



They reach the school but are amazed -  
They don't know where to go!  
"Let's all go ask a Senior,  
For he will surely know!"

On asking one, they soon are told  
To try room number four,  
And as they dumbly make their way,  
They find the junk-room door!

A noisy group of freshmen,  
Walking four abreast,  
Are stopped by Mr. Arnold  
And scolded with a zest.

"Now, boys and girls, I know you're new -  
I take that for a fact -  
But watch that group of Seniors there;  
They'll show you how to act.

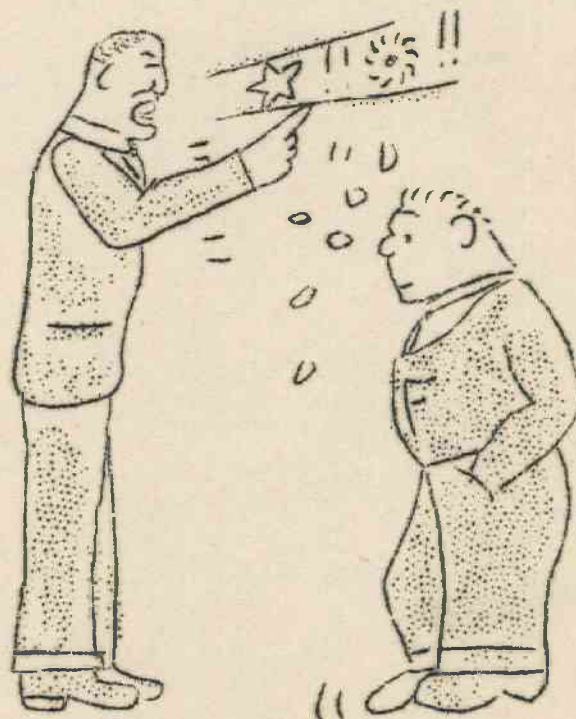
Walk single file and very slow;  
And never push or crowd.  
If any have remarks to make,  
Talk quietly - not so loud!"

Disheartened little freshmen,  
With heads now hanging low,  
Try to hide embarrassment  
By whistling as they go.

Their tunes are stopped in  
record-time,  
By a voice quite stern.  
"I've warned you time and  
time again!  
Oh, will you never learn?"

On chapel days upon the stage  
I talk myself delirious!  
Now here you are, at it again-  
This matter's getting serious!

You've been here long enough, it seems,  
To learn a thing or two,  
And if you break the rules again,  
I know just what I'll do!"



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A Month Later

A crowd of jaunty freshmen  
Marching down the hall.  
No fear they have of rules, you see,  
Because they know them all.

No more rebukes nor well-meant jests.  
Even paddling days are o'er!  
They've stood the gaff and passed  
the tests,  
And ready are for more! -Joel Doby

