

THEY GOT LEFT.

I.

Once there was a soldier band,
 Drilled at the U. of G;
 Toiling on, with gun in hand
 Wearied as cadets could be.

II.

Once upon a dark, dark night
 They swore they'd drill no more,
 Took the guns and hid them right
 Beneath the armory floor.

III.

Once upon a hot, hot day,
 Shrunk to half their sizes;
 Soldiers drilled three hours, they say,
 Going through the exercises.

ODE TO SOPHS.

Tell me not in Math's cold numbers,
 Analyt was Descartes' dream;
 Daily Philippi er cumber,
 Sophs with problems never seen.
 Calculus you'll find is earnest,
 The Junior class is not its goal;
 B. E. thou art, when thou returnest,
 It will harrow up thy soul.
 In '93's broad field of battle,
 In the struggle for a rise,
 Renounce for e'er the freshman's prattle
 Be a junior brave and wise.
 Lives of Junoires may remind you,
 You can cut exams as well,
 And at college leave behind you,
 Passports to the gates of———
 Passports that perhaps another
 While at college raising Cain,
 Some forlorn and busted brother,
 May use on Pluto's early train.



Fresh

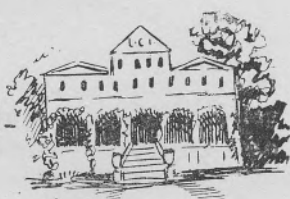
He-walks-by-the

L C I

He's-not-the-least-abashed-

He's-not-afraid

to-serenade



The-girl-that-he-has-mashed



Soph.

He-has-a-pain

he-will-explain-

The-doctor-will-not-refuse

To-give-a-pill

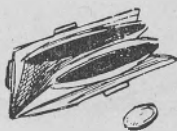
for-a-dollar-bill



And-his-absence-to-excuse.

Junior

When-downed-in-all



the-games-of-ball

Is-loud-in-lamentations

He-hollers- "Joke"

is-always-broke

And-cuts-examinations

Senior

A-deal-of-ball



much-more-of-gall

A-very-little-knowledge

Hard-exams-

and-many-d—s

And-he-is-through-with-college.

