

Green

Book



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THE GREEN BOOK

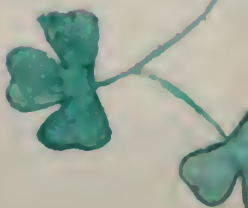
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## EDITORIAL

There are several types of bells in this college. But that statement is unnecessary. Everybody knows what they are: rising bells (on alarm clocks), class bells, bells for meals, chapel bells, etc., etc. I wonder what the effect would be if E. N. C. students answered all these bells in the same manner; for instance, dinner bells with the same alacrity as rising bells. It is odd how very imperative is the brazen clang that issues three times a day from the direction of the girls' dorm--imperative, that is, to the great majority of our ravenous constituency.

And how about class bells? At the first sound of the tinkle that announces the close of the class hour there is immediately a great bustle as the students fold papers, pile books, and otherwise arrange themselves preparatory to making a speedy departure. And this goes on while the professor vainly tries to make plain the closing sentences of his lecture, or give out the next assignments. On the other hand, how many students do you see in their places two minutes before the appointed time for classes to begin? If you see any you can be

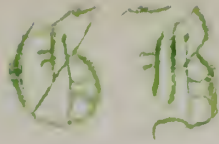




Literary







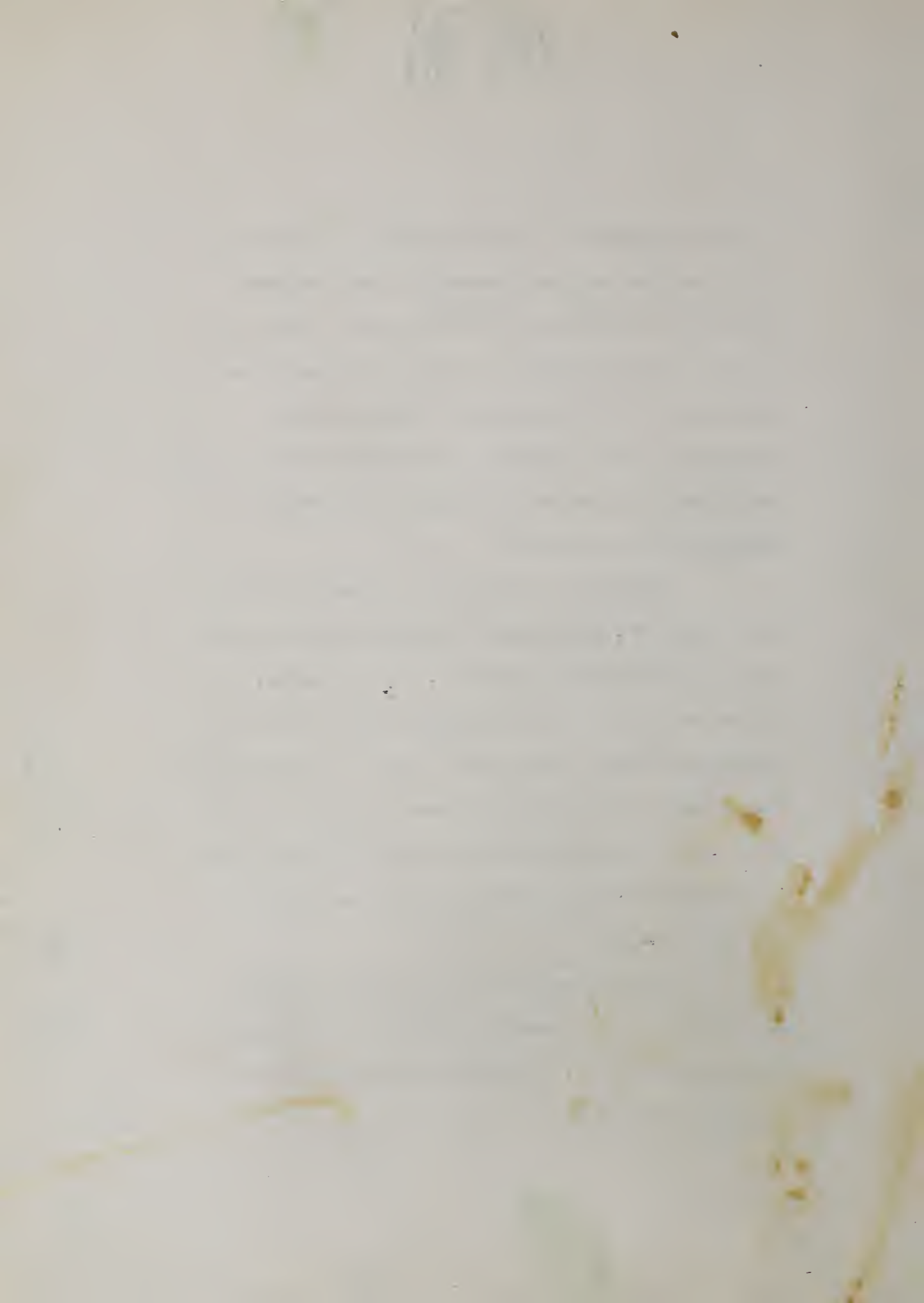
## How the Freshmen Came to Wear Green.

Another day had dawned in the Devonian Age. The Dinosaurs, which had been sleeping in a fern-covered swamp throughout the night, ceased their groanings and began to lay low large areas of giant ferns with their huge tails.

There were other stirrings, however, that marked the day as an unusual one. From the side of a honeycombed bluff, there came a bedlam of noises.

It was registration day in Cave College. Professor Goozonki, the registrar, with a swish of his green fern apron and a squinty look on his face, was dodging here and there among the newcomers. With great efficiency, he was using a formidable-looking club upon those who objected too strenuously to their classification. After much pinching, cuffing, and growling, he managed to get them into their separate classes. This done, he hurried off to the College candy store for his breakfast.

The classes having come to some resemblance of order, their respective instructors greeted them either with a shake of their bushy locks or showing



