

**** J.V.N.DORR'S BIRTHDAY****

Sing, Sing, Sing to the man of metal,
Sing to the guy you bet upon-----
This occasion's his birthday.
Sing, sing, sing 'till your voice is lousy...
Oh how we're going to show
We're celebrating his birthday
His birthday, come on let's go.....
J.V.N.D. God has said
"We wish you a happy birthday"

We find in glancing through
The pages of "Who's Who"
The life on any mining engineer
Involves a lot of work
Which he can never shirk ---
And so it isn't all skittles and beer.
There's not much time for skittles
When you're hustlin for your vittels,
There's little time for beer
For a young metalurgical engineer.

College, Rutgers, work your way,
Deadwood, smelter, work night and day;
Edison's workshop, next stop ---
Labour some more, and there's no guarantee ---
You'll be a J.V.N.Dorr!

Denver, Office, start your own
Special process, soon you're well known.
Branches in Europe follow, business is strong
'Till you're thrown on your tail
Each time a war comes along.
If you want a whacky life
Filled with ~~trouble~~, worry and strife,
You'll get exaction, action
But don't blame me
If when all said and done
You're not a J.V.N.D!

Sing, sing, sing to the man of metal
Here in very fine fettle.
Celebrating his birthday...
Sing, sing, sing, sing,
Sing to the guy we count upon,
Sing to the guy that's known as John!

When grandpa kicked the bucket
 After holding up a bank or two,
 When junior runs away
 Because we've dealt him out a spank or two.
 When sister says "A life of sin
 Is all she wants today"
 And mother shouts "Include me in
 Who says crime does 'nt pay?"
 Who saves the situation, saves the chickens, saves the day?
 C.J. C.J. C.J.

When dough is scarce and times are tough
 When creditors are whacking you
 Who is it says "The going's rough
 But never mind, I'm backing you?"
 When every horse you hope to sell
 Is poor for want of hay
 When cows are dry as water
 And your hens refuse to lay,
 Who rushes to the rescue
 In his own mysterious way?
 C.J. C.J. C.J.

They say it seldom pays,
 To pour on too much praise,
 They claim that panning's easier on a guy,
 We can't find much to pan
 Doggone it in this man - - -
 But let nobody say we did 'nt try.

Who will insist upon a list
 Of all the guys with eyes of blue?
 And then write down the eyes of brown
 Of black, or green, or greyish hue.
 Who loves to ask a flock of distant relatives to dine? - -
 With more and better nexts to them,
 Consuming food and wine?
 Who loves to shop a dreadful way,
 Called "going down the line?"
 C.J. C.J. that's fine.

Who always sends a note to friends
 That live in Ump^hor Timbuctoo?
 "Look up my Aunt, two ancient hants
 Who happens to be passing through.
 Who always wants itineraries made for every day - - -
 To change his mind a dozen times
 And toss them all away!
 But best of all who loves to wake
 His friends at break of day? - - -
 C.J. C.J. C.J.

If he ran for office soon
Anywhere from here to the moon
He'd be the winner, inner circles agree --
For when all said and done
There remains only one --
There's just one J.V.N.D.!

Sing, sing, sing to the man of metal
Here in very fine fettle
We're celebrating his birthday.
Sing, sing, sing 'till your voice is lousy --
Give her the gun.
Oh how we 're going to show
We're celebrating his birthday,
His birthday, come on let's go!
J.V.N.D. God has said --
"We wish you a happy birthday!"

OLD BADGER BOND