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Varsity Verse: a Selection of Undergraduate Poetry Written at the University of North Dakota

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So here's to us all, and the pink and the green,
And to fair Alma Mater, our radiant queen.
PREFACE.

This modest little collection of verses written by students of the University of North Dakota, is published with two purposes in mind: first, to stimulate interest in college verse at the University, and, second, to preserve in convenient form the best of what has already been written. Although most college verse may hardly be classed as poetry, yet to one who has had the fortune to have breathed the atmosphere from which it springs, it is of great interest and may be read with no small degree of pleasure. It is one of the expressions of college life—a life filled with inspiration, promise and an abundant enthusiasm in human interests, and as a real part of that life, with all its traditions and associations, it should be encouraged and stimulated.

The task of collecting and judging all the verses written since the opening of the institution has been a work which, while of great interest, has its difficulties; and it is not unlikely that some suitable material remains undiscovered. But the editors hope that the present collection, though small and perhaps incomplete, will pave the way for larger and costlier volumes to be published from time to time as occasion warrants. If this results, one important hope of the editors in this publication will have been fulfilled.

We wish to make grateful acknowledgement for the kindly interest shown in the work and especially for the enthusiastic co-operation of many of the alumni. We also feel especial indebtedness to Professor Squires for many valuable suggestions in regard to the material collected.

C. W. B.
P. B. G.

University of North Dakota, May 5, 1908.
HIDDEN.

Over the prairie, far and wide
Stretches a mantle of glistening snow.
Who would dream, in the frost and chill,
Living things were concealed below?

Winding along the river's side
With bare brown branches, the woods are seen.
Who would divine Spring's miracle,
Could clothe them all in garments green?

Stiff and stark in its coffin bed,
Pulseless and white the river lies.
Again with life will its waters teem,
Its waves again flash back the skies.

What then is death and what is life?
And what are the mysteries they conceal?
We wait the Spring that will come ere long;
Then all things hidden it will reveal.
THE COLLEGE GIRL.

She possessed a mind discerning,
    That was stored and crammed with learning,
And her thoughts forever burning
    She could suitably express.
All her sentences were rounded,
    And her words imposing sounded;
I was really quite astounded
    As I listened, I confess.
It was rather an infliction,
    All this verbal unrestriction,—
But her eloquence of diction,
    Each precise and polished phrase,
And the beautiful selection
    Of the word, and their connection
And her most correct inflection,—
    They were quite beyond all praise.

But I saw her very lately,
    And she did not talk ornately;
All that language suave and stately
    She no longer kept on tap.
She was saying "Bessums diddums!
    Where de bad old pin got hiddums
In his muzzer's p'ecious kiddums,"
    To the baby on her lap.

WAS IST DAS?

In my room I sat and pondered
    O'er my German exercise,
And my troubled fancy wandered
    For my room was very heisz.
When a strange word I encountered
    I would murmur, "Was ist das?"
But I didn't stop to find it
    And unknown I'd let it pass.
Couldn't read a bit next morning,
    Couldn't answer, "Was ist das?"
And Professor sadly murmured:
    "I don't think that you will pass."
Shall I always be in trouble?
    Be forever green as grass?
Can I ever make an answer
    When they ask me, "Was ist das?"
Shall I dying end my troubles?
    Will St. Peter let me pass?
Will he ask me German riddles?
    Will he ask me, "Was ist das?"

Skuli Skulason, '01, '03.
MY FIRST LOVE.

When first upon her face I gazed
My soul was filled with bliss supreme;
I, dazzled, stood as one amazed,
Just wakened from a wondrous dream.

She would be mine! Ah, blessed thought!
Nor end nor bound my raptures knew;
My eyes her face each instant sought,
She was so lovely and so true.

Her form was fair, each slender hand
A marvel was to me, I pressed
Her face to mine in rapture, and
Full oft and fondly her caressed.

But love, unburied, soon grows cold,
And mine was like the love of men;
Yet oft my thoughts turn to that old
Cheap Waterbury watch again.

Hanry Devaney, '04, '05.

PHILOSOPHY AT TWENTY.

