

The freshmen year was full to the brim of episodes. At a birthday party in No. 10 the Seniors and Juniors attempted to cage the poor innocent freshmen. But they reckoned without their host. A rope—a wire cutter—a hammer—a leap from the second story window and the perpetrators in the act and the laborious work of the former hours undone in a few minutes, the freshmen fee and the following immortal poem by Doc Gates a result.

(1.)

“ Number ten, ” “ number ten, ”
 “ Number ten ” boldly
 So echoed through the hall
 So cried the Juniors all.
 Rushed they with many a roar,
 Piled up against the door,
 Never to open more
 To 93,

(2.)

Inside, the Freshmen six
 Heard them the wires fix,
 But yet the students knew
 They'd soon be free.
 Theirs not to make reply
 Theirs but to eat their pie
 Also to speechify
 Of 93

(3.)

Water to right of them,
 Water to left of them,
 Water around them
 Fell fast and free
 Not that they cared you bet !
 If they were dry or wet,
 Mac, with his arms bedecked
 Bound ahead to get
 Of 93

(4.)

There hung the rope in air,
 Juniors thought it not fair,
 Seeing the freshmen there
 All the hall wondered.
 Plunged in to spoil the joke,
 Right through the crowd they broke,
 Never a word they spoke,
 Wires were sundered,
 Crest fallen, then were they,
 '93 blundered.