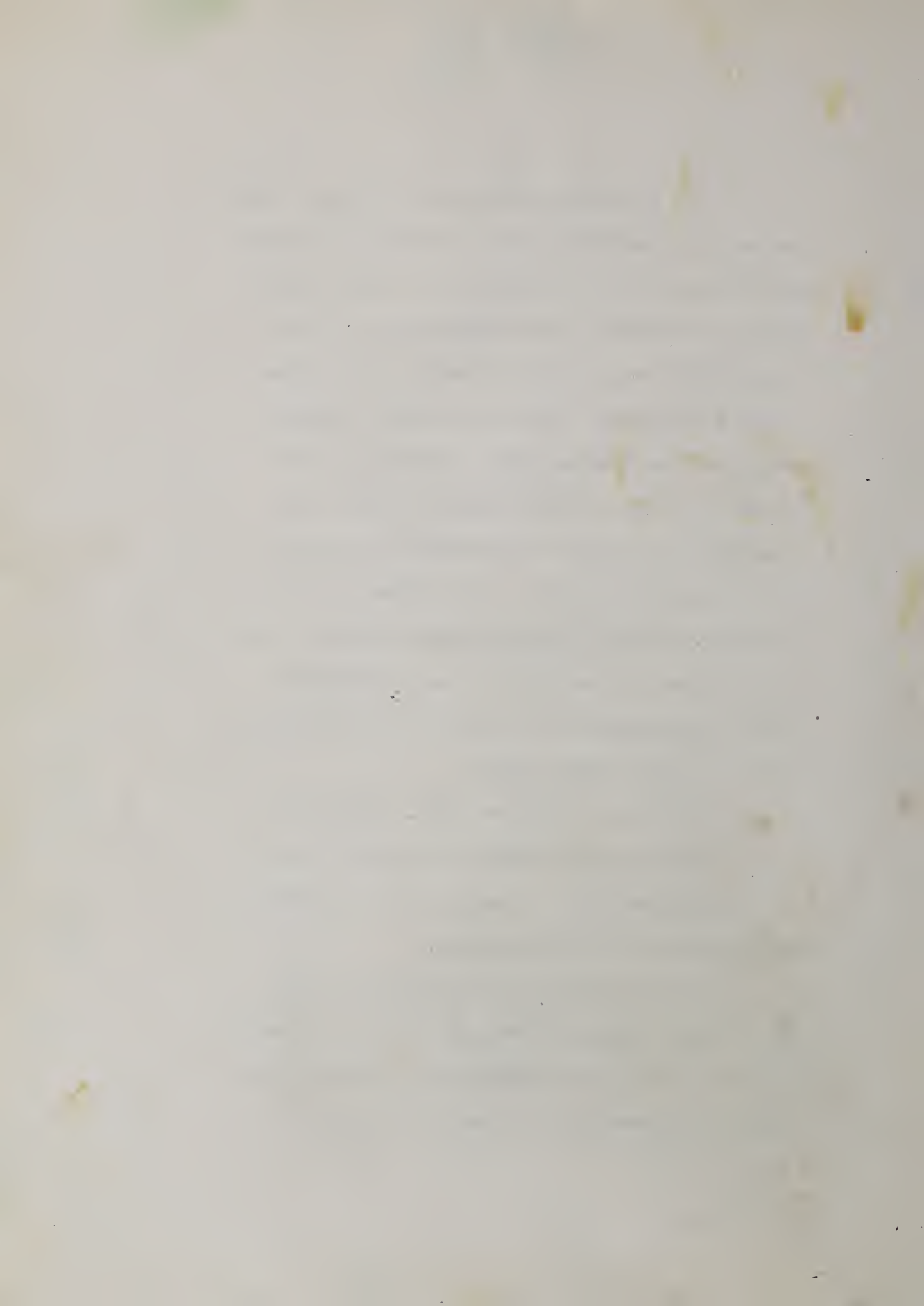


The following morning, before break of day, the Freshies stealthily made their way to a dino who lay dreaming of the time when his kind would become extinct. Cautiously, Ebita Phillucious, with his stone hatchet for guiding purposes, climbed on the alligator-like neck. Each of the others followed suit, until the dino was lined from head to tail tip with a cargo of bright hopefuls. Sensing the atmosphere to be somewhat oppressive, he swung his tail three times, and with a loud grunt lumbered to this feet. He felt a stinging blow behind the right ear. Monster that he was, an intense craving for action took possession of him and he gave vent to it with a quick forward lurch.

He was a terror for speed. One after another the riders, in order to hang on, had to let go of chunks of Saber Tooth Tiger meat, Devonian Crab, or bundles of pickled ferns.

As they were carried swiftly into new and strange country, the rush of the wind prevented them from voicing the exclamations which they felt. Ebita, the steersman, with puckered brow, was







thinking of the story his father had related to him, of how "Old Ireland" had been delivered from a plague of green snakes, by the people forming into groups. In a nation-wide round-up, they had driven the snakes into a large pool where they perished. Their decomposed bodies had dyed the water a brilliant green. It was in this pool that the dinos took their annual bath.

These thoughts were still lingering in his mind, when a large, suspicious-looking green spot appeared not far ahead. Ebita gave a sharp exclamation and turning his head sideways, yelled, "All of yez hold on tight, for ye will soon be saying, 'If only our mithers could see us now.'"

Just then the Gino braced his feet and started sliding. It was a long slide, ending in a huge splash. The surface of the pool having quieted somewhat, bubbles appeared . . .

To this day no one knows why the Gino failed to come up. Some say that it was heart trouble, others that it was the intellectual load.



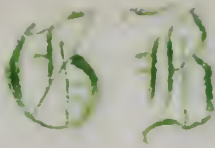
The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both primary and secondary data collection techniques. The analysis focuses on identifying trends and patterns over time, which is crucial for making informed decisions.

The third part of the document provides a detailed breakdown of the results. It shows that there has been a significant increase in sales volume, particularly in the middle and lower income brackets. This suggests that the current marketing strategy is effective in reaching these target audiences.

Finally, the document concludes with several key recommendations. It suggests that the company should continue to invest in research and development to stay ahead of the competition. Additionally, it recommends a more targeted marketing approach to further optimize resource allocation.

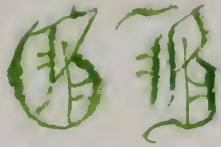




However, legend tells us that five of the Freshies, being able to swim, escaped from the watery grave. But the color of their skin had changed to a clashing green.

Startled at this discovery, they tried to remove the stain. In their desperation they used water, leaves, bark, and even sand, but to no avail. Duncalps Roganpps threw his handful of sand to the winds and burst forth in speech. "Fellow-classmen, this is a sad moment. We have been painted by the hand of fate. That we climbed on to a big problem it is self-evident, but that problem is now dissolving. The beast of the ages tried to destroy our kind, but when its tribe is extinct and its bones smouldering, down through the ages we shall, like the grass and the leaves in springtime, bring to the colleges new, fresh life. Marked as we are, the upper-classmen will tread upon us, but let us like the trodden grass arise to new life and show to a wise world that, though our bus of understanding be small, they will, with ordinary care, burst forth into beautiful intellectual blossoms."

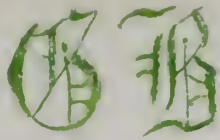




## My Glasses

It has always been a policy of mine to get out of work whenever it is possible. Therefore, one beautiful spring day when work of any type seemed to be drudgery, I proposed to my working mate that we devise some scheme for getting out of work that afternoon. We thought of a number of plans, but none seemed workable. Finally I hit upon an idea. I happened to be reading the By-Laws of the Benefit Association of the Company and found this statement: "Employees, whenever they desire, may have a free eye examination without any loss of time." Here was an idea. The more we thought of it the more we favored it. My working mate was having some trouble with his eyes; in fact he was cross-eyed. Once when asked about his cross-eyes he said, "Phillips, there are two kinds of cross-eyes. One is an internal sight and the other is external. Mine is an external sight. I can look north and south at the same time." And I really believe he could, for nothing ever escaped his notice. With his eyes in that condition it





was not difficult to convince the "boss" that an examination was necessary. And I? I had a "drag" with the "boss" and got away easily.

