

NORTHWEST SCHOOL FACULTY O-LIMP-ICKS



This is, we know, Olympic year—
We, too, have our O-limp-icks here,
Among our faculty so dear;
Then hail we that intrepid band
Whose fore-fathers left their native land
That we might have a contest grand.

Who is in point of service auldest?
Who is in nature never cauldest?
Who is on top of head the bauldest?
He's braa and bricht and not sae small,
And better man there's none at all
Than good Scotch Tom McCall.



Who may be sharp but never flat—
Who's always natural and all that?
Who makes us get our notes down pat?
Ah, oui M'sieu! She's somewhat buxom,
But with the French, now, that's the custom;
So to La Hennig, high notes entrust 'em!



Who smoketh endless cigarettes?
Who liketh cheese in omelettes?
Although his stomach—ah, it frettes!
The little Czar,
The Registrar—
Mister Mlinar.



Who, from the land of rune and saga,
Of Odin, Thor, and fair-haired Freja,
Descended, to teach us our Minoh and Majoh?
She's not a Hanson or a Wilson,
She's not a Johnson or a Chilson,
But yes! You've guessed it—she's Miss Nelson.