

COLLEGE DRINKING SONG
(To the tune of the Kingston
Trio's Merry Minuet)

The idiots are rioting
They're throwing their trays
They're stealing the crackers
And Queeg's on his way.

The whole college is festering
With unhappy sores
The Master hates the rioters
The rioters are bored.

But we can be tranquil
And thankful and proud
The Diet's now meeting—
Engulfed in a shroud.

And we know for certain
That some lovely day
Some will set a spark off
And we will all be Pro'ed away.

For the idiots are rioting
They're changing our name
No more Will Rice College
We're now called—The Caine.



ODE TO THE BIRDS

While praised in poetry
And lauded in Poem
One look at the ground
And you wish you'd stayed
home.

The groundsmen hate them
The lovers the same
They look like dive bombers
While playing their game.
And though the school didn't
hire them

It certainly won't fire them
For their bittersweet smell
Just matches our hell. —R.W.