

STRESSES AND STRAINS

Thru the Ages

Four years I spent at Armour with the class of '23,
And no four years in all my life have meant so much to me.
Of everlasting friendships gained, I feel I've done my share,
So in the future school of life, I know they'll still be there.
'Twas back in 1919 when I left high school behind,
Buoyed up with hopeful spirits—'tho 'twas not the drinking kind!—
But the kind that seasons courage and that fans ambition's flame
From but the glow of smouldering doubt into an honored name.

That year 'twas as a Freshman that I entered A. I. T.
Whose walls of massive brick suggested naught but jail to me;
But I must go for what's beyond: I thought I knew it all—
Yet once within I found I did not know a thing at all,
And what is more they frightened just the bit that might have stuck
'Til all I could remember was, "Doggone the bloomin' luck!"
They put no thumb screws on my thumbs, nor green cap on my head,
Nor bound me hand and foot until I thought I was half dead,
But let me plow thru my descript and thru my chem in peace
While knowledge lined my noble brow with many a wave and crease.

A Sophomore I then became—I thought that I was great!
'Twas but the culmination of a year of patient wait.
They piled me hot and heavy with the stuff I scoffed at most:
Mechanics, Physics, and with Calc, with Trig, too, I can boast.
I'll ne'er forget that year of work, the year I was a Soph,
When 'neath my arm my books were piled as if I were a prof.
That was the year when valentines played havoc in our rank—
The sight of but an envelope and hearts aplenty sank!
Those pleasant invitations to remain another year
Had "R. S. V. P." lacking, but the meaning was quite clear.

Thus did the Middle Ages pass; the crown fell from its head,
And onto Modern Times it set and rested there instead.
With splendor and with pomp the Junior year arrived in state;
What more could we have hoped for in the years that passed of late?
Its Junior week, its Circus Day, its Dances and its Prom
Reversed the age-old saying to the "storm before the calm."
That was the time when "social life" was password of the term,
When pride was all to each of us and dignity was firm.
No year of all the four I say can be compared to this,
When high above the floor the nose did float in magic bliss.

Then last of all the Senior year came with its flying flag,
Announcing we had safely passed each precipice and crag;
With steady climb, and earnest pull we fought against mishap,
For all our fortunes of four years were staked in this last lap.
It was that year in which we longed for that eventful day
When A. I. T. would send us on the World's Great Milky Way.
Into the world I went with my degree beneath arm
(A ribbon neatly tied it round to keep it safe from harm)
And to that school of envied fame I turned and said, "Good-bye!"
Then heaved, in Freedom's welcome clasp, one vast, relieving sigh.

—DAVID MANDEL.