A feeling comes to my heart tonight
That has filled, since the world began,
The centuries; and been the light
Of the life of the common man.
For love is the law, the master force,
That makes the world akin;
That throws a glow over all without
And mellows the soul within.

'Tis glorious, on a world-wide stage,
To wear a hero's crown
That shines with the gems of mighty deeds,
With the gold of a fair renown.
But every prize this earth holds out,
Or has held since the world began,
I would renounce, and live, for a woman's love
The life of a common man.

For what care I that the world go wild
At the whisper of my name?
The love of a woman my song has sung
Is not priced in terms of fame!
There is no boon this earth holds out,
Or has held since the world began,
That can fill the place of a woman's love
In the life of any man.
But if the prize of a woman's love
Falls not on me or you,
Let us hide the blight of a ruined life
In a work that is strong and true.
For those who have builded earth's fairest shrines,
And have wrought, since the world began,
Are those denied a woman's love
And the life of a common man.

V. Stefansson.

THORNS AND ROSES.

E'er seek in things the aspect fair,
The rose has thorns, you dare complain;
To render thanks would be more sane,
That even thorns may roses bear.

Alphonso Karr.

BOARDING SCHOOL EPIC.

Hash.

I can refrain no longer! Lofty Muse,
Descend to me on alban wings; infuse
Into my sluggish veins the liquid flame
Of poetry, that I may sing the fame
Of Onions and Hash! Hast thou, O Muse,
Not smelt them in my breadth? And canst refuse
Thy aid to one who for six months has dined
On such ambrosial viands? Lift my mind,
O Goddess, that my spirit wings may soar
To heights of sublime song such as of yore
Were dreamt by Milton. Let the sweeping swell
Of sound, deluging every dale and dell
Be echoed to us from high heaven's vaults
Back through the azure deep. O it exalts
The little mind of man to feel that he
Is hand-in-glove with mysteries that be
Inscrutable to all but him whose soul
Is rapt with inspiration and sees roll
The clouds of darkness off on every hand.
Cast your eyes hither and behold where stand
Milton and I, the present and the past
Masters of lofty song, conjoined at last!
His theme was God, the Universe, and Man,
But mine is Hash; and doubt whoever can
That I—the later and the greater bard—
Choose me a theme by far, yea doubly, hard
To grasp and to digest and understand.
Where e'er we look are proofs on every hand
The world was made for man; but who dare stand
In idiotic boldness and declare
What Hash was made for? Earth and sea and air
Yield to us traces of their origin.
But not the oldest nor the wisest men
Know aught what hash is made of. Sometimes trace
Is found, indeed, of garlic and of maise,
Of sweet and sour potatoes, greasy pork
That erst was baked with beans; again the fork
Turns up a bit of cabbage, or a crumb
Of bread well rounded by a Chinese* thumb,
A piece of beef that's twice been through a stew,
And e'en some older hashes with the new
In deft proportions blended; chemistry
Stands baffled at this depthless mystery.
The same, the endless, the eternal round
It sweepeth day by day. With it are found
Stepping the march of monotone a few
Inseparable comrades—doomed, 'tis true,
To dissolution and to merge at last
Into the boundless, the unmeasured vast
Of Hash.

*At the time there was a Chinese cook in Davis Hall.

V. Stefansson.

WHITMAN.

Whitman, thy rolling rhythms surge
With maddened fury through the shoreless seas
Of human life's eternal tragedies.
Sinking their tone—now to a moaning dirge
Of sorrow, and now raising it to scourge
The self-dwarf littleness that shrinks and flees
Before thee. Th' impassioned mysteries
Of life brood in thy heart and wildly urge
Thy fingers o'er the sounding harp that thrills
With all thy knowledge of the heart of man
And all thy love of nature and mankind;
And tells the firmness of the rock-ribbed hills,
The depths of space, and of the eyes that scan
Those depths, and dream of that which lies behind.