Laughingly we strolled over to the Doctor's office, thinking that we had put one over on the "boss". I went in first. His nurse, a girl who knew me and my tricks, put a double portion of drops into my eyes. The doctor, examining my eyes and finding I couldn't see at all, said I needed glasses. I went back to work about ten minutes before closing time, but I couldn't do any work. I couldn't sleep all that night because my head ached so badly. I arose the next day with my head still aching, and it continued to ache for about a week.

Some days later the doctor called me and said my glasses were ready. It cost me a couple of days' pay to buy them. I took them home and put them in my bureau drawer.

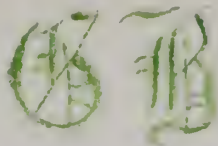
That was seven years ago. I haven't worn them since.

E. P.







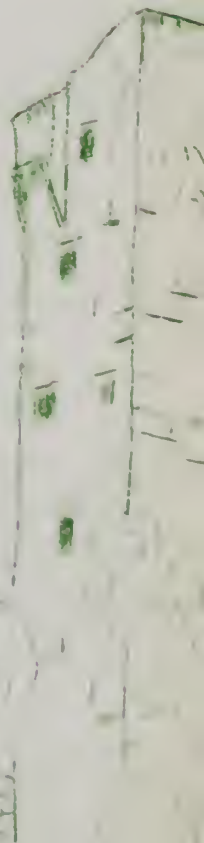


## "Wet Or Dry"

It was my first breakfast, in fact, my first meal at E.N.C. I was only a freshman and as yet had not made the acquaintance of any one. Therefore, I advanced very shyly into the dining-room, and looked around to see where I should sit. At length seeing a place between two other girls, I walked along and claimed it.

Soon the students were all standing quietly with bowed heads while the blessing was being asked. As I seated myself I could not help wishing that I could feel as much at home as the girl who sat in the hostess' place. She seemed to know those who sat near her and to be relating bits of interesting news to them.

Suddenly my attention was drawn to the girl seated on my right. She had said "wet" in a very audible voice, and seemed to be replying to some question of the server at the head of the table. I passed a dish of cooked cereal along to her but did not connect it with the word I had heard her say. Then she nudged my elbow and nodded toward the server. He was looking at me with questioning eyes, and was holding a cereal dish in one



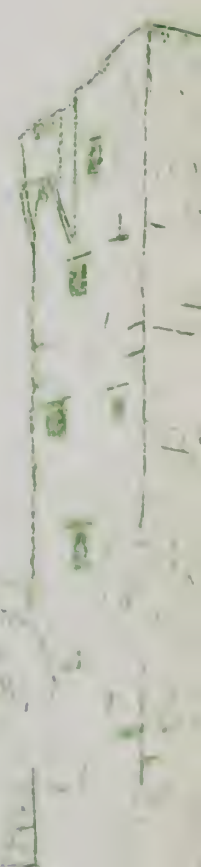




hand and a large spoon in the other. My face reddened, as I looked helplessly at the two dishes of cereal, one on each side of him. I became conscious that everyone was looking at me. What was I expected to say? At last I swallowed and then said faintly, "Oatmeal, please." The server did not hear, so faint was my reply, but with burning cheeks and louder tone I repeated the words. Immediately I became conscious again of the eyes of my table-mates upon me. I would have been glad if the floor had opened and swallowed me up. What had I said that was wrong? Was not that oatmeal? Of course it was. Then why did everyone look at me in such a queer way?

However, the server seemed to understand, for which I was extremely grateful, although I continued to be miserable during the remainder of the meal. How glad I was that we were not expected to say anything at dinner or supper, but I looked forward to the next morning with increasing dread.

As I went down to breakfast the second morning,





I felt my heart beating fast, and I wondered how I could go through another mortifying experience like that of the morning before.

However, the second morning I was seated at a table where the majority were in my own class. Therefore I felt slightly more at ease. But this time I did not wait until the dread question was shot at me, but with the humility expected of freshmen, I questioned the girl beside me as to what she replied when the server desired to know which kind of cereal she wanted. Quickly she replied, "Why, I say whether I want wet or dry." Then through the green haze which clouded my freshman brain, understanding came. And when the host shot his questioning glance at me I was ready with a reply of "Wet," upon which I exchanged a friendly smile with a college senior who had laughed at me the morning before.

C. M. B.



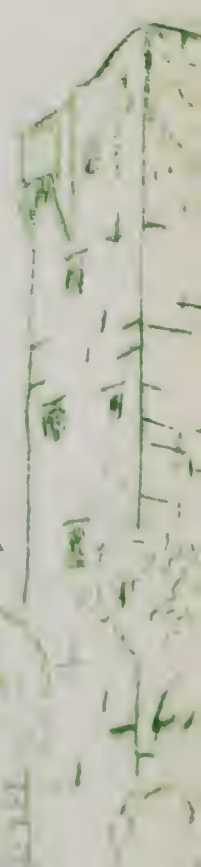




## Ink

There stands on a shelf in my room an ink bottle that is now almost empty. Little did I realize when I bought it at the corner drug store, on the opening day of school, what a vital part in my life the ink in that bottle would play. It was only recently, when I noticed that I should have to buy a new bottle soon, that I thought of the importance of this simple fluid in one's life. I realized that the ink that I had used had entered in many ways into the very warp and woof of my life, if I may be permitted to speak thus of a liquid. Now it was gone; it was beyond recall; it had become a sort of incarnation of my thoughts, an outward evidence of the inner workings of my mind. I had translated an ounce or two of innocent fluid into miles and miles of curiously shaped lines and curves, and thousands of dots and other marks, all-hopefully-full of meaning. It is no wonder that under the circumstances I became retrospective.

Some of that ink had gone to places near and far in the form of letters to loved ones. Some of it had been put on paper in the form of themes and exercises, in vain attempts to show to professors a mental progress that was entirely too slow if not indeed, non-existent. Still more of it had gone on examination papers, and here, alas, it took the







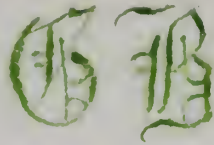
form of unmistakable and irrevocable evidence of my gross ignorance.

What a tremendous difference it makes in what form we spend out the few drops of ink we use during an examination! For instance, if, in a certain history examination, I had by a few altered strokes of the pen identified Charlemagne as an emperor, rather than as a town in Switzerland, if I had not called Richelieu a famous chemist of the eighteenth century, and executed a few other such unfortunate strokes of the pen, I might have received a passing mark. If only I had used the infinitesimal fraction of a drop of ink required to add a few commas, apostrophes, and quotation marks to some of my themes, or if, by some miracle, my fallible hand had placed certain "i's" and "e's" in their proper order, or doubled some consonants here and there while it left others in their proper single blessedness, my professors would not have so profusely decorated my papers with pencil marks and notes in the margin. And perhaps the grade marked on the outside would have been a little higher up the alphabetical scale.

