

Traffic Boy

He sports a sweater bright and red
He wears a cap of yellow
His chest adorned B.J.T.P.
A proud and jaunty fellow!

His heels he clicks when on parade
Right face - left face - about
And Mom and Dad are tickled pink
If they were small, they'd shout!

For Mom and Dad are very proud
Their boy has joined the ranks
B.J.T.P. to them you see
Spells duty, and no pranks!

They're proud their boy can share the joy
Accomplishing such feats
Escorting Mary, Jim and Joe
And Mary's little sister Flo
Across our busy streets!

Now Oxford School
Boasts such a group
The best in our fair City
The best we say because we have
The best, in Mrs. Witty!

And we agree, my traffic Son
'Twas the best work done in '51
When they bestowed the bright degree
On Officer Hurych B.J.T.P.

We'd like to say
Our Principal's the best
"Inverted commas"
But we're afraid if we did that
They'd take Cliff Boyack from us!

So we're content to go along
And hold the truth inside
And feel that all together
We are bursting out with pride!