J.E. Sass

Ames Forestry Club

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J. E. Sass

"JOHN EUGENE SASS, Ph. D., Assistant professor of botany," is the way the catalogue of Iowa State lists the man known to foresters as "Doc" Sass, or better still as just "Doc."

This little, bespectacled man knows every forester on the campus by his first name through his class in general botany.

Hurrying from his botany class of preps to his work in the slide room, "Doc" hails the first forester he sees on the stairs with his now famous, "God, but they're dumb this year. Even worse than last! I thought you guys were the dumbest outfit ever assembled, but I guess not!"

Then he leafs through the sheaf of exam papers in his hand, exposing many D's, E's, and F's. "Now take this one," he says, exposing another F; "she's a beautiful girl; and this one—he will never amount to anything. He should be taking Home Economics."

The fall hunting season is hard on the morale of "Doc's" classes. There are so many days when the instructor is absent that the freshmen begin to doubt if they have a teacher. Someone usually catches on, and when he asks to go out banging at pheasants too, "Doc" says, "No; I won't excuse you to go hunting. Just make sure that I don't run into you in the country."

"Doc" really knows his botany.

* * *

The prof he rave and tear he hair;
The studes he sleep and sleep and stare.

The prof he howl out, "H₂O!"
The studes he tank it look like snow.

The prof he tell one funny yoke;
The studes he wish he had a smoke.

The prof he get fine big disgust;
The studes he plan one fine beer bust.

The prof he shout, "By God, Exam!"
The studes he merely mutter, "Damn."

* * *

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