broadway, where the Federal Leaguers play,
And the "L" comes past like thunder out Edgewater, 'cross the way;
Ship me somewhere east of Oak Park, where the ground don't never burst,
Where there ain't no jitney buses, and the town ain't run by Hearst.
For Chicago's voice is callin', and it's there that I would be—
In an old Northside beer garden, where they've got something to see.

In Memoriam.

P. S.—Merely small-town stuff.



CAMPUS SCENES