

TO A SLIP STICK

In Phil they have a slip stick,
A curious thing to see.
But the things they make it do for them,
It will not do for me.

It does not help me multiply,
It will not do division:
It's just a grind the devil pulled
To banish our precision.

When formulae are needed
Our stick will not derive them.
The slide rules work like magic
A wooden goat can't hive them.

There's a slip about a slip stick
As betwixt the lip and cup,
For everything I calculate
My slide rule ties it up,

I have a long equation
And want its differential.
I find it on the slide rule,
But—check it with my pencil.

The slide rule shines with whiteness
And threadlike lines of black.
We suffer in its presence
Like men upon the rack.

But we expect its failings
And inconsistency,
For after all its merely
A Hun atrocity.

Now it awaits me nothing
To sit here and abuse it,
I'll stop this footless nonsense
And bone up how to use it.

