

Those Wily Masters

A "Monk" of lady-killing fame,
 In search of some light recreation,
 Challenged the Masters to a game—
 The game is called Association.
 The Masters met with faces pale,
 They thought they saw their finish near ;
 They met in some secluded vale ;
 Their hearts were filled with awful fear.
 "If we are beaten," then said one,
 "As we are very like to be,
 Our course at U. C. C. is done,
 From its kind walls we'll have to flee.
 "And yet if we refuse to meet them,
 Or say, 'This game we never played,'
 With care thereafter we must treat them,
 Or else they'll say we were afraid."
 Said one (who long had silent sat),
 "Of 'scaping from this dreadful fate
 I have a plan—'twill save us that."
 Cried all, "To us this scheme relate."
 "'Tis this—until the first snow fall,
 Which cannot now be far way,
 Detain their players, one and all,
 For two hours for every day."
 'Twas carried out. The snow-fall came.
 The Masters all expressed regret
 That snow prevents a football game—
That match has not been played off yet.

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MISS VEALS,

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