V. Stefansson.
My name is Vice, and with my tightening grasp
I'll conquer thee. With this dread hand I'll dole
Out poison, drop by drop, into the bowl
Of life, which thou must drink to thy last gasp;
And in thy dying hand at length thou'll clasp
The record of thy shame. I'll have thy soul
As now I have thy heart; and thou shalt't toll
Thine own death bell, and fasten close the hasp
Of thine own tomb. I have thee now. Thou'rt mine,
All mine. Thou canst not break the grip my hand
Hath fastened on thy struggling form. A whine
From thee but gives me joy; I draw the band
But closer round thy soul; thy fevered breath,
Grown faint, but shows the near approach of death.
Harold Pease.

THE HOME SWEET HOME WALTZ.
(Apropos of the Junior Prom.)

The musical waltz with its wonderful rythm
Flies to the head like the fumes of old wine.
This subtle intoxicateant, who can resist it?
In effect like the juice of the fruit of the vine.

Enticing alike to the swing of its meter
The young and the aged, the youth and the maid,
Till drunk with its nectar,—and none could be sweeter,
All reel in an ecstacy till it is stayed.

The music moves faster, then quicken the motion;
Drink yet of this cup of ambrosial wine,
Drown all your cares in this subtle decoction,
And follow the rythm, nor stop to repine.

But listen! Now softly the strains of the music,
From the Past to the Present though far we may roam,
Come memory laden from palace or cottage—
"'Be it ever so humble there is no place like home.'"
Harold Pease.
A SAD WOOING.

Let me picture to your fancy
A fair maiden aged nineteen
With blue eyes and golden tresses,—
Sad to say—a Freshman green.
But I have hopes.

'Tis her second year in college;
Many fellows have gone daft
O'er this pretty, winsome co-ed,
But at them she only laughed.
So I grow bold.

In her third year now we find her
Queen of all the Junior Ola;
Even dignified professors
Smile upon her as they pass.
My courage droops.

When at last a haughty Senior
She becomes; Alas! Alack!
A bold and verdant Freshie
Wins her hand out on the track.
I AM SOLD!

ENVOY.

Life is a curious mixture,
Full of work and full of fun;
There are hours of care-free pleasure,
There are hard tasks to be done.

In the world or in the college
The same principle we find,
Shade and shine are intermingled.
Plums and prickles, games and grind.

In life's pudding gentle reader,
Whersoe'er you thrust your thumbs,
May Dame Fortune smile upon you,
Helping you to find the plums.
A BLIZZARD.

The snow falls fast on the Red tonight,
And from far o'er the western ranges
Comes the roar of the winds and the hiss of snows,
While the air is chilled and the darkness grows,
And the face of nature changes.

The wind rushes on o'er the boundless plains
With fury it shrieks and rages;
There's a howl of triumph and savage glee,
As it heaps up the snow like the foam of the sea,
And covers the scars of ages.

Fred Larson, '04, '05.

IN PRESIDENT’S CLASS.

Free trade, or protection?
A series question,
And full of perplexion
For minds young and free.
Why has not the nation
Removed this vexation
Of youth's recreation
By law or decree?

Our moments of leisure
Are robbed of their pleasure;
They seem not the treasure
We loved so before.
We are doomed to debating,
Grand themes contemplating,
Wise thoughts excavating
From mountains of lore.

Whose lot is the harder,
The first lucky soldier
Who, leading the column,
Gains glory and power,
Or he who is losing
His way in confusion
Half blinded by dust from
The thousands before?

Ricardo was lucky
In living so early,
And likewise was Adam Smith,
Malthus and Mill.
Their work but reflecting,
While ours is dissecting
Their man economic
Eternally ill.

Their tasks were quite simple,
The science was little
And they had no text books
Or authors to fear.
While we have the sages,
Of all bygone ages
Yelling forth from their pages
Their theories drear.

We are the victims
Of time’s cruel dictums,
Our labors are far more
Perplexing than theirs.
The dust from their stumbling
Is blinding and numbing,
Their shrieks are benumbing;
We scarce hear our prayers.

But fate is too cruel;
She loves such a duel;
Debate it we must,
The old question, alas!
From Walker and Hadley
We’ll borrow the medley
And try to sing bravely
In President’s class.


ODE TO THE MEADOW LARK.

