

At six o'clock that early hour  
 When chimes begin to peal,  
 We hear them rise from out their beds,  
 And from the flats they steal.

All morn the tumult rages high,  
 Till study does begin;  
 Then all must to their sanctam fly,  
 And to their books within.

At last pale Hecate holds sway,  
 And lights begin to glow,  
 The midnight oil in Hogan's Flats  
 Is burning, burning low.

Among the members here convened,  
 (We cannot name them all),  
 We have some long ones, short ones, too,  
 And some both big and small.

Our friend from out the woolly west,  
 He always wears a smile,  
 While Quyon Jim not quite so slim,  
 Is here to kid a while.

Let's not forget our friend Gustav,  
 Who 'splains the reason why;  
 With puzzled brains, his aeroplanes  
 He launches in the sky.

Who said long ones, we've a few,  
 First comes H-k-et, as good as two;  
 B-u-ke can't beat him, no not he,  
 Though in time he may make three.

Who wrote this you all may ask,  
 We must confess 'twas quite a task;  
 But if our members are not sore  
 Perhaps next month we'll add some more.

—HAPPY.

In Physics Class: "A preposition is a bad thing to end a sentence with."