

## THE CYCLE.

### A FRESHMAN THERE WAS.

(With most profound apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

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A Freshie there was and he smoked his pipe  
    (Even as you and I.)  
A "hank" o' brier and a rubber bit;  
We smoked our pipe and didn't care,  
But the "Freshie" he smoked because of a dare  
    (Even as you and I.)

Ah, the "bacca" he burned and the stomach he turned,  
And the ache of the head, unforeseen,  
Belong to the Freshie, who did not know,  
And now we know he did not know,  
That "bacca" was bad for the "Green."

A Freshie there was and his money he spent  
    (Even as you and I.)  
Nickles and dimes with a sure intent  
And the hearts of his mother and dad he rent,  
But a Freshie must spend his very last cent,  
    (Even as you and I.)

Ah, the toil he lost and the study he lost,  
And the "devilish" things he planned  
Never came off at "Smoker Eve,"  
And now we know why they never panned,  
The Freshie took sick and had to leave.

The Freshie should have been stripped to his foolish hide,  
    (Even as you and I.)  
Which the Sophs might have done when he went outside,  
And it's also on record that the Sophomores tried;  
So some of him lived, but the most of him died;  
    (Even as you and I.)

But it isn't the ache of the heart and the head,  
    That hurts to beat the band,  
It's coming to know that he could not smoke,  
And now we know that he could not smoke,  
    And be able to walk or stand.

D. B. Lesser, '14.

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