

I know you must be busy
but do write when you can -

Thurs - eve -
Jan. 28th - 1915

Dear Hortense -

Your good letter with
the separate on Dragonflies was received
some time ago and I thank you
most heartily - I feel real proud
to possess the products of my
friends' pens and brains -

This noon I walked down as far
as the entrance gate with Rubin
to clear my brain of protein blanks.
It seemed quite like old times and
I intended to go back home and
write them but some mail was
awaiting me which claimed my
attention -

This noon Esertude received a

• package from Porro Snacy - (the impar-
tial J.) He didn't return after Xmas
and I was one concert ahead. 😊 So I
suppose that his conscience hurt
him! It was the most delicious
layer cake - one of his own make, I
suppose for his quite a cook -

Mr. Daely did not return this
year - He left last June for some
gov't position in Economic Entomology
at Erie, Pa., He is in Washington for
a few months working up a Bibli-
ography -

Jack came back after the holidays
"arrayed in gorgeous splendor". Horn-
rimmed glasses (I haven't seen them though)
blue felt hat  (It really doesn't
look like a flower - got upside down)
of which I think you would approve
and a new Balamacaan coat of

grayish mixture. Wonder if the new glasses
will hang as gracefully from his ears as
the old ones did?



Frid eve -

At this juncture last evening, I feel acclimated. I can't see how, for I generally feel quite lively when on the subject of Jack.

One of Uncle's teeth got loose a few days ago and Dr. Robbins cut it out with a scalpel. Poor old Unc. kept his paw on his jaw all that afternoon, and loosed no human.

As short time ago the Biology assistants received a ^{challenge to} game of hockey at Beebe. I will enclose the poem which Mr. Clemens and Mr. Graham wrote. I think you must have left a poem germ in your lab. desk which Mr. Clemens has caught. Mr. Woods wrote the reply for us, and I put in a few sketches. The Farmers signed their names in red ink but our Biologists, lucky we, had the poor frog at our disposal (for we were having frogs in lab.) so our signatures looked quite gory and formidable.

It will seem good to have Dr. Needham "on the job" again next term, though I believe that he isn't coming into Biology until the very last part, for he is working hard on the Limnology. Do you remember Mr. Curtis who assisted in Farm Course two years ago? He is now the proud possessor of a cow -

This is fine skating weather, and I wish you were here so that we could have some skating.

Harshen ye of the Biologic Tribes

Ye who love the haunts of nature
Love the sunshine of the fields
Love the shadows of the forest
Love the wind among the branches
And the rushing of the rivers
Through their palisades of pine trees
And the thunder in the gorges
With innumerable echoes,
Love the snow banks in the valleys,
Love the whiteness of the hillsides
Love the snowy laden pines
And the ice-bound streams and ponds,
Listen to this mighty challenge
From the noble Faru Course Tribe!

Come ye Biologic blowers,
Come ye from your laboratory
Come and show your boasted prowess
On the frozen lake of Tebe
Just above the falls that thunder.
Come and bring your pack of rubber
Bring your sturdy clubs of elm wood,
Care not for your roller mittens
If you fight you will not need them
Rather bring your chest protectors
And your shin guards of hard leather
For the fighters of the Faru Course
Are not merciful in battle.

Come ye blusters, ye blowers,
Do not tremble like old women
Sitting round the fire in winter
Come and let the heat of battle
Set your sluggish blood stirring,
Battle at the game of hockey
With the Farus Coural Braves, so fearless.

None so fleet on skates as they
None so sure and quick of turn
None can handle sticks as they
None so skilled in out door sports.

So they send this challenge forth
From the Limnologic Lodge
And await the day of battle
'Tis the joyful hour of battle
'Tis the signal for the contest
With the Biologic Tribe -

Biology Laboratory - January 21, 1910 -

Say then Biologic Blowers to the Foolish Farmer fops,
"We defy you; we defy you; for ye are not braves but raps."

We accept your hostile challenge,

Swift we hasten to retort;

"We are quite prepared to meet you."

Conqu' now we, in every sport -

Sharpen up your skates, ye maklings,

Plug your Hockey sticks with lead;

Still undaunted will we fight you,

Dar we not, for limb or head.

In our blood we sign this answer

Shrink we not at that of pain.

Imitations will suffice you,

Blood alone becomes our name!

(Follow signatures)

Name you then the great occasion,

Drunk for you, to us most gay,

Mar-Heart Indians, "red-ink" signers,

We defy you, name the day!

'Tis not yet too late; be warned,

Are you see foretold your fates -

Dare you still perish to meet us?

Dir and dreadful doom awaits!

I'm now hear the distant rumblings
Of an approaching cyclone - storm;

To raft your crew to Luma's icy crescent,

Stop, look and listen, while your toes are warm!