

Ode to Our Biology Lab

We meet every Friday afternoon
In that bright and cheerful room.
All is hustle and bustle there
Where never a care does smite the air.
And Bernie is talking.

The work starts out so dull and drab
Midst atmosphere of frog and crab.
And George is there to watch us stare
Into our microscopes so fair.
And Bernie is talking.

Our blushing maiden Beth is there
With Mansell forever in her hair.
She is blushing because of Ralphie boy
Whose jokes are constant source of joy.
And Bernie is talking.

Full quiet is our cheerful room,
When comes a sudden snorting boom;
It is only Allan, our student hoax
Who has finally caught on to Ralphie's
jokes.
And Bernie is talking.

A shrieking scream fit to raise the dead
Has been artfully issued by Bill White-
head.

He will now for half an hour mope
For he banged his nose on his microscope
And Bernie is talking.

Now sneaking upon unsuspecting prey
Is our timid, bashful but cunning Ray.
His prey is our blushing maiden Beth.
He has a frog to scare her to death.
And Bernie is talking.

From out of his peaceful studious lair
Comes Jim to cut Jean Matheson's hair.
But Doctor Ledingham with shining pate
Is contemplating brave Jimmy's fate.
And Bernie is talking.

Doctor Ledingham retires in deep disgust
For the "Boys" are singing with lungs
fit to bust.
And through the door in unsteady crawl
Comes an engineer seeking wood alcohol.
And Bernie is talking.

In this bright cheerful room quiet reigns,
'Cause the only ones left are the am-
bitious brains.
The bell goes off
And so do we,
Leaving Bernie talking.

Ray Forseth.
Jim Gerlitz.

At college we had a biology club,
sponsored by one of the professors, a
dignified spinster. A farmer whose
place was noted for its wide variety of
flowers spoke at one of our meetings.
More at home in his garden than on the
rostrum, he made a brave start: "I can
assure you that it is a pleasure for one
to be with you today. I have known
your teacher for a good many years, and
during that time we have been
intimate . . ."

Freshman '50

There was a slight titter, and he hur-
riedly continued: "That is, in a biologi-
cal way, of course!"

A young college student remarked to
his date, "That's 'Pink Lightning' lipstick
you're wearing, isn't it?"

Flattered that he should notice the
color of her lipstick, the girl replied,
"Why, yes, but how did you know?"

"Oh," he quipped, "I've been struck
by it before."

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