Verily the way we use the few ounces of ink required in a year of school work is of supreme importance. We are







accustomed to think of the beginning of a new year as a period of solemnity and a fit time for resolutions to worthier living, but is not the buying of a new bottle of ink an event fully as solemn and fraught with equally tremendous possibilities for weal or woe?

For myself, I shall no longer presume even to fill my fountain pen without preceding the operation by a fervent prayer. Henceforth I think I must devote a whole day to fasting before buying each new bottle of ink.

E.S.









## My First Dance

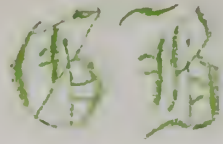
An old country dance was scheduled at the village clubhouse. Julia and I were very anxious to go as we had never attended a dance before. However we did not have the temerity to ask our parents' permission and tried to concoct a way to go without their knowledge. We discussed and abandoned many schemes and had given up in despair, when our parents told us that they were going on a trip for a few days. Immediately hope flamed within us again and we went on with our preparations.

At last the evening came. We all went to bed and waited until grandpa was asleep, then stealthily dressed and crept out of the house. The road to the clubhouse was very dark and full of gruesome shadows as we hastened along. Ruth, a fat Swedish girl, had on tight shoes and complained all the way of her sore feet. We encouraged her to keep going as she would find a seat at the clubhouse.

When we reached our destination we dived for a window in order to watch the dancers. Ruth, however, hobbled to the railing, grasped a post, and drew her-



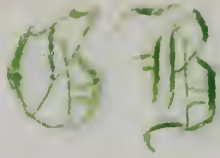




self up to a seat. As the rail was narrow and shaky she sat balancing herself precariously over space.

Julia had immediately secured a very fine position in full view of the dancers. She assumed a graceful pose and started a mild flirtation with one of the "out-of-town" boys that had condescended to grace the occasion. I was vaguely impressed, but as lady likeness wasn't my forte I ran and jumped around, hoping thereby also to gain attention. As my efforts were unsuccessful, I proceeded to amuse myself by shaking the rail and frightening Ruth. She felt as out of place as I did, her feet still ached, and her vanity was injured; consequently every five minutes she chimed in with, "Who's game to go home?" She always went unanswered for Julia was getting deeper in the throes of flirtation, having acquired three more males, and I had discovered a beautiful jumping place. I soon tired of jumping and watched the dancers awhile as they gracefully spiralled around the floor. A tall



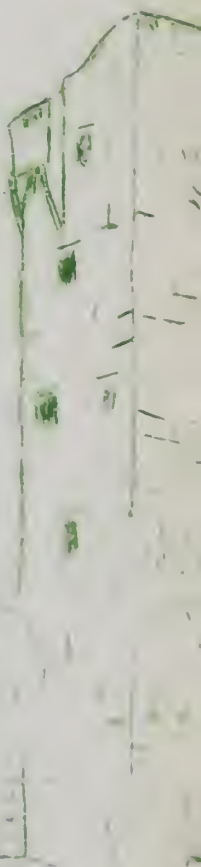


village lad invited me to dance with him, but I looked at my heavy rubber-soled shoes and informed him piously that my father didn't approve of dancing. He walked away and again I was left to my own diversions. I decided to go home, and taking Ruth for moral support went to tell Julia. Julia was reluctant to go until Ruth piped up again, "Who's game to go home?" Then she capitulated and we started.

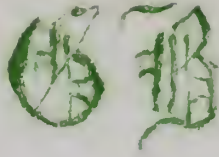
Julia went ahead with one of her swains, leaving Ruth and me in the rear. Ruth's shoes seemed to be growing smaller every minute. Finally she grew desperate, stopped in the middle of the road, and took them off. Then we followed in silence.

At the gate Julia and the lad stopped to say good-night. With no consideration whatsoever for their feelings, Ruth and I lingered near. After an interminable wait I knocked the chap's hat off, hoping he would take it as a hint to go. He said and Julia lectured me very severely on my manners.

No one ever knew of our escapade until Julia in a spell of conscience confessed everything







to my mother. I have never forgiven her as I was punished, and she was lavishly praised for her honesty.

R. C.

### The Whale-boat Race

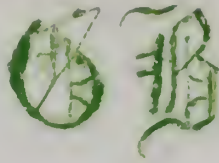
Five sturdy whale-boats rode the choppy waves. In each were three brown stalwart sailors stirring the foaming sea with their far-reaching oars. The goal was in sight and each was bent on passing it first. Each crew worked in perfect rhythm: their "team-work" could not be excelled. As the oars were drawn back, forward went the muscle-tense bodies. Yachts and baby schooners, loaded with enthusiastic spectators plied along by the side of the racers. The crowds on the shore held their breath or went wild with delight as first one boat dropped behind, or another with a sudden impulse darted ahead. It was not until the winner had passed the red buoy that the sailors relaxed; and then, as if all struck at the same time by some unseen power, they ceased their movements, and appeared not at all reluctant to be towed to the place whence they had come.

K. B.









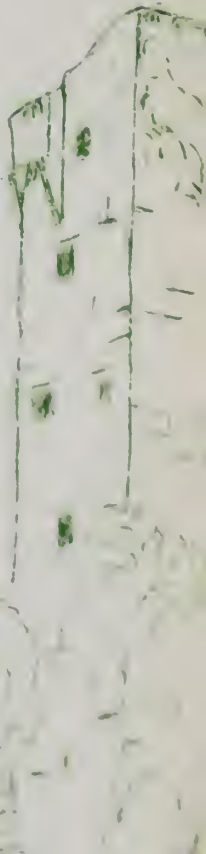
## The Return of the "Pater".

"Will arrive in Boston ten o'clock Sunday night"  
--so read the telegram from dad; and this was Saturday  
noon. We rejoiced, we were glad, yes--but then like the  
foolish virgins, we sorrowed; procrastination had con-  
quered the whole family and we were not ready for the  
return. For had we not treated too lightly the hundred  
and one things which, seriously, we should have done?

Immediately after dinner, therefore, "things  
began to hum" in the Peavey home. I rushed upstairs  
and procured the dust-covered--and that is no reflec-  
tion on the housework, for my room is under my care--  
memorandum that had lain away for lo these many weeks.

The first item proved to be the task of  
fixing the bedroom doorknob. Two brads and a hammer  
sufficed to split it so effectually that any further  
repair was hopeless, and I could cross that item off  
my list.

Then, according to my memo, the driveway  
must be kept shovelled. But procrastination had again  
had its effect and it was now not a case of shovelling





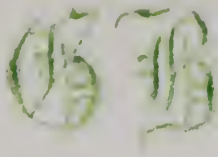


but of chipping ice which had formed beneath the snow. That job took nearly three hours and I can truthfully say that never before had the end of the drive seemed more remote.

