

Have you watched your heroes struggling, towards the hostile  
goal advancing,

Till there at forty yards, with trusty shoe  
The full-back kicked? You saw the ball right o'er the cross-bar  
glancing?

Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

Have you ever backed your team to win right down to your last  
dollar.

And then they lost, and dashed your hopes to dirt,  
And you left the stand and went down town and tried to sell a  
collar,

Or hurried to the pawushop with a shirt?  
And lived on beans for days entire, oft went without your dinner.  
While at night you dreamed of eating oyster stew?  
If you took it like a sport and said, "Can't always be a winner."  
Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

But the next game have you put up all your dough once again.  
Never thinking of the time you lost before?

And when it's over gathered in the "little iron men"?  
(For your team has won this game, with doubled score.)

Then have you gone to celebrate and paint the town with red,  
And with the bunch stayed up till half-past two,  
And woke up the next morning with a dull pain in your head?  
Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

Have you ever played the game yourself. lain down before a  
buck,

While fourteen men came sprawling o'er your head,  
And your eyes and ears and nostrils were completely filled with  
muck,

And you gasped for breath, and wished that you were dead?  
Have you made a flying tackle, heard the fans in acclamation.

While you struck your head against a cleated shoe?  
In hospital then read your fame after the operation?

Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

A. MAHER, '14.