Thy song, most welcome harbinger of spring,
As thou dost call so cheerily to thy mate,
At evening’s eve, hath a most joyous ring,
For it doth tell us hoary winter’s fate.
O happy bird! thou tell’st us by thy song
The advent of that time of happiness
When nature dons the cloak of her first choice
That hath been off so long.
Thou makest merry in the spring’s charms
And bidst us all in happy tasks rejoice.

I can not see the pleasure of the fields
Nor feel the full of summer’s joyous time,
Yet all the ecstasies that spring reveals
Are come, for with thee naught but joy can rhyme.
Ah! Meadow Lark, thy clear melodious note,
A herald’s call as from the heavens sent,
Strikes joy unmetered to my listening soul.
Might’st thou thy life devote
To lightening hearts too much by sorrow bent!
May joy be of thy merry life the whole.

A BURNS STUDY.

Ye walks and paths sae full o' cheer,
Ye golden fields sae wavy,
Long may your beauties, now sae dear,
Grow sweeter for your Davy.

'Twas there I spent those happy days
I'll oft recall sae fondly,
And aye! 'twas there I learned to love,
And there I first met Peggy.

How mony happy days we spent
Amang our joys sae kindly,
A'! Men that ca'ed ye bleak and bare,
How could they look sae blindly.

For when the evening's crimson sun
Sank to his bed sae grandly,
No sight in nature could compare
Wi' that for me and Peggy.

How oft we heard the meadow lark
Sing out his song sae clearly,
As o'er the fields or by the stream
We walked and talked sae gayly.

And if the cares of life e'er come,
That weigh on men sae heavy,
Then I'll return to your free fields
And happy days wi' Peggy.

Fred S. Duggan, '99.

A STANZA—THE OCEAN.

Ye mighty mountains towering to the sky,
Proud, haughty peaks, whose grandeur can excite
In man the thrill of awe, your summits high
Could sink into the ocean's depths from sight
And leave no trace—Her vastness is sublime.
Her years are as the sands upon her shore;
Her billows lash the surf in every clime;
Below, vast continents her waves roll o'er,
Silent as death itself, save ocean's reigning roar.

Fred S. Duggan, '99.
ENJOYMENT.

What joy to wander by the stream
That doth so smoothly glide!
Thru many an eve I idly stroll
With Mary by my side.

Oh Cottage steps, what is your charm
That fills my soul with pride,
As in the even hours I sit
With Mary by my side?

Oh, let me wander down the track
In quiet-even tide,
And whisper tales of purest love
To Mary by my side.

J. A. J.

TRIOLETS.

It makes me so tired,
This eternal flirtation!
They ought to be fired—
It makes me so tired,
I couldn’t be hired,
(This with much perturbation)—
It makes me so tired,
To engage in flirtation.

It makes him so tired,
Their eternal flirtation,
That he almost expired—
It made him so tired,
For her face he admired,
(Though with much perturbation)—
It made him so tired
He broke up the flirtation.

Sanna Kop.
SONNET.

As one who with his careful eyes intent
Upon the rock-strewn ground, goes slowly on
With weary, stumbling steps, and visage wan,
And spite of care strikes many stones, till, spent
With listless travel, shoulders stiffly bent
To ease their pain, he halts, and prone upon
The earth, he rests in sleep, and wakes anon
Upon a sun-kissed hill, in wonderment;
So I, when many days of restless fret
Had passed, and sleepless, torture-laden nights
When even dreams did flee, and endless fears
Filled all the dragging moments, and regret
Did smother hope, awoke up on the heights
And laughed and dared to face the dreaded years.
Mary Brennan, '03.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION.

What is love? say the Freshies.
A net in whose cringing rose-meshes
All sensible mortals are caught.

What is love? says the Sophomore.
Trouble, and doubt, and a dollar more
To be spent for some trifle, than ought.

What is love? cries the Junior.
Rapture and bliss till your loony or—
Somebody else cuts you out.

