

GREEN- BOOK

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WITH PLEASURE WE DEDICATE

THIS

THE SECOND VOLUME OF 1930

Green Book

TO

HELEN MUNRO YEASE

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FOREWORD

With the hope of pleasing or at least amusing you we offer the second issue of the Green Book. Experience has tried to teach us. Your profit will measure its success.

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EDITORIAL

It takes more than buildings and money to make a college. The students, the faculty, and their influence -- these are the heart of a college. Buildings and money may house a college: certainly they do not make a college. The stern professor, the austere dean, the preponderant president, the gay student, form the school. Classes, studies, lectures, work, recreation, play, society, religion -- these form the college life. College is not an impersonal, feelingless mass of buildings: it is a throbbing, quickening throng of students: some young, some old, but all students in this great school. Here lives are lived, characters moulded, decisions made, futures planned and purposes formed. College is a process, making, moulding, building, fitting; from the college come forth graduates that will bless or curse the world.



Literary



A NIGHT BY EASTERN LAKE

One October evening about a year ago, while on a hunting trip, I with my two partners went to Eastern Lake to lie in wait for a moose.

The lake is situated near my home. It is about three miles out in the woods, in a heavily wooded valley. Near the lake the land is swampy and dangerous to travel over, but a short distance from the banks the land is firm and hilly. From Eastern Lake a large brook runs down the valley and empties into the St. John River. Both the lake and the brook abound with good-sized trout. The surface of the lake is only about five square miles, and one might think it is a dismal spot in the woods, but such an idea is wrong. After one has passed the swamps one comes to the lovely sandy banks, and views a quiet body of water with a pretty oval-shaped island in the center. It is an ideal place to camp in the summer.

It was at this lake that we three hunters arrived just before dark. We had carried our guns, lunches,



blankets, field glasses, cameras, and other things necessary for a hunt, and were tired from our walk through the woods. We ate our supper, and set about to make our bed for the night. We cut and spread some boughs on a dry smooth place on the bank, and then spread our blankets on top of them. We were going to stay only one night and did not take any tent with us.

After we had made our bed we sat in the darkness and planned our hunt for the early morning. We knew there was game in that part of the woods and felt sure of success, but decided to call a moose to see if we could get an answer before we retired. I took my birch-bark horn and called loudly and clearly. It was dark now, but we heard one faint answer in the distance. In a short time I called again. This time the answer came from just across the lake. As soon as the moose answered he plunged into the water and swam toward us. It is against the law to shoot after sunset, and the penalty for breaking this law is five hundred dollars. Since my partners had never seen a moose before, they became nervous at the



sound of his approach. I told them to sit behind me and keep very quiet. They obeyed while I sat with my rifle ready for action if the moose should attack us. The moose came up within a few feet from us. The wind was blowing toward him, and just as I thought it was going to be necessary for me to break the law, he caught our scent, and with a loud snort turned and swam back hurriedly to the other shore.

It was moonlight enough for us to see the form of the moose. He was large and appeared to be in good condition. We had no doubt about calling him back in the morning, and were contented now to lie down to rest.

The night was quite cold, and before morning our bed seemed as hard as stone. Shortly after midnight one of the fellows woke me to ask what time it was. He was cold and restless, but we huddled up and I comforted him by pulling the bluff that the coldest part of the night was over. We slept fairly well until I woke the others at day-break. We got up then, and were ready for action.



While two of us went around the lake to call the moose, the other fellow built a fire and prepared breakfast. After we had called a few times and received no answer, we walked back and got our breakfast. After breakfast the three of us went out for a hunt. We had no success. Calling the moose the night before had spoiled our catch. After we had hunted a few hours we returned, took our belongings, and went home, We were not discouraged, but we were sorry we had been so foolish the night before.

E.R.P.

Song Directing Class

Trying to sing harmonious notes,
But not discerned in places remote,

Awkwardly we beat the air,
And wave our hands at the teacher's chair.

Imagination there must be
If figures you expect to see.

H.F.



ONLY A GLANCE

My first trip to Boston and no seat by the window!
I sit down beside a sleeping Italian. The shade is down.
I can't look out. It's an express to Boston. As we glide
on I hurl a glance on either side. The workman wakes.
Water-houses -- factories -- swamps -- and water. Soon
I see Boston. What is it? Stores, lights, cars, trains,
and -- jostling crowds in jumbled streets.

N.C.

TIME CHANGES THINGS

I seek inspiration.

