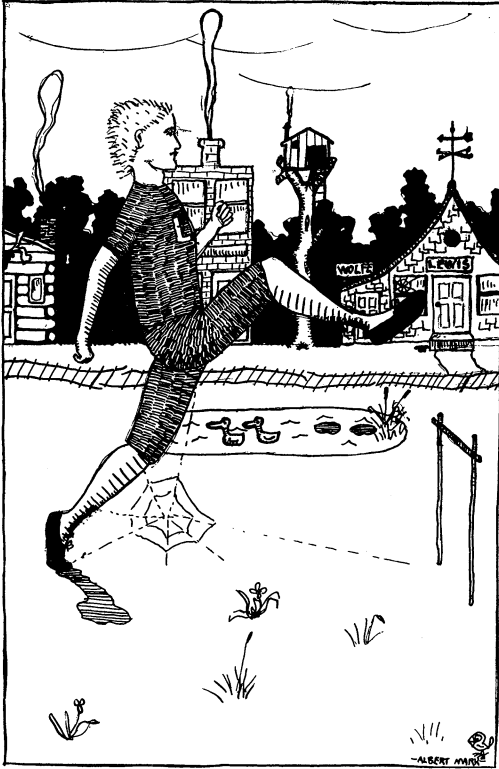


## The Veracious Fable of the Athlete



Sing ye merrily! Blow the blatant trumpet! For he cometh. Yea, verily, he strideth down the hall. With strides  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet long he strideth. But who is this that cometh adown the hall? Hearken ye, he is the ATHLETE. He toileth not, neither doth he spin. Ofttimes—yea, as oft as once a week—cometh he to see his teachers. Forsooth, it would be grievous should he forget them that do labor to sandwich in a layer of learning between one stratum of basketball and another of track team.

For in the early spring he wallopeth the hair-stuffed ball which is called indoor. Also doth he toss the air-filled basketball. Later he slideth from third base to home on his ear, only to find the knee of the catcher obliterating his physi-

ognomy. And lo! he blossometh forth in a pleasant smile, a track suit and a dinky cap. He sheddeth a sweater. He prepareth to run. He runneth a lap. He steppeth on the string of his shoe! He falleth on the ground, wrenching an ankle. Now getteth he unto himself a cane and hobblesh to school every day, a hero.

But now cometh the long vacation, wherein it were not seemly that he should remain in the house of instruction. So he hieth him unto the lake, to the place of them that do resort, and there doth forget the school and the city of smoke, until the summer hath summed and the fall fallen.

Moral: Why is a mouse when it spins?

JAMES ERWIN.