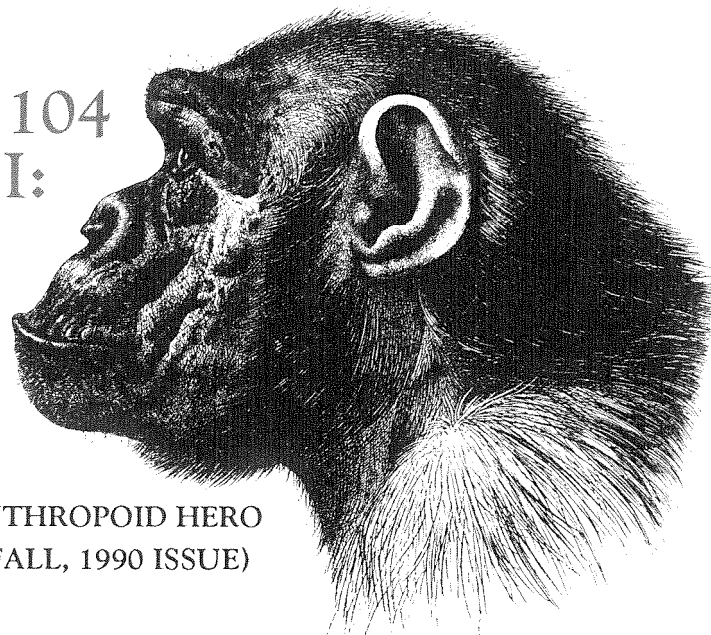


BIOLOGY 104 MONG II:



THE GENE POOL OF AN ANTHROPOID HERO
(CONTINUED FROM THE FALL, 1990 ISSUE)

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Our thoughts turn again to our old buddy Mong;
I realize that it hasn't been very long
Since we visited Mong and his anthropoid clan,
But let's think again of this ancestral man.

It wasn't important that Mong lived or died;
'Twas the gene pool that mattered, not Mong's mangy hide.
With thirty-six children, all bearing his genes,
Mong's contribution—it wasn't just beans!

Because of his wonderful deoxy-en-ay,
Mong's sons and daughters went on their way
And reproduced merrily year after year.
Mong the Magnificent lives on! Yes, it's clear!

There are billions of Mongos, not a couple of dozens:
Ninety-ninth uncles and umpty-umpth cousins.
There are white Mongos and black Mongos and also some yellows
(Some call the latter Mongolian fellows.)

There are Jones-Mongos and Smith-Mongos and Mongiavellis;
There are even some Mongbergs eating bagels in delis.
Pablo Picasso and George Bernard Shaw
All carried Mong genes from their maw and their paw.

The lion ate Mong and chewed on his bones
But musical Mong survives in the Stones,
Beethoven, Roy Acuff, and Milli Vanilli,
Engelbert Humperdinck, and Nelson (Willie).

Mong is the woman at home with the blues,
Mother Theresa, the kid with no shoes.
Mong is a master of fine elocution;
Mong lost his head in the French Revolution.

He marched off to war a few thousand times;
A Pleistocene fossil, blasted by mines.
Mong commanded the forces of Custer and Sioux;
He fought for the Cong and the Red, White, and Blue.

Mong is still with us, in you and in me.
For better or worse, it always will be
That the good and the evil, the bad and the decent
Came to us from Mong, our great Antecedent.

The Mong within us lies, robs, and takes lives,
Mong rapes our daughters and abuses our wives.
Mong was in Manson and Mong threw the dice
That won Christ's coat...he's not very nice.

Yes, it's true that we Mongos are all Jekylls and Hydes,
Like Janus of Rome, we face toward two sides.
Sometimes we're heros and sometimes we're rats;
Good guys today—tomorrow, Black Hats!

I hope that this lesson has caused you to muse
About genes and selection, to walk in Mong's shoes.
Please don't forget about underpantsed apes
Who wear three-piece suits and have human shapes!

So, let's give a toast to old Mister Mong!
"Here's to his gene pool! May it last long!
To Blessed Saint Mong of the Forest Primeval!
To Ol' Devil Mong, the Forest's Prime Evil!" 🍀