Ah! it comes, it comes at last in the form of that
old fireplace in the library. As I sit opposite it, my
mind goes back to the days when this building was the pa-
latial home of Governor Quincy.

The comparison between those days and these is
great. Then, it was the center of attraction on the
bleak winter days: now, the radiators have superceded it.
Then, it was thought a thing of rare beauty: now, it is
merely a necessary bookcase. Then, it gazed upon scenes
of laughter and fun: now, it gazes upon scenes of study
and work.



Oh! if we had only lived in those days. But we must submit to fate and be here and, instead of having the good times they had, - study.

P.T.

CONSUL FECIT MILITEM.

It is interesting to read newspapers. It is interesting to read your thoughts. But it is more entertaining to read Latin-- especially if one is very much unacquainted with it.

The sentence, "Consul fecit militem" -- (The consul appointed the soldier) -- can be translated into any one of a dozen different ways by a novice.

One looks in his vocabulary and finds that "facio", of which "fecit" is a form, means "to do, to make, to produce, to appoint."

The student begins to ponder -- which one should he choose?

"The consul did 'did' the soldier", In slang, a person can "do" another by "getting the best of" someone, either by physical superiority or business cleverness.

"The consul 'made' the soldier," An uninitiated



student of Latin might think a wooden soldier had been referred to.

"The consul 'produced' the soldier." Was it a toy which the consul had taken from his pocket? Or was it a guilty or long-lost soldier who had been found?

The last meaning of "facio" happens to be the correct one to use in this case.

Before a pupil has learned the significance of the various word endings in Latin, he does not realize that the parts of a sentence may be arranged in any manner, and still mean the same thing.

Hence, he reads "Consul militem fecit" -- "The consul the soldier appointed."

"Fecit consul militem" -- "He appointed the consul soldier."

"Fecit militem consul" -- He appointed the soldier consul."

The poor disciple of the speech of the ancient Romans thinks of the poem that some fellow-sufferer has written:

Latin is a language
As dead as dead can be.
First it killed the Romans,
And now it's killing me.

B.R.



IN THE DINING HALL

We all hurry to our places. After grace has been asked, we noiselessly take our seats and the comedy begins. For four weeks the group has been together at Mr. H's table. L.C. and Mr. M. seem to be in a continual argument about something, the threads of which they never have any difficulty in picking up from meal to meal. The hostess tries to keep peace between them, but each blames the other. How often has Mr. M. made the remark that he is going down to the beach with L. and come back alone! Occasionally something really funny is said that sets the whole table into a fit of smothered laughter. Whenever L.C. addresses Mr. V. at the other end of the table, he invariably says, "Ah-h-h-h, how long are we going to be at this table anyhow? Aren't the six weeks almost up?"

At a neighboring table we glance over and catch C.M. hiding the butter on the ledge underneath the table for the next meal. When accused of stealing the butter that would be used for frying potatoes, she declares it



would be wasted if she did not preserve it.

At still another table they seem to be having much fun playing the childish game of "Thumbs up." Roars of laughter from one of the other tables, upon which someone makes the comment that "There is always something jolly going on where Mr. W. is."

And now at our own table again, -- L. C. Has been trying to keep up a conversation with someone at a nearby table, and is accused by A. C. of breaking Rule No. 3, Article V.

Then the announcement comes that the places at table will be changed tomorrow, and what a thunder of hand clapping strikes the ear! Mr. M. and L. C. join in with gusto.

J.O.B.

THE ARRIVAL OF PACKAGES

Up the driveway rolls the little green U.S. Mail Truck, bearing packages for expectant students. Someone spies the men carrying the packages in to the Mansion Hall. Immediately all eyes are turned and necks



craned in order to watch. The lesson of the hour can hardly be concentrated upon because within the mind of everyone is the question, "I wonder if my package came today."

The period seems to drag by slowly and an eternity passes before the bell rings. Finally class is dismissed and everyone makes a wild dash for the Mansion Hall. The packages are mauled over, names read on them, and if they do not belong to the person, the parcel is thrown aside. At last his own name is spied. He grabs his package and bears it triumphantly to his room.

In his mind are visions of home-cooked food. An empty feeling possesses his stomach and saliva runs in his mouth.

It's a great thrill to get a letter from home, but nothing can be compared to receiving a package from mother.

E. L.



ALGEBRA CHATTER

The bell rings, marking the close of the first period. The scraping of chairs is heard in the next room and the door opens, letting out a group of chattering humanity. They pass down the hall and their steps grow fainter and fainter and die in the distance, only to make room for another group of the same chattering humanity coming the other way. This is a different chatter.