By the time I had finished my ice business, I had managed to lose my list, incidentally managing also to forget most of the remaining items. One I could still remember, however--I was to re-cement the tile which had come loose in the fireplace. Ordinarily this should have required the greater part of an hour, but necessity demanded that it be accomplished in about fifteen minutes. It was, and it stayed until Monday evening!

While I was busying myself with my labors, my sisters were by no means idle. Marion had awakened herself from the many weeks of laziness and slothfulness which she had enjoyed, and had prevailed upon Len to drive her to the post office where she mailed a long overdue package. Dot, having been asked to make a call, had delayed as long as possible. And even now, in accordance with her nature, she put off





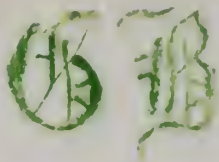
the inevitable visit till late in the day, so that she might be able to return home soon. Len made a telephone call, now useless, but fulfilling a request and satisfying a principle.

Thus was our afternoon spent, and when we were sure everything was done that was necessary, we settled down to await dad with light hearts and an affirmative answer to all of his questions. And then, when he did come, after all our haste and worry, not one question did he ask!

R. C. P.







## Personality in Musical Instruments

Somehow when I think of musical instruments, the brasses are mentally put aside, while the strings and reeds are first in mind. To me gnomes have always been associated with clarinets. A certain weird, frolicking quality seems common to both. Its tone belongs not to heaven or earth but to some grotesque though merry place beyond our ken. Then dancing, skipping, twirling come the gay flutes and piccolos liltng along like wee but very lively sprites. Now shrill and piping, now gentle as the wind in pines. Now they interpret the martial fire of battle; then again they can be nothing else but fairies flitting in a starlit glade.

Next the great bass viol. To me it is a person, a person with a great soul, loving, all-enfolding. Sometimes you hear only its heartbeats throbbing, throbbing. Sometimes the melody flows out alone in all its mellow, rolling splendor. Then you can hear the low thunder of stormy oceans and feel the solemnity of mighty mountains.

The 'cello has much the same effect, only to a lesser degree. It doesnot have the grand masculine quality that the viol has but is more womanly, if such an







adjective can be applied to an instrument. The tone is like a graceful willow or a stately river, bending, rising, flowing, smoothly with a certain sense of calm. At times it is almost flippant; at others it is sobbing; yet again it is merely languid. Yes, that is a 'cello.

But the violin. There is versatility. Its music can trip about like a gay autumn leaf in the sunshine. Frivolous, coquettish as a dainty French heel beneath a flashing skirt. But it can also be powerful; strong and tender as a man's hand. It can interpret the simplicity of a flower, the scent of Spring, or even the passions of a human heart.

Every instrument is certainly individual. Yet all are lifeless and mute till given breath by a true master's touch.

J.B.



Exeleutherostomistic!

Editor's note: Mr Warren, upon running across this word in a College Rhetoric assignment, sought its definition in the dictionary. His search being fruitless, he was inspired to write this theme.

Are big words any longer a necessity? If not, why puzzle us poor college freshmen about them? We admire a speaker or writer who uses plain, simple, and forceful language in orations and articles; but when a puny freshman trying to do his duty by getting his College Rhetoric assignment runs into a snag like "exeleutherostomistic", it is enough to convince him that if by any chance he could master such a word, he should be granted his Litt. D. without question.

Concluding that the word is too huge for immediate grammatical analysis, we will stand at a distance and speculate. It may be technically called a noun because it is the only one of its kind, but it is not in circulation enough to be a noun as commonly called; it couldn't be a verb because it is too big and lazy to show action; I would count it an insult to the human race to call





it a pronoun for its shadow would obscure tiny morsels of words like "he" or "it". To call it an adjective might score some points, but no one knows how many. One should extract the square root of it in order to get any sense from it. Mr. Webster says, "A preposition is the act of preposing or placing before." But if such an enormous word were placed before a word or even a group of words, it would put the entire meaning in the dark. What can it be? Perhaps a conjunction. No, because conjunctions are usually one- or two-syllable words; consequently it is not a conjunction. While the mind is searching for another part of speech, I wonder if I would be laughed at if I called it an article. Oh! it is an interjection. Wrong again, because it is too awkward to arouse any excitement.

Breathes there a man that knows the meaning of this word? Or has he lied and left his will, and if this mountainous word is his will, who has the code? To make a rough guess, it may be a condensed book or an exaggerated essay.

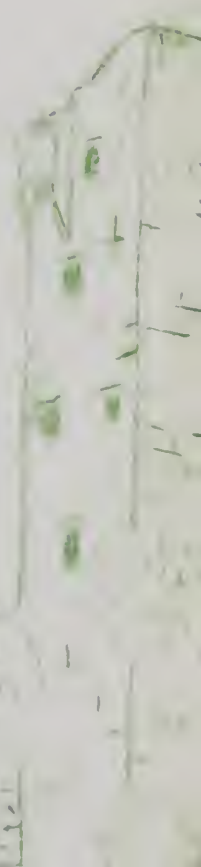






It isn't poetry because poetry has rhythm. Let us take a trip to Mr. Webster's dictionary. Here we search in vain for a meaning; probably he forgot to put it in, but still I fail to see how he could overlook such a big word. I guess I am a fool to worry and sweat over what may be someone's second-hand nightmare.

J. W.







## Bringing Up Caruso

And we called him Caruso. It was the only name we could think of that would do him justice. The ceremony was a hard one for him, but the result was worth the effort. My heart was sorry for Dr. Harry Reeve as he stood there beside the tub, waiting to immerse my only Canary Bird. He could not perform the ceremony until I chose a name; therefore when I said "Caruso," -- "Caruso," he said, "it is, and always shall be."

Since the time I first adopted Caruso as a member of my household I have considered him a partner. Whenever I eat an apple or peanuts, it is only natural to share with him.

One morning he was sick, nigh unto death. I became alarmed and informed my roommate of the serious condition. Together we diagnosed the case and decided upon the cure. I remembered that when I was a boy, whenever I became sick, regardless of the nature of the sickness, there was only one cure, and that was a dose of castor oil; thus I decided that Caruso needed a dose. Hank held the jaws apart and I ad-





ministered the cure. Needless to say that he was well the next morning.

One of my beliefs is that birds, like men, ought to have strong physiques. It is hard to build up a strong body without fresh air and exercise. I told Caruso one day that he had to get more fresh air and exercise. Now sometimes you must treat birds like children and rule over their "likes" and "dislikes," That's what I did with him. He didn't want fresh air, but some nights when the thermometer was down around zero, I put Caruso at the open window so that he would get the full benefit of the night air, and he did.

He needed exercise as well as fresh air. At first I would have to pull him out of his cage, but after I got him out he wouldn't fly. He would land on the bed, and say, "I'm tired." I was easy with him at first, until I saw that he was plumb lazy. I would try to catch him, but he would fly onto the moulding of the room, and there he would sit laughing at me. I would start for the



(15) 11

broomstick and soon dislodge him. After spanking him warmly I would put him back into his cage. But now, to show you the value of exercise, as soon as I go near the cage, up he jumps and darts through the opening as soon as it will permit. Talk about sitting around on a bed! Never! He flies and flies all around the room; in fact, now I have to use the broom-stick to chase him back to his cage.

