Appendix

SOME EARLY WESTON SONGS

Old Bapst Hall

There are wonders and wonders at Fairview, at Fairview, at Fairview
We'll give to you of them a few, for instance O.B.H.
   For instance Old Bapst Hall "by the cow barn",
   For instance O.B.H. "on the Hill".
It may be said without exaggeration
It really was a liberal education
   Just to live in O.B.H.

The walls of O.B.H. "by the cow barn"
The walls of O.B.H. "on the hill"
Every wall is built as thick
As a polished wood toothpick
   The walls of O.B.H.

Very often those up high
Found the showers very dry
   The showers of O.B.H.

The Rec Hall right across the way
Which wreck was worse no one could say
   All Hail to O.B.H.

Often from the science rooms
Floated up those sweet fumes
   Beneath our O.B.H.

They took the walls under Barry's window
Then the curtains went "valde commando"
   The showers of O.B.H.

They used to keep the water so hot
They nearly blew Old Bapst to pot
   The furnace of O.B.H.

There oft were aired philosophies
Old dried socks and BVDs
   On the fire-escape of O.B.H.

0 every night they were out at ten
At two minutes past they were on again
   The lights of O.B.H.
Old Bapst Hall, Cont.

It was great fun to slam the door
And see the glass crash on the floor
   The front porch of O.B.H.

They used to tend the boiler so well
Dum deedle um dum, dum dum dum
   The boiler of O.B.H.

To this list of cries we add one new
It cheated an eighteen carat Jew
   In the wreck of O.B.H.

Always

When the shadows fall, echoes of Bapst Hall
Crowd our memory
But that day is past, now we're living fast
In a long-stone Hostelry
Halls that are fit for a king,
This is the song that we sing
Welcome to our new Hallways
They're shined up for you always
Living like a king in our newest wing
Here in old New Eng - land always always
You will hear us rave always
Of the marcel wave in the hallways
The family elevators are for our educators
But all the small pertaters use the hallways.

Dreams have all come true at the new Fairview
Pioneering's over
In our rocking chairs we forget our cares
Life is quite the clover now that you live in our flats
Paste these few hints in your hats:
We take lots of pride in our hallways
Never never slide in our hallways
When you laugh or prate, sounds reverberate
So beware your fate, always in the hallways
Quarter after ten, always, is no time for honest men
In the hallways - and if you value your fair skin,
Keep it while you kin, don't smoke your Edgeworth in
   The Hallways.

Things are not the same since the status came
To old Fairview
What's the matter with all our kin and kith
The boys look blue, you ask me the reason of it
I answer the province has split
We'll be living here always
To breathe New England air always
Never see New York, Father John O'Rourke
But eating beans and pork, always, always
We'll be at the Cross always
Or else be back in Bos-Ton always
Never see the sights, miss the Broadway lights
Living at the Heights most always.

It All Depends On You

by

John C. Ford

I firmly believe in circles
Where logic is guaranteed
I'd never admit that circles
Are logic gone to seed
For circles need no explaining, no investigating
They're simply to give your training,
That's their raison d'etre.

I can distinguish, I can deny
If you'll rehearse it, I can reply
It all depends on you
I can explain it, I can define
or I can confirm it
Ruin your line
It all depends on you.

Set up a tough one, and prove it
Make it a rough one, then grove it
That is the system that trains the mind
Then watch me sparkle with logic
I'll be immense
Make an impression
Get the defense
It all depends on you.

About Christmas, 1931