THE O. A. C. REVIEW



Just a night-mare in the dark, Don't you know? Yes, you study day and night (?)

And then after all the fight,

Why, perhaps the wrong thing's right,

Don't you know?

Board? Oh when your bill is paid, Don't you know?

And your home at "Mac" you've made, Don't you know?

You just worry and you mope,

And you hang your highest hope

On a cake, perhaps, of soap, Don't you know?

Dances are just style and dress, Don't you know? And a source of much distress, Don't you know? To determine what to wear, And how best to part your hair, When to go, and likewise, where, Don't you know? So we worry through each day, Don't you know?

In a "Macish" kind of way, Don't you know?

We are hungry-are not fed,

Foolish things are done and said, We are tired and go to bed,

Don't you know?

You've two years and that is all Don't-you know?

To get acquainted with Mac Hall, Don't you know?

You can only clean stoves once,

Caloryate a few odd months,

Then out you'll go again—a dunce, Don't you know?

-M. Krouse.

Good wishes are not worth much anyway. They sang, "Long live Haman," until they were hoarse for five consecutive nights, but that didn't keep him from the gallows.

XV.