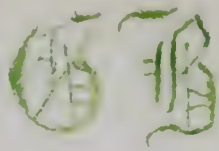
Now my bird is the proud possessor of a strong body; every morning when the musical note is sounded on the radio, after completing his setting-up exercises, he quickly plumes himself, jumps to the highest perch, looks at my roommate and me, and sings softly, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all here!"

E. P.









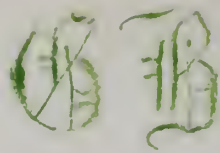
## Through Watkins' Glen

At ten o'clock one morning my friend and I reached Watkins' Glen, and started on the trip up the stream. Our first sight was a quiet pool of water about which children were playing and having a happy time. We ascended a short flight of steps and viewed the first falls. The size of the stream above the falls caused us to wonder at the torrent of water that flowed over the rocky ledge. The sound of the rushing water and the sight of it dashing on its journey, chained us to the spot with a mixture of feelings which only true lovers of Nature in all her moods can experience.

Man has endeavored to make it easy to view the Glen by placing a cement walk the majority of the distance up the stream. Iron railings are there to prevent accidents; for, should a person slip and fall at some of these places, it would undoubtedly mean serious injury.

The scenery is beautiful all the distance: at some places the mixture of color, the background, and the setting are so wonderful that we stop and view it



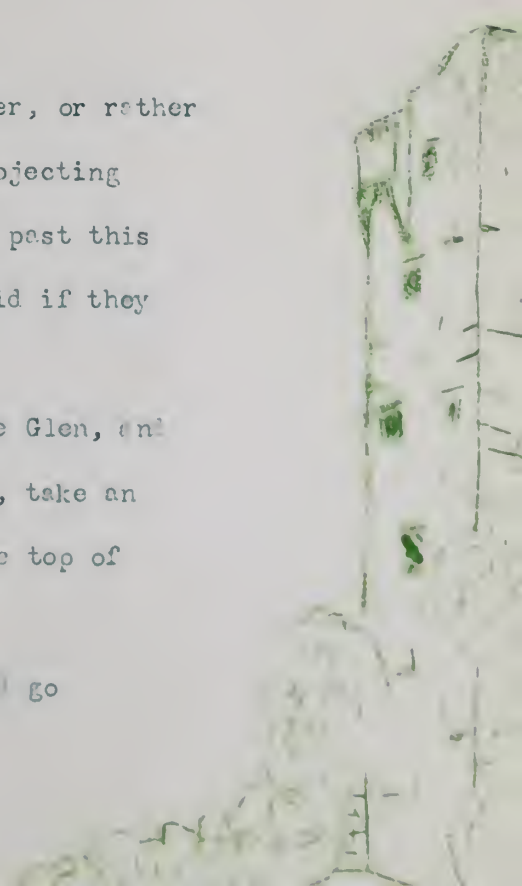


in silence, speechless at the magnificent view which is before us. One spot, called the Artist's Dream, is truly all the name implies. At our feet, the dashing water in a mad frenzy to get away from the hard rocky walls that hold it in; nearby, the spray from the small water fall; just below, a quiet backwater pool; beyond, the rocky cliffside with a few shrubs bravely holding to it; and above all, as if waving hands of blessing on the scene below, the green trees gently swaying to and fro.

At another place the walk goes under, or rather behind a wall of water, dashing over the projecting edge of the cliff. Sight-seers usually run past this spot to escape being wet, but are well repaid if they stop and view the falls.

We finally arrive at the head of the Glen, and in preference to riding back down in a taxi, take an old Indian trail which leads close along the top of the cliff, back to the foot of the Glen.

At one point we leave the trail and go





cautiously to the edge of the cliff and peer over. The sight of the rushing water some distance below makes us instinctively tighten our hold on a small tree. Up here, the sound of the rushing water comes to us blended into a softer tone, not so boisterous now, but still proclaiming its power.

We proceed on down the trail and finally come to the foot of the Glen, at the end of a wonderful two-hour walk.

K. A.









Wanted: a New Name.

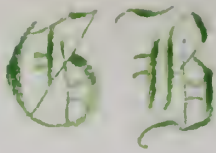
It seems to me that one of the pressing needs at E.N.C. is a new name for the "Mansion". Not that the present name is not good enough. That is just the trouble: it is too good. If you disagree, it must be because you don't live in the alleged "Mansion". And since you are wondering why it is undesirable for this building to be thus named, I will tell you at once that the reason is the fourteenth chapter of John.

You know that is the chapter that tells about the many mansions in heaven; and since it is an unusually beautiful portion of Scripture, it is often read in our hearing. But what is the mental image that comes before the average E.N.C. student when he hears the word "mansion"? Involuntarily he calls to mind a building which, while it may have been considered stately, or even beautiful, in years past, is now shabby, old-fashioned, unattractive.

But this is not all, for the mental reaction produced in the minds of the unfortunate group





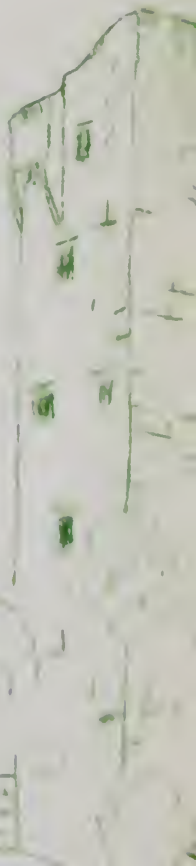


of students who actually live in the Mansion is far more pathetic and deplorable. They think of leaks in the roof, of freezing-cold rooms, and worst of all, of no hot water in the morning! Are they eager to dwell for all eternity in a Mansion in the skies after a short sojourn in this one here below? A useless question, of course! Rather they will recklessly resolve that, regardless of all other considerations, they will have as their eternal abode a place where there is plenty of heat!

As anyone can readily see, the situation is really serious. Since the connotation of a word plays such a large part in creating the proper mental image, the force of the appeal of the entire chapter is lost for all our students; while for some, a definitely dangerous impression is made.

Therefore, since it is not feasible to change the wording of Scripture, let us change the name of the "Mansion".

R. S.





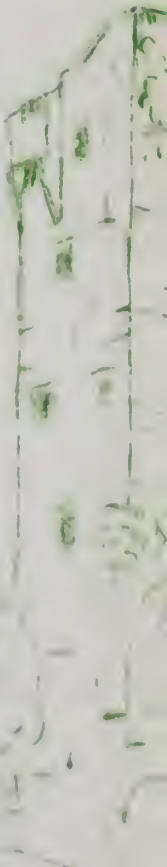


## On the Road Two Men Delay-ed

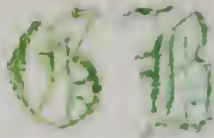
One spring morning my chum and I were seated on the steps of our porch, trying our best to think of some adventure in which we could find a little excitement for the day. Should we go over to Moose Pond boating, or dared we go swimming in the snow-fed river that ran back of our house? A final decision seemed hard to reach. It was at this time that I noticed a stranger coming across the road toward us, carrying in his arms a long package. He came directly up to us and after clearing his throat, said, "I'll give you boys five dollars if you will deliver this package for me by four o'clock".

