

[NOTE:—According to our informant in investigations made by Annie Lytics, it has been found that the number of hours spent per year in Tra-la-la exceeds $\csc x$, a number which becomes almost infinitely large as the angle between the individual pairs of players becomes smaller].

Much to our regret we feel that we can do nothing to bring the adepts back to the straight and narrow path. We would, however, discourage a beginner from attempting to learn the game. Think of the number of hours wasted in agreeing that the ice is excellent, that the show is good, that it is a nice day today, and that it probably won't rain tomorrow. Yet all this comes in what may be called the probation period.....

On, what on earth's the use of all this talk?
 Today I passed a Co-ed on the street,
 And somehow I just couldn't meet her eye
 I just kept gazing at MY shapely feet.
 And somehow I just couldn't understand
 The feeling that kept creeping over me.

And so I'm going, going to arise.
 This very night, and take my place and learn
 This old new game, and all it signifies.

A fool you say—maybe you're right,
 But I've no peace by day or night—
 I've ceased to think, I only know,
 I've got to go, boys, got to go.

“With apologies”

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G. C. H., '22.

J. L. B., '22.