

THE SIX FAIR MAIDS

(With apologies to the Six Blind Men and especially to the elephant.)

Six fair and flippant damsels
(Or so Dame Rumor tells)
Set out to describe the Hockey game
Tho' none of them had seen the same.

Before them lay a small booklet
Whose pages forth did set
Hockey—its rules; its history—
(Why should its nature remain a mystery?)

The first damsel the book did ope'
And on the page on which her eye
took scope
In dark print stood the words "*Left Wing*"
To the west wind the book she did fling—
And proudly to the rest she purred,
"Tis plain to see the hockey game
is very like a bird."

The next picked up the rule book
And to the contents gave one look
On the word "*job*" her blue eyes fell
"No longer on this book I'll dwell
I've definitely performed my mission
Hockey is simply a position."

The third maid was not satisfied
And for herself the pages eyed
Into her view came the word "*dribble*"
And beaming with the wisdom of Sybil
Said, "This game no longer shall my mind detain—
According to Webster it is a slow and gentle rain."

The fourth by such remarks dismayed
Opened the book and all her doubts allayed
Over the word "*off sides*" her eyes did glide,
Enlightened she placed the book aside—
With joy she gave a little hop—
"It's something that stands on its top."

Then picking up the book the fifth
Determined to dissolve the myth
The word "*field*" saw on the first

page.
Her mind broke forth as from a cage
"About this thing — How much alarm!
When it is plainly—just a farm!"

Then with delight the sixth lass
Alighted on the word "*push pass*."
The grey mist from her brain had fled,
And to her fair young friends she said,
"Why ponder this matter pro and con?
The game is a very rude way of getting on."

That all were partly in the right
Is not the moral that I sight
Because to-night the only thing
You need to know, or say, or sing
As all together here you sit—
Is: After Hockey—the Banquet.

Two: "I'm positive that's right!"
One: "Only fools are positive."
Two: "Are you sure of that?"
One: "I'm positive."



HINE'S
Salem Girls
Are
Invited to
Use Our Lounge
For Resting
*Located on Mesa-
nine — Private*

P.S.—New Low Price **FASTEX-
TEND HOSE \$1.**



REFLECTIONS OF A TURKEY

(To amuse you between soup and fish).

Well, I'm back at the seat of education again after almost a year's absence. But I can't afford to miss Hockey-Banquet night, because I feel that my presence is absolutely necessary for the celebration of victory, for the feast in which the harvest of the fall's sports is reaped. But wait—there are other reasons for my appearance. In the first place, I think it takes me to inspire Dr. Rondthaler to compose, publicly, blank verse (or maybe he calls it a sonnet!) He knows he has to do something to deserve me. Next, I want to see if taking off their yellow rompers will improve the gurgling freshmen. I like to hear Miss "At's" wise-cracks when she "responds." I hope Shorty Biles doesn't suddenly imagine she is on a hockey field and start darting all over the table but keeps in one seat instead. I enjoy watching the rafters tremble alternately with gales of laughter and peals of song. Last but not least, I like to hear people say nice things about me (you guessed it—I'm vain), and what good turkey does not call forth compliments? Particularly one that can "reflect" in such an admirable manner as this.