"Say, Marion, did you get all your problems for today?"

"Sure, they were easy."

"Easy, what d'ye mean? Why I worked two solid hours on those five examples and I betcha not one of them is right."

"Dot, did you get the thirteenth?"

"Yeh."

"Did you get X equal to 74.893?"

"No, I got it equal to 44.893."

"What! -- Oh yeh, I see what I did. What a



"Hey, how much time before the ten minutes is up?"

"Three minutes yet."

"Aw, good night! Here comes Prof. Gardner."

"Let us open class with a word of prayer."

"-----"

"Now which of the problems gave the most difficulty today?"

"Number thirteen."

"Number seven."

"Number five."

"Number fifteen."

"All right. We will have them put on the board. Mr. Simpson, put number five on; Mr. Staples, number seven; Miss Davis, number nine."

"I didn't get number nine, Professor."

"Miss Smith, did you get number nine? Well, put it on then and Miss Davis do number eleven; Mr. Lockwood, number thirteen. That one seems to be giving quite serious trouble: Mr. Brassfield, number fifteen."

"I didn't quite understand how to do the fifteenth."



"Miss Neilson, put number fifteen on the board, please."

For a few minutes nothing is heard but the click of the chalk on the board. Finally all the problems are finished, gone over, and corrected.

"Now for next time, will you please do the odd numbered examples on page one hundred and nineteen? There are only twelve, I believe and they will not take long. You are excused."

"A mad rush is made for the door and the chattering crowd goes out, chattering more than when it entered. And so it goes. Day in and day out, -- chatter, chatter, chatter.

P.T.

POPE

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.



CHRISTMAS VISITORS

One of the most thrilling moments of the Christmas season to my sister and me, during childhood, was the arrival of older brothers and sisters from far away cities. The dark, early dawn of the day before Christmas would find us all bustling around in preparation. From the kitchen, which was mother's domain, would issue sounds of stirring, beating, and rolling; the banging of the oven door, and the sizzling of roasting chickens.

We two girls would be scurrying around upstairs and down, frisking our dusters, shining up nickel, silver, and brass; then trimming the tree, wrapping presents and decorating the rooms with holly and bells.

At dusk, the table set and waiting for the coming guests, my sister and I in our second bests would be impatiently alternating between the kitchen and the front porch. As soon as we heard the squeaky scrunching of the snow-covered walks and the stamping up the steps, out we'd rush for hugs and kisses, regardless of snowy overcoats and knobby packages protruding from between bended elbows.



At the table there was always the gay chitter chatter of newsy gossip about distant friends, and eager planning to make the most of every hour of the short vacation. Then the playing and singing of Christmas songs, toasting marshmallows, cracking nuts, and finally the distribution of the presents.

And on Christmas morning, to be allowed to attend the early service in the candle-lighted church with these brothers and sisters (from whom we were separated the greater part of the year) -- this was most exciting of all.

J.O.B.



FIRE! FIRE!

I've seen a man have a six inch salute go off under him and a bald-headed man get his head tangled up in a mass of live electric wires, but never did I see any one or ones look more startled or jump higher than the passengers of a trolley car when a piece of flooring popped up in the rear end of the car and a cloud of smoke and flames poured out.

I got my cardboard suitcase out of the way of the flames and sat back to enjoy the fun.

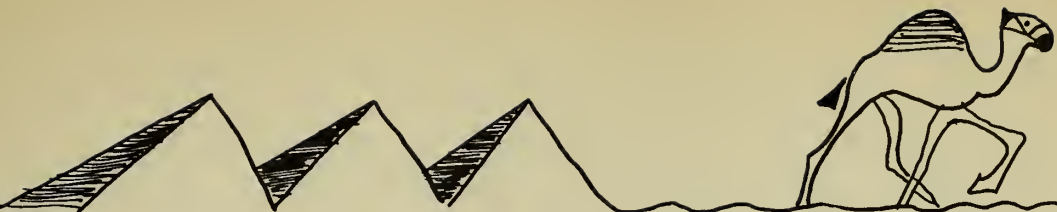
The motorman stopped the car and then said in a slow, calm voice, "Well, I guess we're afire. Seeing that motor's burnt up I'll have to use the other one."

He immediately began to tear the control box to pieces.

One woman went forward and wanted to get off.

"All right," replied the motorman, "but look out as you pass this box or you'll get electrocuted."

The lady must have thought the horrors of burning



less than the horrors of electrocution for she sat down in a seat to accept her fate.

