Dr. Esling, You Gave Me a Chance

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There was a day, Back in 1984 Living with friends, We students were poor.

Mike came to our class And said there's a job In Dr. Esling's Phonetics Lab.

I jumped at the chance Though I had not a clue What kind of work Phoneticians do.

On a VT100 Terminal screen Joy Division type spectra Were black and green

The tire-sized disks That stored all the data Loaded into a machine The size of a refrigerata

While bewildering at first He showed me the way To do all the steps I was a Junior RA