



I am dyne, Harry, dyne,*

Give me H_2O ;

And to those I leave behind,

"Ones" forevermore.

To the Class I leave behind

Be, O Harry, good and true ;

And list careful while I'm dyne*

To the things I say to U.

Green the shades of Death are falling,

Thick as they can B,

And I hear sweet voices calling.

From far o'er the crystal C.

With cold-damp my brow is reeking,

And my spirit chafes at waiting—

Physiologically speaking

I am fast disintegrating.

I'll be turning ere long, Harry,

Into $Ca. CO_3$,

And the ignis fatuus airy

Will be farming over me.

CH_4 and CO_2

Will wreath my weeping willow,

And PH_3 will hover too

Around my lonely pillow.

I must go and leave you, Harry,

Take this message as good-bye ;

I'll get even with you, Harry,

When we meet in Philippi.

*The reference is to page 632 in Ganot.

“*BUSTED.*”

The shades of eve were falling fast
 When o'er the college campus passed
 A youth, whose forlorn features named him;
 A youth, whose general cut proclaimed him—
 “Busted.”

His face was pale, his feet beneath
 Seemed bursting from their leathern sheath,
 While high his dismal treble sung.
 In full fledged Academic tongue—
 “Busted.”

“O, stay,” old Hauser said, “and pay
 The bill you’ve owed for many a day.”
 A tear bedimmed his dark green eye;
 He simply sighed as he passed by—
 “Busted.”

Then straight down College avenue,
 ’Till his gaunt form was lost to view.
 His restless course was onward bent,
 And legend says in truth he went—
 “Busted.”

And on and on, forever on,
 From dawn to eve, from eve to dawn,
 The people paused and wondering heard
 The oft repeated tragic word—
 “Busted.”

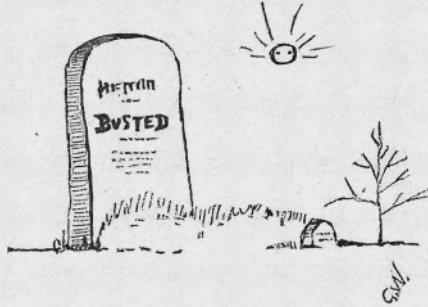
* * They found his body in the river,
 The tired form was stilled forever.
 Of sheepskin first—then life—bereft
 The youth whom Foot’s exam. had left—
 “Busted.”

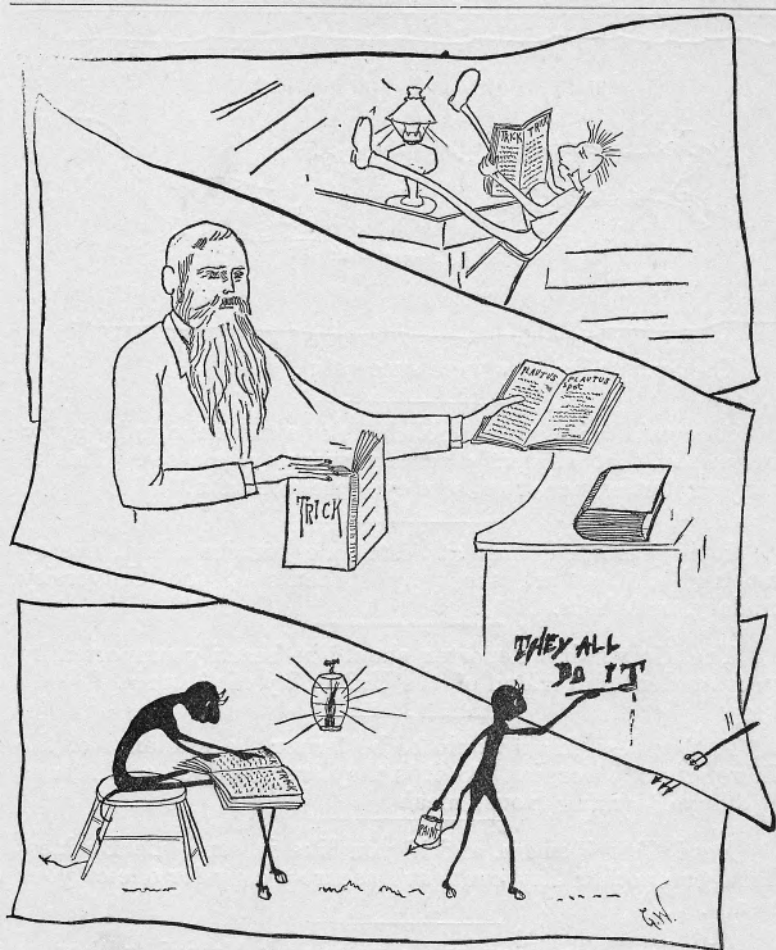
His sorrowing classmates still deplore him;
 They had a monument put up o'er him,
 And verily they put thereon
 (Just under date when he was born)