By this time the car was well filled with smoke and the awful smell of burning rubber. A womanish looking man asked the motorman to open the doors, to get in some fresh air. Personally, by the way his knees were playing "Home Sweet Home", I think he wanted to make a dive for freedom and safety but the motorman said that it was against the law to ride with the doors open, and having the other motor hooked up we started off.

"Well, I guess it's against the law to roast people," was the comeback.

The motorman then pointed to the sign "Don't talk to the motorman, causes Accidents" and drove calmly on.

One fellow said that he knew it was wrong to smoke on trolley cars but he guessed that he couldn't raise a worse fire and smudge and a smoke would calm his nerves.

All the passengers were now sitting on the edge of their seats, first looking at the fire, than at the lucky



people walking on the sidewalk and finally turning their gaze and thoughts and tongue on the motorman.

On reaching Neponset we were told to sit still until the motorman got someone to put the fire out but no sooner than he got the door opened than everyone made a grand rush out of the car.

Seeing everyone else was going I got up and walked out of the fiery furnace. But I was not so fortunate as those of the "Old Testament" for I had the smell of smoke on my garments.

T. A.

A PIECE OF WOOD

It is interesting to observe some of the many uses to which a piece of wood may be put.

One comforting way to dispose of a piece of wood is to feed it to the fire-place, there to watch it crackle and snap as it blesses us with the warmth for which it is responsible.

Then again I think of the clothespin maker and the toothpick manufacturer, each of whom uses the smallest



pieces of wood -- one might say, "splinters" even.

An interesting usage of wood is in the hand of the physician. When we have been feeling out of sorts, he produces a little "mustard paddle" out fit which he presses on our tongue, asking us to say "Ah," as if we were happy with the process.

Our little brother might be whittling out kite-braces or flat-boats from a piece of soft pine, while sister tries to fit in a seat in the rope swing, or dad might be making a board for mother to cut delicious cake on.

The demure little school teacher often uses a ruler for the measuring of behaviour as well as for general purposes-- such a useful piece of wood!

Often a piece of wood may be seen as a boundary marker, legally placed, to quell real estate arguments, or it may be made into a sign, most welcome to a traveler, directing him to the nearest town or hotel, while he is weary on his way on a dark and lonely road.



Many a struggling seaman has been saved by a piece of wood -- only a piece of wood, but of how valuable!

We are thrilled at the beautiful tones of a xylophone or marimba, the essential parts of which are made of graduated lengths of a piece of well-seasoned hard maple.

Beautiful carvings and frescoes can be seen, especially on antique furniture, in single pieces of mahogany and ebony.

Everywhere we see the result of someone's artistic or economic effort in a piece of wood. I look forward with eager anticipation to the day when I shall possess a beautifully polished piece of mahogany, cut into four strips, and arranged rectangularly -- the frame enclosing my diploma!

E. M.

Editorial -- Road Manners Better, -- Robert Lincoln O'Brien

Humorists have long poked fun at the man who, a civilized and genial gentleman in his office and even at home, becomes a swashbuckling bully behind the wheel of his car.

N.C.



SATISFACTION

No one is ever fully satisfied with people and with surroundings. If a person is young, he wishes he were old; if he is poor, he wishes he were rich; if he is a student, he wishes he were the professor; if he is an employee, he wishes he were the boss; if a person is in charge he wishes he didn't have the responsibility.

Yet, if one ever did become completely satisfied with his circumstances, the monotony of satisfaction itself would make such a frame of mind short-lived. The spirit of adventure, and the desire for new experiences are inborn in everybody.

Novelty is what makes life interesting.

E.R.

WE WANT A TOUCHDOWN

"Thirty-four, twenty-one, sixteen, nine-- hike!" And the lines crash, the dust flies, and the whistle blows. Then the dust settles. "Get in there!" "Atta! Poy!" "Fifteen, twelve, forty-three -- hike! Again



the lines crash, the dust flies, and the whistle blows." A slap on the back, clap of the hand, --"Good boy!", "Get down and fight," "wake up there!", "where do you think you are?" A long blow of the whistle and the half is finished. Cheers from the audience and then the game begins again in full force. "What wouldn't we give to be out there fighting for high school? Wouldn't we love to be having the thrills and glory they are having! Which all goes to show we can't enjoy watching as a substitute for playing the game.

V.J.