This was just the chance we had been looking for, and five dollars sounded even beyond our imagination. We at once told him that we would. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a five dollar bill, saying that he knew he could trust us.

We were eager to be off at once. We jumped on to our bicycles and with a glance at the address on the package, started for a town about twenty miles distant. The road was rough and rutty,





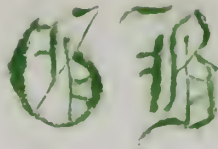


and almost all the way it led through woods. Everything went well until we had reached the tenth mile of our trip. As we were riding along the side of the road to avoid the ruts, a loud "pop" broke the silence and one of my chum's tires went flat. We stopped immediately and patched it, but in our hurry to get started we had forgotten to clamp on a pump. Why had we forgotten it? If we only had a pump we could start again on our journey and make it by four o'clock. Finally we decided to hitch the front end of my chum's bicycle to the back hub of mine, using my back tire for his front one. This seemed to go all right. We started on again in high spirits, thinking of the five dollars that we were going to have for our own.

Everything went well for the next five miles, but as we were going down a steep hill the bicycles struck a deep rut, and with terrific speed headed for a barbed-wire fence. With a sharp crack we struck the fence. Another tire punched! What could we do without a pump? Time was flying fast; we were still five miles from our destination. Without a

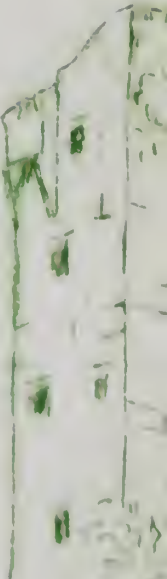






pump, there was only one thing we could do: that was to take the remaining two tires and put them on one bicycle. Then one of us would go on alone. As quickly as we decided, we were at work, and soon had the tires on one bicycle. My chum said that I had better go, because I was stronger and could make faster time. So quickly I jumped on and started off, leaving him until I should return.

I pedaled swiftly for an hour and soon the city came into sight, about one and one half miles distant. I looked at my watch. I had just fifteen minutes more, but I was sure I could make it, if I did not have to look long for twenty-eight Medal Street, which was my destination. I began to pedal harder and with renewed spirits. Suddenly the front wheel began to wobble, I looked quickly to see the trouble--a flat tire! Oh, for a pump! Never again would I leave home without one. But, I was determined to deliver that package. I jumped from the bicycle, took the package under my arms, and after climbing over the fence, started crosslots toward the city. I ran as fast as possible, through black-berry briars, swamps, and small bushes. After

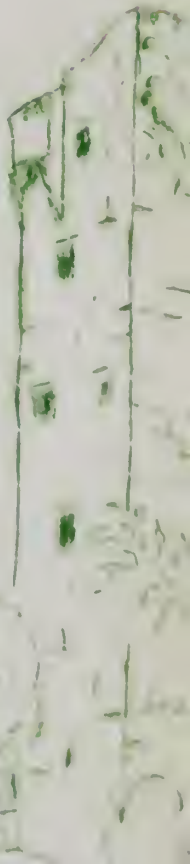




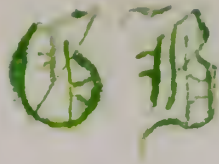


tearing my clothing, scratching my arms and face, and bumping my head, I jumped over the last fence and into the street again. I looked at my watch. I had just three quarters of a minute left. Panting, with my tongue hanging out and my clothes torn full of holes, I ran down the street. If I could but find a policeman and get my directions I might make it yet. There was not a policeman in sight, but up at the end of one of the side streets, I saw a group of men standing about a large automobile. I lowered my head and started for them as fast as I could run. The city clock struck once. I redoubled my efforts and kept on running. The clock struck two. It seemed to echo and re-echo in my ears, and give me superhuman strength. I came to the street corner just as the third stroke of the clock rang out. The street was Medal Street.

I hurried toward the group of men, and as I glanced up at the house, the fourth stroke of the clock sounded. The number of the house was 23. One of the men out in front said, "Here he is." I handed him the package and leaned against a tree for support. Quickly he tore open the package, pulled from it a large automo-







bile pump, and thrust it in under the seat of the waiting car. I sank to the ground, unconscious.

R. M.

### What Rhetoric Alumni Are Doing

Nathan Cornell	Chasing Nautilus bills
H. Elizabeth Brown	Training future college Rhetoric students
Eunice Lampher	Bringing up Wilson
Hilda Hendricks	Subduing Academy spirits in the Study Hall
Claude Schlosser	Conjugating <u>amo</u>
Clarke Covell	Disturbing Card Board Palace with his "Sax"
Beulah Peney	Pulling A in history
Everitt Mayo	Still cracking jokes
James Jones	Spending Sunday Denni- Sporting







HUMOR



THEY STILL DO IT

First Englishman: "Did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra--one as a girl and one as a woman?"

Second Englishman: "No, let's hear it."

Fatula: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Olive: "No, who teaches it?"

Prior: "I hear that the United States is going to annex Ireland."

E. Durkee: "How come? What's the big idea?"

Prior: "So we can raise our own policemen."



Officer: Your honor, I found this man swiping a  
banana from a fruit stand.

Judge: Impersonating an officer, two years.

- - -  
St. Peter (at the pearly gate): Where do you come from?

Newcomer: California.

St. Peter: Come in, but I don't think you'll like it.

- - -  
Pictures no artist could paint.--

Deware attending two consecutive classes.

Mr. Reeves in a silent mood.

A dumb freshman.

John Warren not laughing at his own joke.

Russell Prior studying.

Burnham as a "Shiek".

Ray Berely missing a meal.

- - -  
Memory Gems.--

The best joke I ever saw was on two legs.

Never blame a baby for crying. You would cry too if you  
thought you might be a college freshman in 17 or 18 years.

A hint to mustcho growers: A an gets his mustache and  
automobile the same way--a little down each month.

Cheer up! All lies told about you may not be true.

. Many who ask for a daughter's hand receive a father's  
foot.

- - -



# A BREAKFAST QUERY







Caller: Doctor, can you do anything for me? My name is  
Pappaconstantinou.

Doctor: I'm sorry, but I haven't any remedy for that.

- - -  
Reeves: How long could anyone live without brains?

Roommate: That remains to be seen.

- - -  
Deware: Can a man be arrested for stealing snuff?

Bob Durkee: No, snuff was made to be pinched.

- - -  
Earl Durkee: That is nothing?

Roommate: A bladeless knife without a handle.