“Busted.”

* * And now these Juniors' cussing math
 By way of simple logic hath
 Recalled, from memory's vague entwinals,
 The youth that on our Junior finals

“Busted.”





BY-THE-WAY.

"Damp ground causes sickness."

"We will begin the recitation, young gentlemen."

"Please do not demonstrate to-night, on the contrary I hope you will co-operate with me."

"You have made your bed, and you will have to lie on it"

"The attendance at the University this year is heavier than it ever has been."

"Gentlemen: Allow me to present to you Mr. ———."



The Spring Debates were successful.

A certain daily paper published not a thousand miles away announces, that student's actually wear eye-glasses. This is startling, but evinces that sore eyes are common.

It is estimated that at least one hundred and twenty thousand dollars are spent by students of the University annually, in Athens.

The University Reporter should be heartily supported by every student and friend of the University of Georgia.

A few less finals would be better for the students of the University of Georgia. As it is they are about as common as a College Boarding House meal.

Read THE PANDORA, and if you like it, send the Business Manager another fifty cents and secure a copy for one of your friends.

We hope the Faculty, Trustees and Alumni, without a single exception, will aid us by purchasing at least one copy of this Annual. THE PANDORA has done more to advertise the University than a dozen newspaper "ads" put in out-of-the-way places.

The Class Tree exercises of '87 occurred Nov. 25, 1886, on the Campus. George H. Winston delivered the oration, which was received with interest by the large audience. Since planting the tree, it has departed life.

A College Boarding House is a Paradise on earth. What better should a mortal want here below ?

-Quotations-

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure—(The Freshman.)

I do not set my life at a pin's fee—(The Law Student.)

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument—(The Champion Debator.)

So lonely 'twas that God himself scarce seemed to be—(The Geology recitation.)

As idle as a painted ship on a painted ocean—(The D. B. M. Student.)

I cannot eat but little meat my stomach is not good—(Guest of the Hotel de Summy.)

Where wine and beer are I am sometimes—(The Strong Drink Seeker.)

I lived to write—(The Reporter Editor.)

The angels in heaven wept when he was born—(The Masher.)

They have a plentiful lack of wit—(The Reporter Editor.)

A little lower than the angels—(Class '87)

They neglect everything for mathematics—(Class '89.)

Hel! is empty and devils here—(Class '88.)

I had rather a fool make me merry than experience make me sad—
(Ye Zeter Ki.)

The tartness of his face sours grapes—(A. L. F—n.)

A pretty fellow is but a half man—(H. K. M—r.)

Little things can make a great noise—(B. C. C—r.)

A little, round, fat, oily man—(E. J. M—e.)

I am so fresh that the new green blades of grass
Turn pale with envy as I pass—(M. R. H—l.)

Would that we could all be sports like thee—(J. P. W—w)

Thy strength is not in proportion to thy height—(C. C. P—e)

Thou art a thorough Texan—(B. B. B—s.)