

NOT SO LITERARY SECTION

I Am the Hamburger Triumphant

AN HEROIC POEM

Written after the style of Walt Whitman

Dedicated to the Class of '34

INVOCATION

Acknowledge me great, ye publishers of yearbooks!
Ye masters of senior class finance!
Come, ye class-advisers now extant!
Come, ye embryonic class-advisers!
Abase your pedagogic knees before my greasy
ecstasy!
For am I not the answer to monetary problems?
Am I not the victim of the gold standard?
The evasion of the depression?
The reply to bill-collectors?
And the ultimatum of debts?
Am I not Cimon who bears the cross of the Red
River Aggie?
Am I not Atlantiades of the campus, bearing full
upon my sweating shoulders the expense—the
exasperating expense—of the Annual?
List ye all then to my song,
Who sing myself triumphant!
Acknowledge me great, ye publishers of year-books!
Ye masters of senior class finance!

FIRST MOVEMENT

Pondering deep, ye wonder who I am
And what I say,
And whence I come.
I will tell you—now—and once—and for all.
Out of the bellies of meat grinders,
Out of the scraps of butcher shops,
Out of the grease of pans for frying,
Out of the heat of double-boilers,
Steaming I come, often I come, bought and sold
I come—
Come into the lives of seniors,
Into the schemes of class-advisers,
Into the marts of campus trade—
I come.
For am I not, ye doubting Thomases,
The respite of football classics,
The intermission of basketball,
The answer to hunger, sandwiched between any
two events?
To my person there is dedicated
The exclusiveness of Kiser's swell house!
Sold I am across the counter or from hand to hand.
Glady I go to the highest bidder,
Bartered over, heckled over, sniffed at,
Smelled and smelled again, and sold for a nickel!
I permeate athletics,
I invade the dance floor,
I feed class parties,
I am the mainstay of the Outdoor Festival,
The spirit of campus activities
And the answer to all hunger!
I AM THE HAMBURGER TRIUMPHANT!!

PART II

MOVEMENT IMPASSIONATA

List to my sad song and my sad singing.
Hours dark in desolation have I suffered,
Lost between the loves of class advisers.
A year ago I knew the attentions
Of those who now have left me—
Thoughtlessly have left me—
I lost the love of Mrs. Haugland
To the persuasion of a Scandinavian lawyer;
Of Mrs. Hollander to a large, high tenor.

Deep then was my desolation,
Dark my hour of abandonment.
Despair possessed my soul.

But I am triumphant,
I am the hamburger universal!
I know no favorites! I transcend nationality!
I welcome all lovers!
Gladly I came into the bosom of the Class of '34.
Happily I devoted my aroma to the lady from
Nebraska and the gentleman from Wisconsin.
For I am the hamburger—
Seductive—
Odoriferous—
Irresistible—
Mated to a cup of coffee—
Enamored of onions—
Embraced by a bun—
And beloved with a dill pickle.
I am the hamburger impassioned.

PART III

FINAL MOVEMENT ORACULAR

Now have ye heard me,
Now must ye know me,
Now then must ye acknowledge me
The alpha and omega of monetary problems,
The backbone of the senior class,
The financier of the Red River Aggie,
And the kernel of campus high finance.
And I am inevitable!
Ye cannot evade me!

In the womb of the unborn year,
Dedicated to the conception of a new Annual,
I attend Miss Hughbanks!
I await Miss Dahlen!
For I am the Hamburger eternal!

FINIS.

—DENIS McGENTY.