

THE TRAGEDY OF SOCCEYWATHA

By the edge of Soccy Fields,
By the winding, weedy waters,
Crouched a chief with all his war-
riors,

Squatted Hocka—Indian chieftain.
Round about him knelt his warriors—
Frightful, painted, bloody braves;
Knelt and peered through leaf and
branches,

Peered, but never batted eyelash,
Looked, nor ever waved a feather.
For the tribe behind had sent them,
And the folks back home were pray-
ing—

Praying that they'd be successful.
For the tribe was in great trouble,
Direst that had yet befallen;
For you see they had no women—
All their honies had departed
Seeking contracts in the movies;
Left behind them only fat squaws—
Ugly, shrewish, lean and fat squaws
And the tribe was far from wealthy
Suffering from ye Hoover panic,
Possessing nought with which to
purchase

Lovely, black-eyed Indian maidens,
Cherished pride of other nations.
So the tribe had picked the bravest,
Meaneest, holdest of the warriors,
And had sent them out to capture—
Take by force and, willy-nilly,
Bring back with them pale-face
damsels,

Preferably from Salem College—
Known afar for charm and beauty,
Known above all other daughters
For their sweet and womanly graces.
So the warriors sat and waited,
Eying where the maids were gath-
ered,

Picking out the niftiest models,
Till the chief should give the signal.
Suddenly a whistle sounded:—
Screeched, and hardly had subsided
'Ere 'twas drowned with mighty
rah-rah—
Frightful sound for Indian ear
drums!

Then, before they could recover,
'Ere their frightened nerves were
quieted,

Their eyes beheld a hideous vision—
Far surpassing wildest nightmares.
For the pale and fragile damsels—
Frail and willowy, clinging maidens
Rushed together in a fury,

SONG

Now we've gathered here tonight
Sing we of Salem's glory
She will always stand for right
We honor her with all our might
Think of all the happy hours
Think of the games we've played
Salem, now our Alma Mater
Our loyalty will never fade.

To the balls! To the goals!
To the fields and its glorious
muddiness

To the shins! To the sticks!
To the stiffness that causes us
much distress

Let us yell, let us shout,
Let us broadcast our loyalty far
and wide

We declare, we will swear
That hockey's the game for us all

Kicked and cuffed and crowned each
other,

Flayed and fought and fell together,
Shouted, screamed and shrieked to-
gether—

All to gain a ball—quite dirty
Insignificant, worthless spherule.

Aghast, the warriors faced each
other,

If the maids were thus affected
By an innocent little pigskin,
What direful fate at last would
happen

To mere, ordinary Indian warriors
At the hands of pale-faced maidens?
Turned they then and fled distracted,
Fled through bramble, thorn and
briar,

Uttering faint squeaks of terror
Uttering their weak yelps of fear.
Better far a beautyless nation
Than a home with such she-devils!

"Look at the lovely radio set I
got today dear, and only \$5 a
month."

"For how many months?"

"Oh, I forgot to ask."

JOKES

"You look sweet enough to eat,"
He whispered soft and low.
"I do," the fair one answered.
"Where do you want to go?"

Dot: "Aren't the stars numerous
tonight?"

Aggie: "Yeah, and ain't there lots
of them?"

Judge: "He says you knocked
him senseless."

Defendant: "No, your honor, I
did not. He was senseless long be-
fore I laid hands on him."

"Sue Jane: "I want to get a new
song—'Funnyface.'"

Clerk (in music store): "You're
not so good-looking yourself."

Mother—Willie, please keep quiet.
My Head is just about to split.

Willie—Aw, gee, Ma. If I keep
quiet can I see it split?



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