

## INITIATING FRESHMEN

7

Boys are holding their paddles,  
For here the freshmen come.  
Soon loud smacks will be heard.  
"Good night! Don't they look dumb!"

"What's the matter with them guys?"  
Why do they hesitate?  
Can't they take a little hazing?  
Oh, boy! I just can't wait!"

"Bend over, kid. That's the way!  
Now - Smack! Say, was that good!  
Shake hands, you little tenderfoot;  
You're now in the brotherhood."

Now, there's a kid that seems O. K.  
He proudly holds his head high.  
Smack! slap! bam! whack!  
Gosh - was that a tear in his eye? ?

"Hey, kid! We didn't mean to hurt ya!  
Aw, come on! Shake my hand!  
You're the first one that ain't flinched!  
You acted like a man."

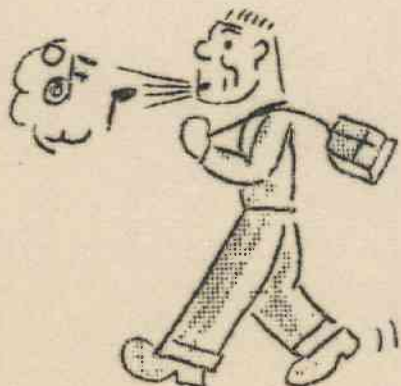
Next! The elders seek out the "freshies";  
Paddles tan the hide,  
But somehow, my heart ain't in it  
When I think of the kid that cried.

He took it like a soldier -  
He didn't howl and jump:  
Now there's a future high school "stude"  
That can really take a bump.

Now keep your eye on that kid; boys,  
Someday he'll be a senior too,  
And I'd be willing to stake my dough  
That he'll go farther than me or you.

\* \* \* \* \* - S. A. Boaz

## THE FRESHMEN'S FIRST DAY



Sturdy little freshmen,  
Marching forth to school,  
Eager to conduct themselves  
According to the rule.

But on the way they all are seized,  
And loud each whack resounds!  
They squirm away and make a dash  
For safety on the grounds.