What is love? asks the graduate.
A sugar-plum which you are glad you ate;
Meminisse juvabit, no doubt.
Mary Brennan, '03.
TO E. S.
The lily-of-the-valley gave you all her drooping grace;
The rare, pure loveliness of mountain-blooms was in your face;
And in your eyes the quiet radiance of a spotless soul.
And when you smiled, there gleamed the dim dream-light of summer-dawn;
And when you spoke, it was as tho a gold mist-wand were drawn
Across a harp, and all the echoes caught in one sweet sound.
And when you died the music of the wind sank to a wall;
And all the flowers fainted, and the glad sun-light grew pale,
While Love's heart-moan of parting speed your spirit to its goal.

Mary Brennan, '03.

IN ARCADY.
The night mists are gone, love,
The sun's on the dew;
Come out in the dawn, love,
I'm waiting for you.
The wind's in the clover,
The lark's on the wing;
And music floats over
The hill from the spring.
Come while the breezes blow lightly, my love!
Come while the dew-drops glow brightly, my love!
Hark! How the music rings sweeter my love,
Come! than the lark's wings, still fleeter my love.
Come down to the meadow
With violets pied;
Come dream in the shadow
Where violets hide.
I'll heap you a throne there
Of roses and rue;
And all that has grown there
Shall blossom for you.

Mary Brennan, '03.
TO A BROTHER.

There is a love that has faith in you,
Let the world say what it will;
That hopes, and endures, and is strong, for you,
With a strength that no hurt can kill.

It is a love that asks little of you,
Only this—when your heart is sore,
Let the thought of it somehow comfort you,
Till you smile and are brave once more.

Mary Brennan, '03.

DORIS.

Are you sprite or maiden, Doris fair?
For your smiles are laden with the rare, elusive lightening
Of a jonquil blossom brightening
'Neath the sudden, golden flashes
In the dusk-dimmed, summer air.

Mary Brennan, '03.

THE MAN WHO FLUNKS.

(Apologies to Dunbar.)

We sit o'er our books with our nerves unstrung,
And work for the honor roll;
And our odes are sung and our banner hung
For the names inscribed on the scroll.
For we know, as the whole world knows,
That the man for his sheepskin's worth
Is the man who digs till his hair silvered grows
And reads from his very birth.

For it's fine to grow up, and the Prof's applause
Is sweet to the fickle ear,
And the man who flunks, in any cause,
Bears a name we seldom hear.

His laurel crown's like the ocean foam
That breaks by an unknown sea—
For many such heroes have oft gone home
With naught but an F. or E.

There are galant men in the losing race,
Hearts that are staunch and true;
And many a man at a slower pace
May get there as soon as you.
For these I've a song of the selfsame kind,
A quaff of the selfsame ale—
An ode to the weaker heart and mind
Of the man who is made to fail.

Henry G. Lykken, '05.
THE THIRD FLOOR MAN.

I am a happy third floor man,
My life has lost its gloom;
I strut about the halls at night
And no one stacks my room.

The reason for this marvelous change,
And for this chesty air,
You'll find in this veracious tale
Of the battle of the stair.

It happened on a Friday night,
About the time of eight,
When the proctors were elected,
February eighteenth was the date.

And first the second floor came up
To stretch our proctor new.
They came, they saw, but conquered not,
And made a quick skidoo.

So anxious were they to go down,
They minded not the stair;
But took the flight both swift and strong
Right through the balmy air.

But when they hit the hard, hard floor
They fought both fierce and long,
While shysters from first floor stood round
In crowds, a laughing throng.

We gave them what they wanted,
With measure full and fair,
And hurled them headlong on the ground
Each time they hit the stair.

At last they gave the battle up
And said they'd have no more,
And offered up their places to
The scoffers from first floor.

And then the leader from the first
Led forth his score of men,
And rushed half way up the stairs,
And then rushed down again.

So back and forth they surged and fought,
And plunged and rushed and swore,
And every time they were thrown down
They came right back for more.

At length they saw it was in vain,
They saw that they must yield
So, one and all, with one accord,
They left the battle field.

Oh, now we're happy on third floor,
No more we live in gloom;
We strut about the halls of Budge
And every one makes room.

PARADISE LOST
Or a Third Floor Man on First.
What fools they are who waste their time
In dreamy hunts for useless rhyme.
Who cannot e'en their temper lose,
But what they must invoke the muse;
And when their room is stacked, or worse,
They almost have to swear in verse.

