

Behold the Faculty,
Ready to tackle ye,
And though ye may jibe and cry,
What's in a name?
When repeated we call,
In your baskets the ball,
'Tis plain you will have naught to reply,
But----they're game!

To our friends, the denizens of The Jungle: Lions, Snakes,
Tree-tops, and all others, GREETING:

Realizing the importance of the matters referred to in your manifesto of Jan. 11th, after due deliberation, we have decided to offer ourselves to the glory-hungry appetites of you, our friends. We trust that the final arrangements may be rapidly made for the consummation of the much-to-be-desired game. There is but one lion amongst us, and she, sad to relate, is a young, meek, mild-mannered, woman. Sometimes, however, in times of great excitement, such have been known to equal the strongest and bravest. In our great desire to take no undue advantage of you, our friends, the enemy, we hereby agree not to engage her in the conflict. Thus, we shall be in fact, as well as in name, "THE LAMBS."

We are ready to do our part in hastening the time when the inhabitants of The Jungle and the lambs may lie down together. If the fates ordain that the lambs shall be inside, we shall not attempt to alter their firm decree, but shall toughen ourselves so that although swallowed, we shall not be severed.

Soon will the forest-tops droop in The Jungle,
Soon will the lion howl in despair,
Soon will the snakes begin to unbundle,
Provided the game is played on the square.

Jan. Wainwright
mgr