- - -  
Phillips: Where did you get your hair cut?

Mr. Stebbins: Around the edges.

- - -  
Jack Moore: Oh, I wish I were a river.

Roommate: Why?

Jack Moore: I could follow my course but still lie  
in bed.

- - -  
Ray Ryerly: Why is the flag at half mast?

Burnham: That's because the town's dead.

- - -





Contractor: "Do you think you are fit for really hard labor?"

Casey: "Well, sor, some of the best judges have thought so."

- - -  
The reporter came to interview the victim of the quarry explosion. "Pat", he began, "they tell me you were calm and collected."

"I was calm," answered Pat, "but poor old Dinnis was collected."

- . - - -  
"'Ow did you get that black eye, Pat?"

"Oi Slipped and fell on no back."

"But your face ain't on yer back."

"No--naythur was Flennigan."



## The Beasts of Burden



Getting baby to sleep is hardest when she reaches her eighteenth year.

- - -  
"What caused the Grand Canyon?"

"A Scotchman dropped a dime in a snake hole."

- - -  
Captain: "In battle a real soldier is always found where the bullets are thickest. Private Flynn, where would you be found?"

Flynn: "In the ammunition wagon, sor."

- - -  
K. Brown: "Who is your favorite author?"

Robin: "My dad."

K. Brown: "What does he write?"

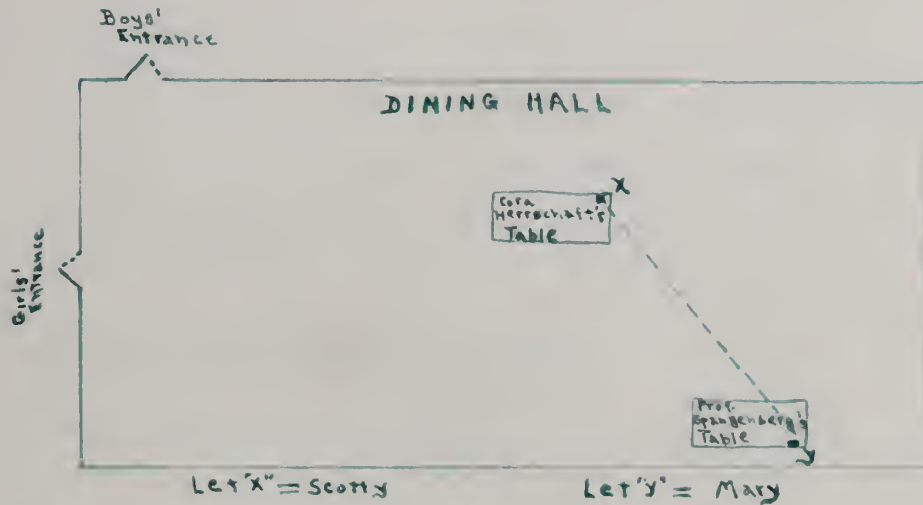
Robin: "Checks".





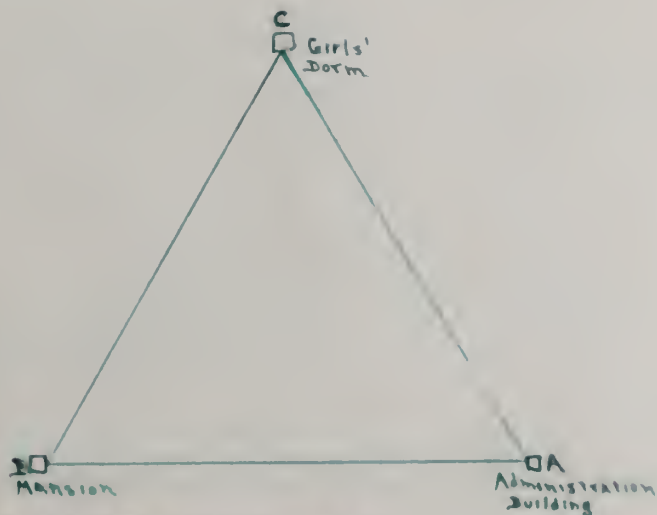
# Solid Geometry-or Just "Plain"?

## Theorem I



To Prove: That  $xy$  is a straight line of sight

## Theorem II



To Prove: That  $AB + BC$  is shorter than  $AC$



Prof. (Botany class): Where are most of the cells located?

John Clark: In the city prison.

- - -

Lockwood: But your honor, I'm a college student.

Judge: Ignorance doesn't excuse anyone.

- - -

Diamond: What month has 28 days?

Bob Durkee: They all have.

- - -

Prof. Garrison: Where do potatoes grow best?

Bright Student: In the ground.

- - -

Sam: Do you know that little dog I had? Well, he committed suicide.

Bill: Gee, that's too bad.

Sam: Yeah, he put his tail in his mouth and said, "This is the end."

- - -

Customer: "I'd like to see some good second-hand cars."

Salesman: "So would I."

- - -

Reeves: "When did the Scotchman learn to swim?"

Tracy: "When he came to a toll bridge."

- - -

Sloan: Have you an opening for a bright college student?

Busy Man: Yes, and don't slip it on the way out.

- - -





"Phil"



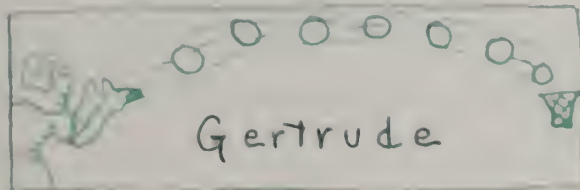
Roger



"Teko"



Robin



Gertrude



Mrs. Sniffle: "Why, Bridget, you have been eating onions?"

Bridget: "Shure mum, you're a moind reader."

- - -  
Pat: "Begorra, and did ye rade this, Mike? It says,  
'Buy one of our stoves and save half your fuel'".

Mike: "Shure, why not buy two of them and save all?"

- - -  
O'Brien: "Say, Finnegan, did I ever tell you about the  
fright I got on my wedding day?"

Finnegan: "Sh! no man should speak like that about  
his wife."

- - -  
R. Mann: "What is the richest country in the world?"

J. Warren: "I don't know, what?"

R. Mann: "Ireland, because the capital is Dublin."

- - - - -  
A Radio Recipe

A June bride asked her husband to copy a radio  
recipe one morning; he got two stations at once. One  
broadcasting exercises and the other a menu for dinner.  
This is what he copied:

Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on shoulders,  
raise knees and depress toes and wash thoroughly in  
cup of milk.





In four counts raise the lower legs and mash two hard boiled eggs in a sieve. Repeat 8 times, inhale  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour, breathe naturally, exhale and sift. Attention! jump to a squatting position. Stretch almond extracts forward overhead, and in four counts, make a stiff dough that will bend at the waist.

Lie feet on the flour and roll into a marble the size of a walnut. Keep to a boiling, stand in boiling water, but do not boil into a gallup afterward.

In ten minutes move, and dry with a dry towel. Breathe naturally and dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup.



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