

¶ ¶ ¶ And after this love feast being eat, we came agayn to our daylie labours, & mayde ye surroundynges of a facetious Friend glowe wyth genyale warmthe. But this ben a thyng on whych we boaste not.

¶ ¶ ¶ And soe it came aboute yt we parted for a tyme; meetyng for grater thyngs whan that ye harvest ben ygathered & ye threshyng done. And whan we came agayn together we founde yt our basket ball Captayn had remayned amonge ye sycamores where ye candle lights are gleamyng, ffor to doe ye fall Ploughing. And som oders ben lured away by Lucre, Labour or Love. But there stayed ye Select Spirit, & we decyded amydst shoutes of clamorous joie, yt we wold holde faste to our grippe on ye Fulcrum, allso ye reste of ye Schoole.

¶ ¶ ¶ Even whyle alle doeings for ye raysing of ye Deuce ben quiet, we bethought us yt ye Deuce might be ystirred by ye foot ball joust wyth ye oder Classes, even whyle yet we knowed yt we wolde win. To thys ende we caste ydown ye gauntlet to ye Seniors & ye Freshmen.

¶ ¶ ¶ Ye Freshmen toke it uppe, if that we wolde plaie without our teame, lettynge them—ffor that was ye true gyste of it—to picke & choose our plaiers. We did not plaie ye Freshmen. Their deed y ben beneathe Scorn.

¶ ¶ ¶ Ye Seniors toke it uppe like goode & noblesse Knights, & a mighty Tournament was there. Butte for yt an Heademite was ye Kyng-at-arms, ye Seniors claymed it to be a tye. Thus ever ye Conquerd speeke.

¶ ¶ ¶ Stille to them yt & own ye mystic sign of nynety & nyne for a guyding lyghte, do we conceede ye victorie in Indoor baseball. Eche dogge must have hys daie.

¶ ¶ ¶ Whan that ye tyme for ye festive basket ball came agayn, we did do battle with ye Seniors in that manlie Sport. We ben not boastful nor vaunting. We wyped ye floore with them. Ye score was aboute nyne & twentie to thirteen. It mattereth notte exactlie.