A mortal such I used to be
And rhymed about each jamboree,
And when at night the water ran
I almost rivaled Koppa San.

But now how can I rhymes produce,
How can I lofty thoughts unloose,
Who on the first floor lay my head
Amidst a crowd quite three-fourths dead.

No more my room is stacked full high,
No artist's work delights my eye;
No water greets my sleepy head,
No pins make live my drowsy bed.

The plaster sticks upon my wall,
No rough house yet has made it fall;
A silence as of death prevails
And lost the sound of swishing pails.

The paddle, glorious theme to sing,
Has long since lost its biting sting;
The dust lies thick o'er every name.
Whose dusted pants are known to fame.

My hand inactive long is weak,
My brain no good except for Greek;
I now have lost the way to stack
And fear I ne'er shall get it back.

Oh, for the joys at any cost
Of that sweet paradise I've lost;
That home of noble thought and life,
That bourne of daily, nightly strife,
Where every room a castle made
And every room a barricade,
And every man a warrior grew
And all the arts of warfare knew.

DOROTHY DEE.

Tell me, O bird in the aspen tree,
Tell me, O flower of the clover,
Tell me, O home-coming, sweet-laden bee,
Roaming the fragrant fields over,
Tell me if ever it chanced you to see
Here in your meadows my Dorothy Dee?

"We know her well," said the bird in the tree,
Bee in the heart of the clover;
"O'ft comes she down through the sweet-scented lea,
Seeking the cool forest cover.
Bring you no harm to our Dorothy Dee"—
Thus said the bird and the flower and the bee.

Sing, merry bird, to your mate in the tree;
Bee, seek the heart of the clover,
While I shall find what is fairer than ye,
Dearer the heart of a lover.
"There is but one that is fairer than we,'"
Answered the bird and the flower and the bee.

E. Leigh Mudge.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

When herb and grass and purple heather
Had given place to winter weather,
Two artists walked the fields together.

One was a cynic; life by him
Was seen through glasses dark and dim
With all his world within their rim.

The other man could always hear
The world's glad song of hope and cheer,
And see life's beauty through the year.

Said he: "Why let dispute be rife?
Let us unite in friendly strife,
To paint our favorite views of life."

His friend agreed, "For well I know,
In time of frost and winter's snow,
Real life is only filled with woe."

Just then they saw a slender form,—
A woman, from the fireside warm,
Hastening before them through the storm.
They saw, but neither spoke the thought
The moment's fleeting vision brought,
Till on two canvasses 'twas wrought.

The one was cold and dull and grey,
Grim Winter leaped upon its prey,—
A thin-clad woman on her way.

The other was a charming sight;
A lovely girl, with visage bright,
Turned to the storm her footsteps light.

The difference 'tis well to trace;
The one saw not the light and grace;
The other man had seen her face.

E. Leigh Mudge.

THE SONG OF THE MOCKING BIRD.

You may boast of the singer from over the sea,
Whose voice tunes your soul to its own melody,
But gives me the joy of the innocent glee
Of the song of the mocking bird.

Now listen! The still air above us awakes
Into ripples of song—as the smooth water breaks,
With the fall of a pebble—till each echo takes
The song of the mocking bird.

A master musician, sweet mocker, you are,
To sing me so sweetly and bring me so far,
A full thousand songs in your gay repertoire—
The song of the mocking bird.

So now, as I lie on the grass at the feet
Of your elm trees, you sing me your program complete.
Do you borrow your song? What care If? It it sweet—
The song of the mocking bird.

Then sing on, sweet mocker, as even draws near;
The sweetest of echoes awake to my ear,
With the gay vespers songs of your boundless good cheer—
The song of the mocking bird.

E. Leigh Mudge.
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA.

The masonry of other years and climes,
Grim castle walls, whose welcome was a frown,
Bespoke the spirit of the earlier times,
When only granite could preserve a crown.

To better days our favored land is come,
When battlement and tower may resign
The chief protection of our land and home
To peaceful ministrations, such as thine.

Thou, Alma Mater, a defender art
Of all the liberties within our ken.
A castle wall may hide a craven heart;
Thy walls bring forth instead a race of men.

