

One night when college halls were dark,
And students basked in slumber sweet,
Five forms, bedecked in pants and sark
Stole forth from rooms on wild Mill St.

With frequent stops, and piercing gaze,
They made their way to Lower Hunt,
In fear, lest in their evil ways
The Dean should spoil their little stunt.

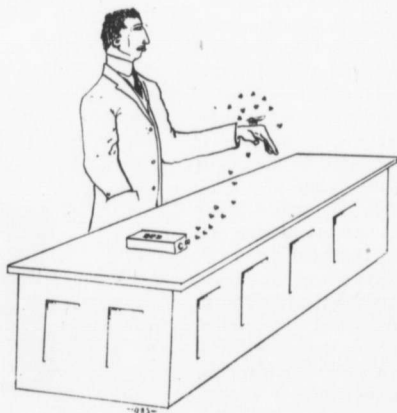
The door to every room was locked,
(At least, the Freshies thought they
were.)

But, in our prowling walkers walked,
Capsizing beds and sleepers there.

We do not know, but circumstance
Comes to our aid, and gives us clues.
One form went forth in Ziegler's pants,
Another form wore Stillwell's shoes.

In Musgrave's coat and Almey's cap,
Two other agile forms moved on
With noiseless step, beside a chap
Who wore the clothes of Matheson.

That spiral cranking action that
Pinkey Wallace uses to preface his left
upper cut looks pretty but he found it
asiful waste of time when the Western



A LESSON IN PENETRATION ~

Of beds, they turned just thirty-eight
Before returning safely home.
Retiring hour for them was late;
Next day, in class, they all slept,—
some.

Who were these daring Sophomores?
For Sophs they surely must have been.
Who else would walk those creaking
floors,
And near the precincts of the Dean?

half back got in first with a smooth
slug on his salmon pink occipital crest.
To Pinkey himself the outcome was
touching.

Doc Reed, (holding Kezar firmly by
shoulder.)—"Young man, I don't mind
the perpetration of a practical joke,
but a misdemeanor such as this not
only exasperates me but gives rise to
evil tendencies within me."