

Then came the terrible coaches,
Nothing of study they knew;
Only they caught our fathers
And gave them more play to do.

Set them to play at athletics
And all that athletics entailed
Took up so much of their leisure
That in June our fathers all failed.

Now we can watch our fathers
Earning their bread in sport,
Raking in thousands of shekels
For an hour or two's effort,

Playing professional baseball,
Or running to breast a tape,
Toiling away in a prize-ring,
Or at hockey if they can skate.

We may not play with our fathers,
For if the faculty knew,
Down they'd come to the campus
And make us professors too!

This is the horrible story
Told as the twilight falls
And the undergrads walk together
Under the College walls.

J. DORNEY ADAMS. '15.

