

# The Professor's Sign

by LUCY MAUDE

I will paint you a sign, Professor,  
 And hang it above your door,  
 A finer and better office sign  
 Than you ever had before.  
 I will paint with the skill of a master,  
 And many will pause to see  
 This wonderful piece of painting.  
 So like the reality.

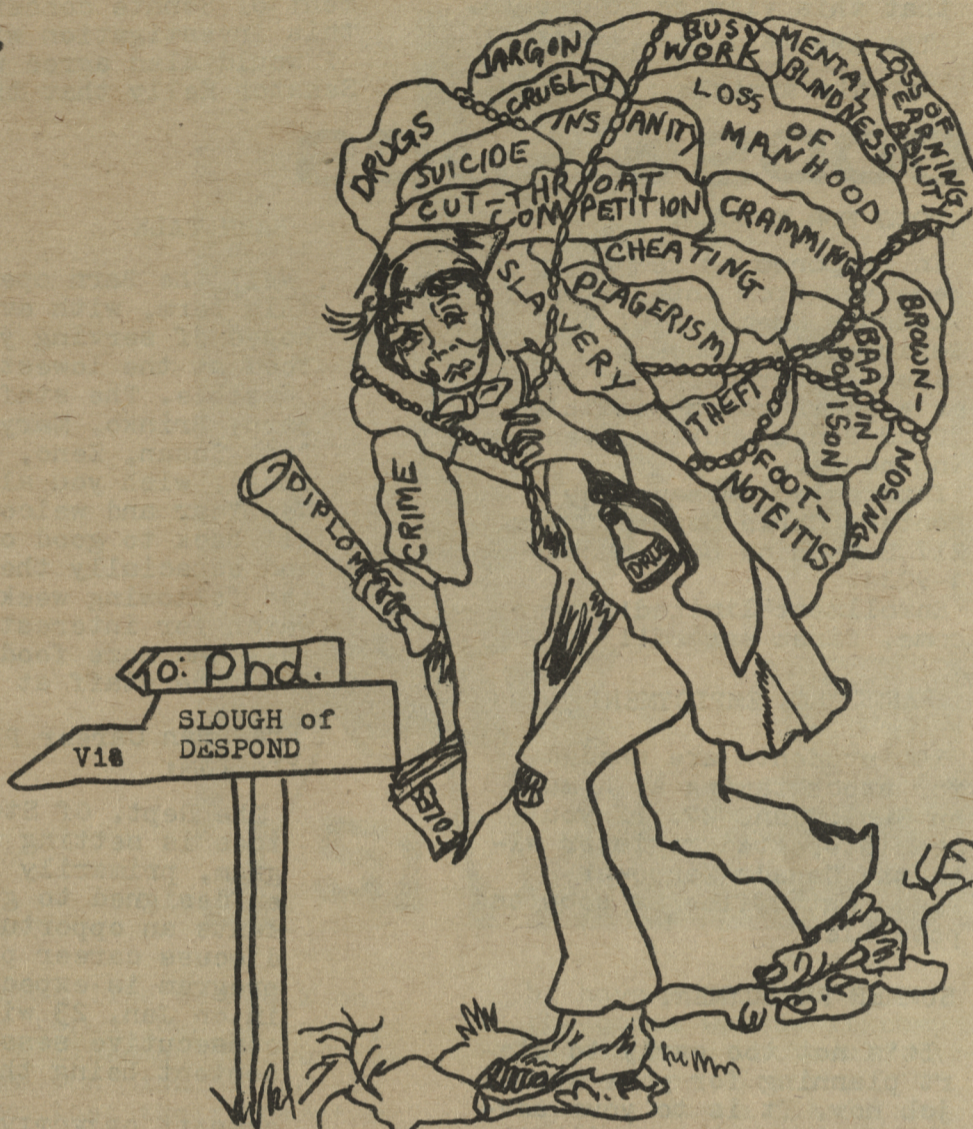
I will paint yourself, Professor;  
 As you wait for the fair young boy,  
 Just in the morn of manhood,  
 Society's pride and joy.  
 He has no thought of stopping,  
 But you greet him with a smile,  
 And you seem so blithe and friendly  
 That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, Professor;  
 I will paint you as you stand  
 With brimming tankard of sophistry  
 Extended in either hand.  
 He wavers but you urge him:  
 "Drink! Pledge me just this one,"  
 And he lifts the glass and drains it,  
 And the pedant's work is done.

And I next will paint you a sophomore,  
 Only a year has blown,  
 But into this loathsome creature,  
 The fair young student's grown.  
 The work was quick and rapid;  
 I will paint him as he lies  
 In a torpid, ignorant slumber,  
 Beneath pettifogging skies.

I will paint the Muse of Wisdom, Minerva,  
 As she kneels by her darling's side,  
 Her beautiful charge that was dearer  
 Than all the world beside.  
 I will paint the shape of a coffin,  
 Labeled with one word, "Failed".  
 I will paint all this, Professor,  
 Even as you quailed.

The mockery, the delusion and the snare,  
 The crime, the want and the woe,  
 That are born in your workshop,  
 No hand can paint, you know.  
 But I'll paint you a sign, Philistine,  
 And many shall pause to view  
 This wonderful, swinging signboard,  
 So terribly, fearfully true.



THE BURDENS OF THE EXAM HABIT!!!

## cadre

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