THE VALUE OF DISAGREEMENT

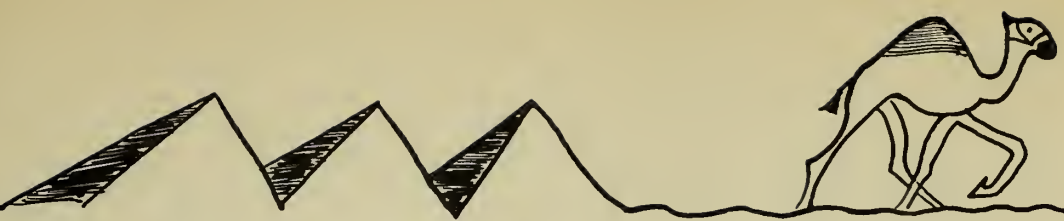
How disagreement is of value is often difficult to determine. If we place it on the scale of progress will it tip it? Does disagreement get us anywhere? Is it of help to humanity? Could we get along without it? If we could, why have any disagreement? These and other questions confront us when we undertake to determine the value of disagreement.

With regard to the first, the question of the usefulness of disagreement as an aid to progress, we would say that the advances of the day are directly or indirectly due to the crossing of ideas or in other words the holding of two opinions. For example, if Mr. A. wishes to build a row of retail stores at Forty-second Street and Broadway in New York City, and Mr. P. disagrees and says, "No, erect your stores at Fourteenth Street"; Mr. A. may go ahead and erect his stores at Forty-second Street and Mr. P. at Fourteenth Street. Soon one or the other will find out which is the better place for business. The one will profit by the other's example and should the occasion ever arise again to open a new store he will



be more wary in his selection of a spot. So we see in this case that disagreement was an aid to progress.

Disagreement in the realm of thought is a help to humanity. We may say this if the thought is actuated by an unprejudiced, unbiased mind. If in our thought life we do things just to disagree we are not helping ourselves. But on the other hand if we differ because we have heart convictions on a subject and have used the true scientific attitude, that of gathering facts and then weighing and balancing them on our mind's scale, we are helping ourselves tremendously. If our attitude is that of discovering and uncovering the truth we surely can see great value in disagreement for it is that very thing that unearths hidden thoughts, and paves new avenues of adventure in life. If Columbus had not differed with the thought prevalent in his day that the earth was flat, we might never have witnessed the discovery of America until today. But Columbus had the facts. He saw the ship's mast sink as it passed the horizon and from that he deduced his disagreement, one that revolutionized the world. Suppose Priestly had not disagreed with the



Phlogistine Theory? We might never have heard of such a thing as oxygen. But his thoughts ran in different channels and he studied diligently, finally proving to the world that burning was not caused by phlogistine but by oxygen.

I think we shall all agree that if there were no disagreement in this world things would be in a dormant state. No matter how greatly this disturbs your conception of a modern Utopia, we must have disagreement as it is a vital factor in the life of the world. From the foregoing points and illustrations we may easily deduce that our subject is essential to human progress and to humanity as a whole. Therefore it remains that we could not go on having our minds devoid of that faculty for disagreeing.

J.P.W.

CAUGHT BY RAIN

Suddenly.....rain. I was on my bike, five miles from home. Water descended in sheets. The storm increased in violence. Then.....in a moment... a rainbow. The sun shone once again. I was left.....dripping. N.C.



MEMORIES

Evening has come. Through the dusk I can see a glimmering light in a house not far away reflecting on the newly fallen snow. I approach and look through the window. I see Mother sitting in a rocker near the stove, mending; Dad is reading the evening paper; Irene is working a cross-word puzzle and the boys are playing checkers -- occasionally teasing Petsy, the dog who is lying at their feet.

I gaze upon this quiet scene then quietly steal away in the darkness to my own room in a far away city.

A.C.

The day was hot; the trip long. We climbed on steadily. Thirst was overcoming us. Presently on our circuitous way we made a sharp turn around a rocky ledge. Before us the road suddenly dropped into a little valley. In a grove of trees below appeared the roof of the house, and as we drew nearer we saw a cottage surrounded by flowers. Nothing could have been more attractive to us weary hikers than the old-fashioned well near the door.

M.F.



LISTENING IN

One morning while waiting in the hall of the Canterbury, I was amused by the various sounds I heard. Some one was diligently practising on the piano, while a girl in the next room was developing her vocal ability. The violin teacher was instructing a pupil and strains of that music came floating down the stairs. From another room came the voice of the teacher of the sub-preparatory department. She was trying to drill into her pupils some fact in history. Down from the third floor came the voice of a would-be Demosthenes. The calm voice of the expression teacher corrected him, then he continued reading and in my mind I fancied the gestures which accompanied it.

