

## A MESOZOIC TRAGEDY

Poetry and paleontology evidently went together earlier in this century. The following item, penned in 1913 when William J. Holland was director of the Carnegie Institute, appears in the Holland Family Papers, Carnegie Museum Letters, box 54, Series 26, folder 5.

The Whatshisnamosaurus was terrible to see,  
As in an ancient forest he wandered wild and free;  
And yet he was unhappy, for his heart was set upon  
A battle with his rival, the Thingumbobodon.

Both wooed a maiden Mollusk, her name I do not know;  
Who gamboled by the seaside whene'er the tide was low:  
They often heard her singing in her bed upon the sand,  
And they loved her to distraction, but could never win her hand.

One morning, just at sunrise, she lured them to the shore;  
They fought upon a quicksand where they sank to rise no more;  
And now they rest together, forever turned to stone;  
The Whatshisnamosaurus and the Thingumbobodon.