

## What Have the Juniors Done?

Too often in our college course  
A question has arisen,  
But when we look into the source,  
It can be quite forgiven.

A question, whose import, though small,  
Has bothered many a one,  
And so we'll now disclose to all  
"What have the Juniors done?"

When, in the fall of 1903,  
We first appeared in town,  
It was an easy thing to see  
This class would win renown.

Indeed, so rapid spread our name,  
That in a town close by,  
Our class forever gained such fame  
As reached the stars on high.

W'ed started for a hay-ride,  
The moon-beams shone so bright  
That all the merry-makers cried,  
"Old Alec. needs no light."

And then, with our accustomed speed,  
Street lamps were all put out,  
And citizens, wrathful in their need,  
Vile epithets did shout.

A little later in the year,  
A smokestack was erected,  
The Sophs to place their colors here,  
Their efforts all directed.

High on this stack, they hung a flag,  
Which in the breezes waved,  
We soon burned down the dirty rag,  
And thus our honor saved.

In Sophomore year one pleasant day,  
At ringing of the bell,  
With shovels armed, we made our way,  
To dig Professor Johnnie's well.