Each one was earnest and doing his best, unaware that combined with one another, the total effect became humorous.

E.L.



EXPRESS DE LUXE

Those who have gone from Long Island to New York by tunnel well know the speed acquired by subway trains. As the train leaves the station on the Long Island end the tracks slope rapidly downward. The cars seem to leap forward, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty miles an hour. Down the incline plunges the mass of human flesh encased in iron and steel. Lights whiz past. The cars hum. We go faster. Down! down to the bottom: and then up. We lose speed as the cars begin the ascent. Slowly the train climbs the grade. We attempt to regain our composure. At last, after a long slow climb, we reach Grand Central station. We step on the solid platform of the subway station and rejoice that we are safe. Such is the express de luxe. N.C.

COMMON SIGHTS ON A RAINY DAY

Here comes a man carrying an umbrella from which streams of water fall. He rushes madly by as if he would get less wet when running; but in his hurry he steps off the sidewalk into a puddle from which he comes out minus a rubber and wetter than ever. Next we





see several girls crowded under one umbrella. As they cross the street a car passes by splashing mud and water over them. Here plodding along goes a man, the very picture of wretchedness. His trousers cling to him and he has in disgust folded his umbrella. By his side is a little old lady leading a poor bedraggled dog, something like a wet rag.

M. F.

THE APPROACH

As I was laid upon the table by the surgeon I felt some strange quiver run up and down my spine. A sheet was placed over me. Why those wide straps? Oh, yes, nurse says I must keep my legs straight that they may put those bands around me.

The pillow is made comfortable under my head. A wet cloth is placed on my forehead. Here comes the nurse with a cone-shaped affair in her hand. My, she is quick! It is over my nose. Not so bad, the odor is sweet. Yes, but it is choking me. I must get it away. I struggle, but it is all in vain. Relief is coming. I am lifted up in a dream..... Peace at last.

A. W.



Pest Student	Nathan Cornell
Most Polite	Clarence Lindemann
Pest Athlete	Teko Angell
Cutest	Velma James
.Pest Dressed	Joe Knutson
Pest Singer	Eunice Lanpher
Clown	Ray Davis
Heartbreaker	Clifton Matthews
Most mouth	Stanley Briggs
Pest all round sport	Julia Clark
Pest Looking	Hilda Hendricks
Pest Writer	Elisaeth Brown
Most Talented	George Woodward
Higest Bluffer	James Jones
Most likely to succeed	John Wellwood
Most Attractive	Ed. Silverbrand

I'M TELLIN' YA
NO WILL!

WAKES

BOYS
LIKE MY
OLIVES

GOT ANY
CIDER
JIM HENRY?



R. DAVIS '33





JOKES

Jack Wheatley: "What are you writing?"

Ray Davis: "A letter to my girl."

Jack Wheatley: "Why do you write so slowly?"

Ray Davis: "Because she can't read very fast."

Prof. Gardner: (in Geology class) "The earth is really as smooth as an orange; that is, speaking roughly."

Wellwood: "I understand Matthews has a charming lady friend."

Silverbrand: "Yes? Who is she charming now?"

Prof. Spangenburg: (reading theme) "A person developing only the educational side of his life is a social bore and as useless to society as a shell without powder."

W. Silverbrand: "Women are never useless then."

Everett Mayo: "I want, I want, I simply want a good girl, very bad."

Boarder: "I haven't slept a wink all night on account of the insects."

Landlady: "Oh, sir, you're mistaken. We haven't a single one in the house."

Boarder: "No, they're all married and have large families."

Prof. Spangenburg: "Never abbreviate dates, etc. when writing formal social notes."

Briggs: "I never abbreviate a date, anyway."

C. L. : "Miss Strickland is a man-hater."

N.C.: "Really?"

C.L.: "Yes, she hates to be without them."

Mr. Fewitt (In Geometry class): "The line AB is the perpendicular bisector of the line CP."



Mr. Locke: "I'd like to have Francis Davis for a tutor."
Mr. Mayo: "Why, doesn't your own horn work?"

Prof. Haas (leading singing in chapel) "We will stand on
the chord."

Teko Angell: "Say, I'm not a tight rope walker."

Mr. Wycoff: , asking Mr. Mann and Mr. Phillips to sing
"Some Day the Silver Cord will Break",
said, "Ebbie, will you and Ed. sing "Some
Day the Silver Cord Will Break together."

Dr. Knapp: "Whoever marries Jack Wheatley will get the
best of the wheat."

