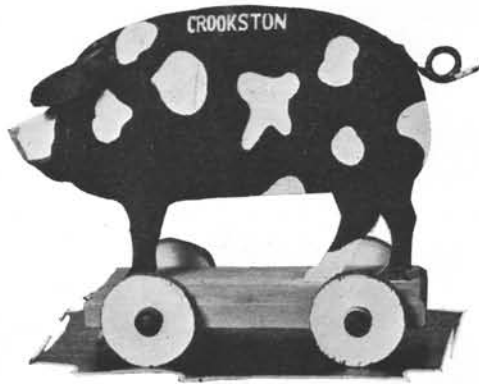


Poignant Parodies



OSSIE

Behind him lay the Crookston snow,
Before the gates of Morris grew;
Behind him all he'd learned to know,
Before him only faces new.
The good coach said, "Now must we fight
That Ossie may not be their pawn—
Brave Captain speak, and speak aright—"
He said, "Play on! Play on! Play on!"

They played and played—then came that night
Of all dark nights, when every heart
Was sore and sad and far from light
As minus pig they must depart.
Then as they homeward turned their way,
They vowed he should return anon
To Crookston School, and proudly stay
While they played on and on and on!

I stood on the porch at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour;
And a sob rose up in my dry throat
As Miss Bede looked out of her bower.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower—
Comes a pause in the day's starvation
That is known as the Coffee hour.