Greetings to the

I. F. C.

WALKER MEMORIAL DINING SERVICE

In the parlor they were sitting,
Sitting by the firelight’s glow;
Softly were the minutes flitting
Till at last he rose to go.

With his coat she fussed and puttered,
From her eye there fell a tear;
"Must you go so soon," she muttered,
"Won’t you stay for breakfast, dear?"

The flowers bloom, the grass grows green,
The birds sing songs; the lads all lean
To thoughts of beauty and grace in womens.
Disillusioned is he who turns to Simmons.

There was a young girl from Radcliffe
Who dated a Tech man named Cardiffe;
He told her he’d make her his wiffe
But all she got was (pink toothbrush).

The trees swished back and forth,
whipped by the wind; the moon,
the yellow moon,
blinked from behind the blue-gray clouds —
a stillness filled the air.

A boy and a girl walked down to the sea,
hand in hand, on the cool wet sand.
The scream of a sea gull pierced the air;
the bird was silhouetted against the sky.

The girl was sad, she turned to the lad
and said, “Oh! Bill, does it have to be?
Is it true that they are gone, all, all gone,
the options to the I.F.C.?"

Great tears rolled down her face,
pitiful to behold, they gnawed at Bill’s heart;
he caressed his Peg and in a whisper said,
“We’ll hear Benny Goodman, no one
instead.”

The market rose, then dropped for a spell.
Bill bought a ticket though his wallet fell.
He’s here tonight with his lovely Peg.
Their faces lit up by the Goodman keg.