

## CLASSES

### SENIORS

From a Senior  
(who has heard the president compliment  
the incoming freshmen on being the  
best class, for four years, in each  
welcome assembly)  
(Apologies to Purple Parrot)  
Dear Prexy, but a moment,  
And aid my humble quest,  
Why does it always happen  
The last Frosh class is the best?

No doubt the Freshmen like it,  
And gladly fall for more,  
But think of us poor sinners  
Who came three years before.

If class by class advancing  
Promotes the general worth,  
We'll have ere long at A. I. T.  
Utopia on earth.

And simple mathematics  
Predicts as sure as fate  
White wings and harps adorning  
The class of '28.

Stay, Prexy, for a season  
This beatific blast;  
We crave one class of freshmen  
That's punker than the last.

The Senior Blues.  
D'ya know, boys, I've got the blues—  
Because my college days are o'er!  
Yes, sir, boys, I've got the blues  
Because I won't be here any more!

Now when I was a Freshman, I just yearned  
to be a Soph  
And when I reached that stage, my hat to  
Juniors I would doff;  
And then I looked away forward to a  
glorious Senior year,  
But now it's all over, boys, you know, I  
feel no cheer—  
I'd like to do it all again, each grade point,  
every fear;

I've got the blues for college proms,  
And college women too;  
I think of just a hundred things  
That I would like to do.

I used to think the "outside reading" stuff  
was mighty bad,  
But now my "outside reading" is a "Male  
Help Wanted" Ad!  
Is it any wonder now, I ask you, that I  
should feel sad?  
And that I've got those "Hate to Say Good  
Bye" blues mighty bad?

Born to Trouble.  
A student is but a worm of the dust—he  
comes to school, wiggles around a bit, wig-  
gles out, and finally a chicken gets him.

And Then the Door Broke.  
"Have you an opening for a bright, en-  
ergetic college graduate?"  
"Yes, and don't slam it as you go out."

Student: Before I graduate this year, I  
want to express my gratitude and say that  
all I know I owe to you.

Professor: Oh, it's a mere trifle, I assure  
you.

### SOPHOMORES.

Not All Joy.  
A night of cram, an angry prof,  
A tough exam, a busted Soph.

Professor Campbell's opinion of a Sopho-  
more is expressed mathematically by infinity.  
He says nobody but a Sophomore can loaf  
consistently for six months at a stretch.

### HIS PART

The dean was exceedingly angry. "So  
you confess that this unfortunate young man  
was carried to the pond and drenched? Now,  
what part did you take in this disgraceful  
affair?"

"The right leg, sir," answered the Sopho-  
more meekly.

A. I. T. '25—It tells here of the death of  
my old friend Nincompoop—peace to his  
ashes.

A. I. T. '24—Oh, is that where he went?

### FROSH

#### Frosh Calendar

Monday morning late to class,  
Tuesday quiz; I didn't pass;  
Wednesday had a two-hour date,  
Thursday found the girl don't rate.  
Friday flunked another test—  
Saturday's my day of rest.  
Tomorrow morn I'll sleep 'til one;  
Another week of toil is done.

The devil fumed and fretted  
Not a spark could he discern.  
The Armour Frosh was on the grate,  
But far too green to burn.

A modern scientist says that emotion ex-  
presses itself at the weakest point.  
No wonder the freshman always clutches  
at his head.