Prof. Gardner: "Oh, what a bum crop."

Howard Randall, (tearing down thru traffic at a dangerous
speed), "Well, the Lord is with us anyway."

Ray Davis (clutching his seat in terror), "Yes, but he
wont be much longer if you don't quit such
driving."

Hilda Fendricks, (after finishing eating in a cafeteria),
"Do we take the dishes back?"

Friggs: "I guarantee we have enough jokes for the "Green
Book."

T. Angell: "Yes, there are thirty in the class."

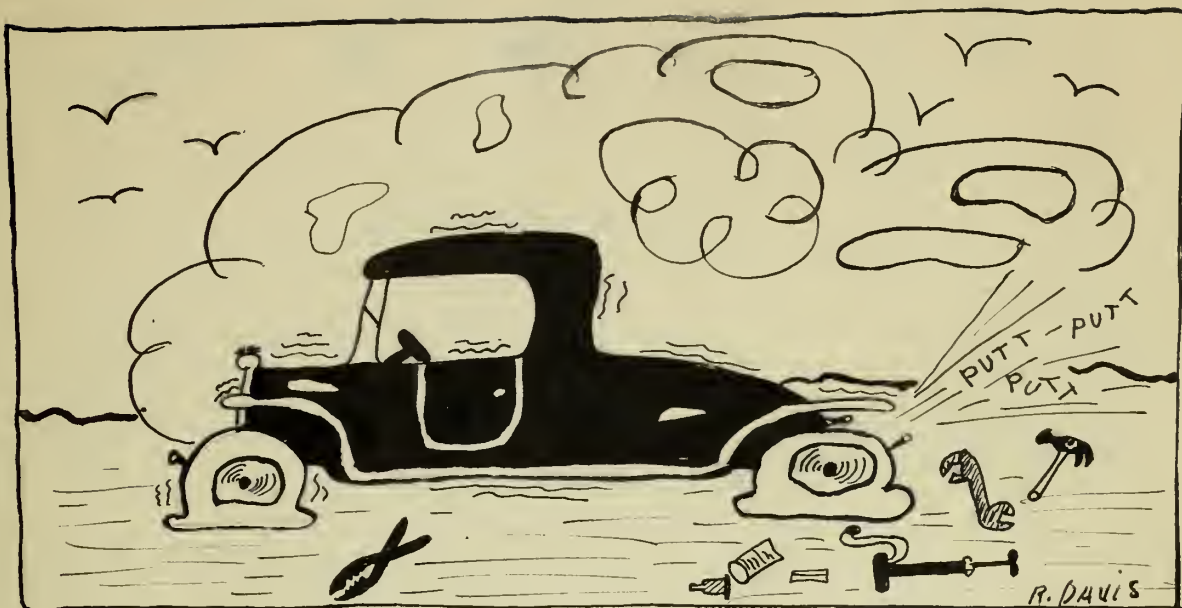
MR. Mayo: "You wouldn't believe that my baby picture was
beautiful."

Prof. Wilson: "Why don't you have it enlarged?"

A.C. "How can you study when your room mate is typing?"

Violet Balduf: "I can read a chapter between clicks."

Miss Currie says that just because a fortification is a
large fort a ratification isn't a large rat.



FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING



THE SUB-WAITER DOES HIS BEST



Francis Davis: "What makes the leaves of this book stick together?"

J. Jones: "They're bound to do that."

Pradley: "I have a Ford; what kind of a car have you."

Miss Bloomquist: "A Packard."

Pradley: "Well, that's a good car, too."

Teko Angell was late to class one morning. A class mate who had seen him running, afterwards asked him if he was late.

"No," he said, "they were all sitting in their seats waiting for me."

Eriggs: "How do you tell the age of turkeys?"

J. Clark: "By the teeth."

Eriggs: "Turkeys have no teeth."

J. Clark: "No, but I have."

"My plate is damp," complained Miss Wight.

"Push," whispered Miss Smith, "that's the soup."

My Vergil 'tis of thee
Short road to lunacy
O'er thee I rave.
Another month or so
Of studying I know
Will send me straight below
Into my grave.

Kearny Kardinal.





Prof. Mann: "Did you ever see the sun rise?"

Prof. Angell: (proud of son, Teko) "Yes, every day
this summer at noon."

Ann: "Isn't this one of the oldest golf courses in the
country?"

Slim: "What makes you think so?"

Ann: "I just heard a man say he went around in 76."

Prof. Spangenberg: "I wonder if you are acquainted with
'Pathetic Fallacies'."

