



Red River Aggie

N. W. S. A. LIMERICKS

We have a nice nurse named Miss Dahlen,
She watches the scales lest we're failin'
And cures all our ills
By giving us pills,
So keeps the Campus from ailin'.

We have two Advanced boys called Ed,
When you call one, two come instead.
Both of them sing
But the distinguishing thing
You see Widseth over Myers'es head.

You often have seen our friend Kermit,
He'd never do as a hermit
Secluded, we mean,
Without Miss Edeen
Who takes him to supper on permit.

We have here a lady named Bede
Who teaches to mix and to knead,
On tennis and walking,
In laughing and talking,
There's no one can equal her speed.

A fat little Freshman named Sanden
Plays piano scales with abandon,
In what event you can name
He has always won fame
In all that he's had a hand in.

A senior we love is Rod Lindstrom,
He's clever, athletic, and winsome.
Our memory fails
In recounting the tales
Of his conquests with girls—so you spin some.

Our lovely Francis McKibbin
Wears curls down her back, but no ribbon.
She's sweet, that we know,
You can just ask Harold Clow,
He'll tell you that this is no fibbin'.

Helen Carlson's a Junior we know,
A fellow in town is her beau;
If he had a bike
He'd not mind the hike
Nor stormy nights hate so to go.

Our math prof who's held in devotion
One day used a most fragrant lotion,
A girl left the room,
How that gaudy perfume
Befuddled her brain, you've no notion.

The Annual's typist named Norman
Now if only he were a Morman!
With twenty-eight wives
Who'd typed all their lives
He'd be saved much hurry and stormin'.

A jolly man, our Mr. McCall,
His wit and his humor appall.
His stories all fit,
Each joke is a hit,
He never repeats—best of all!

Our faithful bus driver, Andy,
In caution and promptness is dandy.
Regardless of roads
He carries his loads
And at campus errands is handy.

Mrs. Hollander's husband is Roy,
He's a nice, fat, jolly big boy,
We miss smelling his pipe
When the Aggie Board type,
And his singing is really a joy.

A popular co-ed named Sally
With underclassmen is pally;
One never knows
Quite all of her beau—
They're scattered all over the Valley.

Of Arnold's we have a whole band,
Anderson, Iverson, Strand,
Swede, Doctor, and Fat,
And more than all that
Aggies, each one of them—grand!

There was a huge athlete named Ed,
About six feet three and well-fed.
Of brothers they're many,
For Widseths are plenty,
And about the same size, it is said.

There is a young damsel named "Toots"
Her antics are wild when she roots,
She cares for no beau,
For she lets them all go
E'en Jock's word she sometimes disputes.

A black eyed senior named Rose
Is wide awake, peppy, and knows
That school is a grind
If one cannot find
Some fun wherever one goes.