

N. W.

1914

S. A.

Noun, pronoun, adjective, or adverb,
Or all put together which will tell
Enough of this class we love so well.
But tell us, why do they call us green,
That we are not so is plainly seen.

In basket ball it's a sight to see
The basket shot by our own Eddie.
Starr shoots baskets also,
And Williard is not slow,
And Staska and Joe are right there, too.
As Seniors they'll make all teams skiddo.
In not only that do we excel,
But in many other things as well.
So, though very *fresh* we all may seem,
We want you to know, we are not *green*.

Limmericks from the Freshman Gazette

Blanche Morrison, a young lass so sweet,
Is fond of a Senior lad so neat.
When requested to play,
She will always obey,
And, of course, he thinks this quite a treat.

There was a young lady named Nettum.
The fellows, she always could get 'em.
When asked why it is so,
She replied, "I don't know
For it's true I never do pet 'em."

There is a brilliant fellow named Ross.
When asked to recite, he won't get cross.
He's a dinger I say,
And expects his own way,
For he always thinks he is the boss.

Of Peggy we Freshies are all proud.
On her face, there is never a cloud.
When she's asked to recite,
She is all in a fright,
But she's a jolly sport in a crowd.

There is a Freshie whose name is Starr.
His lessons are always up to par.
And to play basket ball,
He's the best of us all.
His fame will soon be known near and far.

We have in our class a boy named Paul.
He is almost as thick as he's tall.
Out courting he will go,
And is surely not slow.
But he won't ask her dad, that is all.