

I am extremely sorry that I have not the advantages of Levy Thueydide, Plutarch and others of my predecessors who were furnished, I am told, with the speeches of all their great orators, generals, and emperors, taken down in shorthand by the most accurate stenographers of the time, whereby they were enabled to wonderfully enrich their histories and delight their readers with sublime strains of eloquence. Therefore, not knowing, I cannot say what the tenor of the various speeches were on the night of this particular smoker. Suffice it to say that there was tremendous shouting, whistling and preparation for a bloody battle. Recruiting parties ran hither and yon calling lustily on all scrubs, runagates and tatter damalous to come out for the cause of glory. But notwithstanding all this martial rout, the ranks of honor were but scantily supplied.

At this point, as a guardian of their fame, it behooves me to do the sophomores justice and if I happen to be a little hard on the freshmen I give free leave to any of their descendents who may write of the Sophs to be as hard as they please.

Therefore, stand by for broken heads and bloody noses. No sooner do the classes reach the field than they take their positions, but no word of surrender is asked. An upper classman announces the nature of the battle and the various leaders exhort their men to furious combat. The signal being given, the rush for the mid field made earth tremble. The Sophs and Frosh met—the Frosh falling on the Sophs tooth and nail and with furious outcries. And now the combat thickened, each side pressing forward with many a flustering oath. The din became horrid: the struggle desperate; the ferocity maddening; the desperation frantic; and the confusion and self-abandonment that of war. Frosh and Soph comingled, tugged, panted, and blowed blows, kicks, cuffs, scratches, blackeyes, and bloody noses swelled the horror of the scene. Thwick, thwack, cut and hack, helter skelter, heggledy piggledy, hurly burly, head over heels, rough and tumble, dunder and blixen swore the Sophs. Splitter and splutter cried the Frosh until all voices became unintelligible, grunts of pain, yells of fury, shouts of triumph, comingled in one hideous clamor.

Long hung the contest doubtful till finally the nearly upper classmen perched on a nearly knoll perceived the trend of battle, called a halt and gave the victory to the Frosh and suggested chop suey as a fitting close to the horrid fight.

I have to quit here but the reader cannot imagine how mortifying it is to the writer to have in this manner his hands tied. Many were the opportunities I had to wink at, where I might have made as fine a hero as any recorded in history or song.