Briggs: "All my fallacies are pathetic."

Professor Spangenberg: "That's probably true, but this
is a particular kind."

Andy Y.- "I'm not going to school any more."

Bradley: "Why not?"

Andy Y - "I can't learn anything, the teachers change the
lessons every day."

Prof. Angell: "What does A.D. mean?"

Marian Sinclair: "It means Anti-Deluvian."

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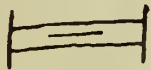
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GIRLS' DORMITORY

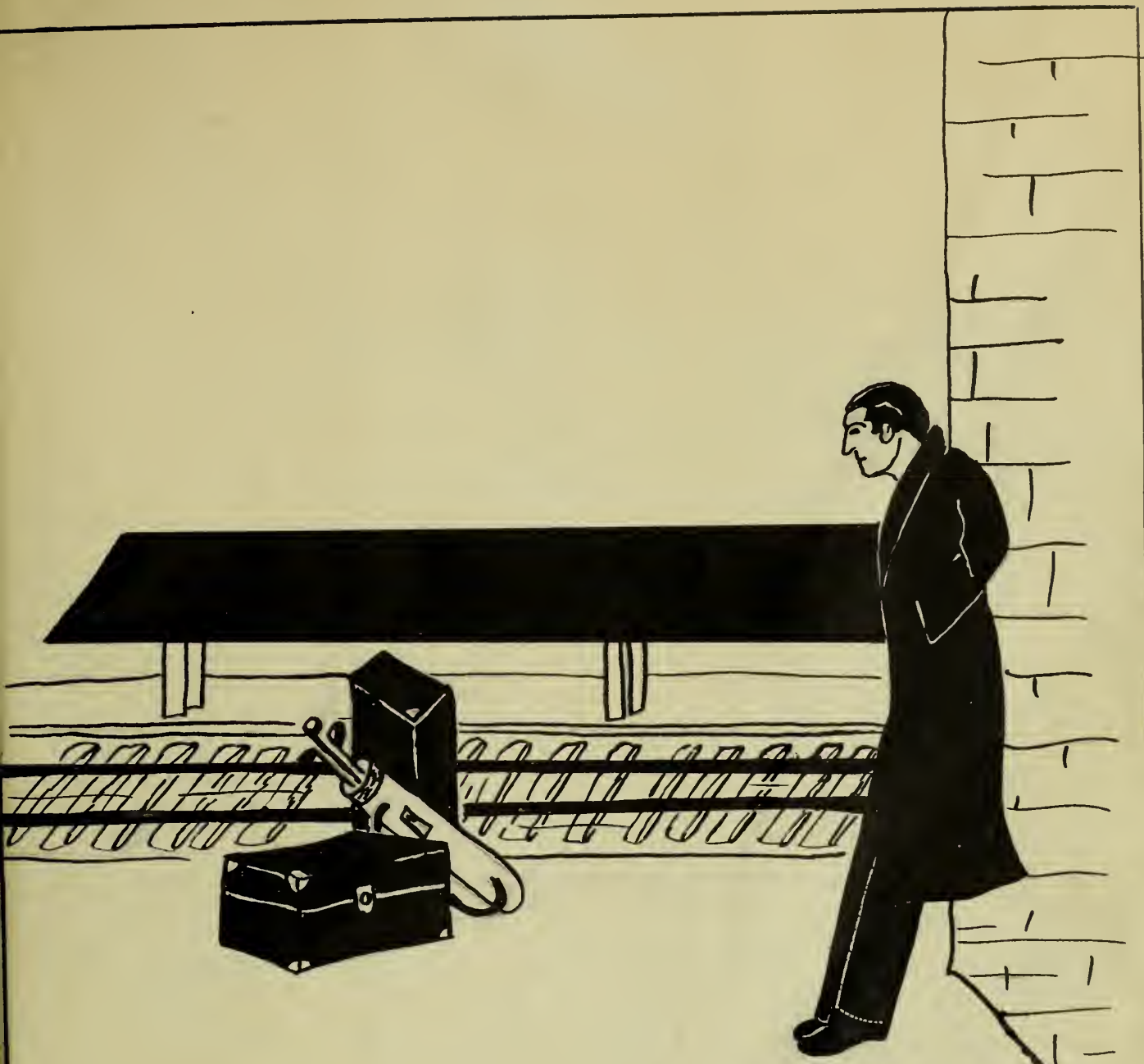
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Whenever I have time;

And if you want love letters written

I'll put them into rhyme.

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THE END

R.T.O