E. Leigh Mudge.

THE FOOTBALL BOY.

Blessing on thee, sturdy man,
Football boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy shock of tangled hair,
Ends extending everywhere;
With thy lean face, leaner still
In the firmness of thy will;
And thy suit all brown and torn,
Frayed and soiled and battle-worn;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
Would I were a football boy!
King thou art,—the others can
Never rank with thee,—a man!
Let the dried professor’s pride
Wear his Homer at his side!
Thou art strong and nobly planned,
Full of good old-fashioned sand.

Oh, for football’s painful play,
Knocks that may a fellow say
Things he never, never found,
In the rules good books expound.
Oh, the wild, wild, tumbling chase
O’er the fields, at break-neck pace,
When a fellow never knows
Just how soon he'll break his nose.
And when o'er the line he bounds,
How his heart within him pounds!
And his soul thrills at the sound,
Of the cheering all around.

Bravely, then, my noble band,
Live and love, and show thy sand!
Though the football field be soft,
Though thou stumble, tumble oft,
Every gain is for the right,
Stand thy ground and nobly fight!
Every game in cold or heat
Winning victory o'er defeat,
Battle for our U. N. D.
Work and win, she's proud of thee!
All too soon they time is passed
In the wide world's field at last,—
Fighting inch by inch the line—
Make thy strength and virtue shine!
Break away from sloth and sin—
Now you're going, now you win!
From my heart I give thee joy,
King thou art, thou football boy!

Beatrice Helmer, '07.

HER FATHER'S PERPLEXITY.

'Pears to me our daughter Mary's
Doin' things almighty queer.
Subjects there is things which varies,
'Cording to the time o' year.

Jist this mornin' comes a letter,
Which she writ down at her school.
Forty pages all together;
Makes me feel jist like a fool.

Here she says, (jist as a starter),
"'Thursday was an ev'nin' out.'"
Now sich language from my darter
Kinder leaves me some in doubt.

What it is that she is out of
She neglects to state in this.
Thought I sent some money lately,—
That's most likely what it is.

Here we have about ten pages
Tellin' how "in ev'nin's glow,
How at dawin' track-work rages,
While the western zephyrs blow."

This, I understand correctly:
Knowing how that street car wracks,
And I reason quite directly,
"'Track-work' is to fix them tracks.
This here page stumps me completely.  
She is takin' "campus lab,"  
Hides her meanin' very neatly;  
She must have the gift o' gab.  

For I know that "lab" means foolin'  
With them tubes and chemi-kels;  
Though I ain't so much on schoolin',  
Guess I know what "campus" tells.  

Must be that its grass she's studyin'  
How to make it grow an' sich;  
Or perhaps it's 'bout the killin'  
Dandelions, weeds, an' sich.  

Out of these few dozen pages,  
Seems she's writin' poetry  
'Bout the "blossoms of tender ages,"  
And this "treegonametry."  

Now I'm jist a litle doubtful,  
What to think of all this stuff;  
For she says it's all so useful  
Sorter leaves me in a huff.  

Guess I'll send a litle money,  
And jist wait until she'll come,  
With her smile so bright and sunny,  
Which will cheer our country hum.  

William Ronald White, '11.

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MY LOT.

Give me a place to live and work,  
A chance to be a man,  
To show men I am one of them,  
And I'll care naught for else  
But a quiet home on a sunny hill  
And one to share my joys and woes—  
Ah! one who lives and loves and knows—  
And then I am a man.  

Dan V. Brennan, '08.
A SONG.

Come all good fellows of the "U."
Come, join in jollity;
For college days are happy days,
From serious care we’re free.
Then fill the pipe, lift high the glass,
And in the smoke so blue
Let all join heart and hand tonight,
Be fellows good and true;
Let all join heart and hand tonight
For the fellows make the "U."

And when we’re far away from friends,
When college days are past,
When trouble clouds are all around
And cares come thick and fast,
We’ll fill the pipe and in the clouds
Our troubles all will clear,
We’ll fill the pipe and dream awhile,
Make distance disappear;
And join again our heart and hand
With the college friends so dear.

Charles W. Boise, ’08.