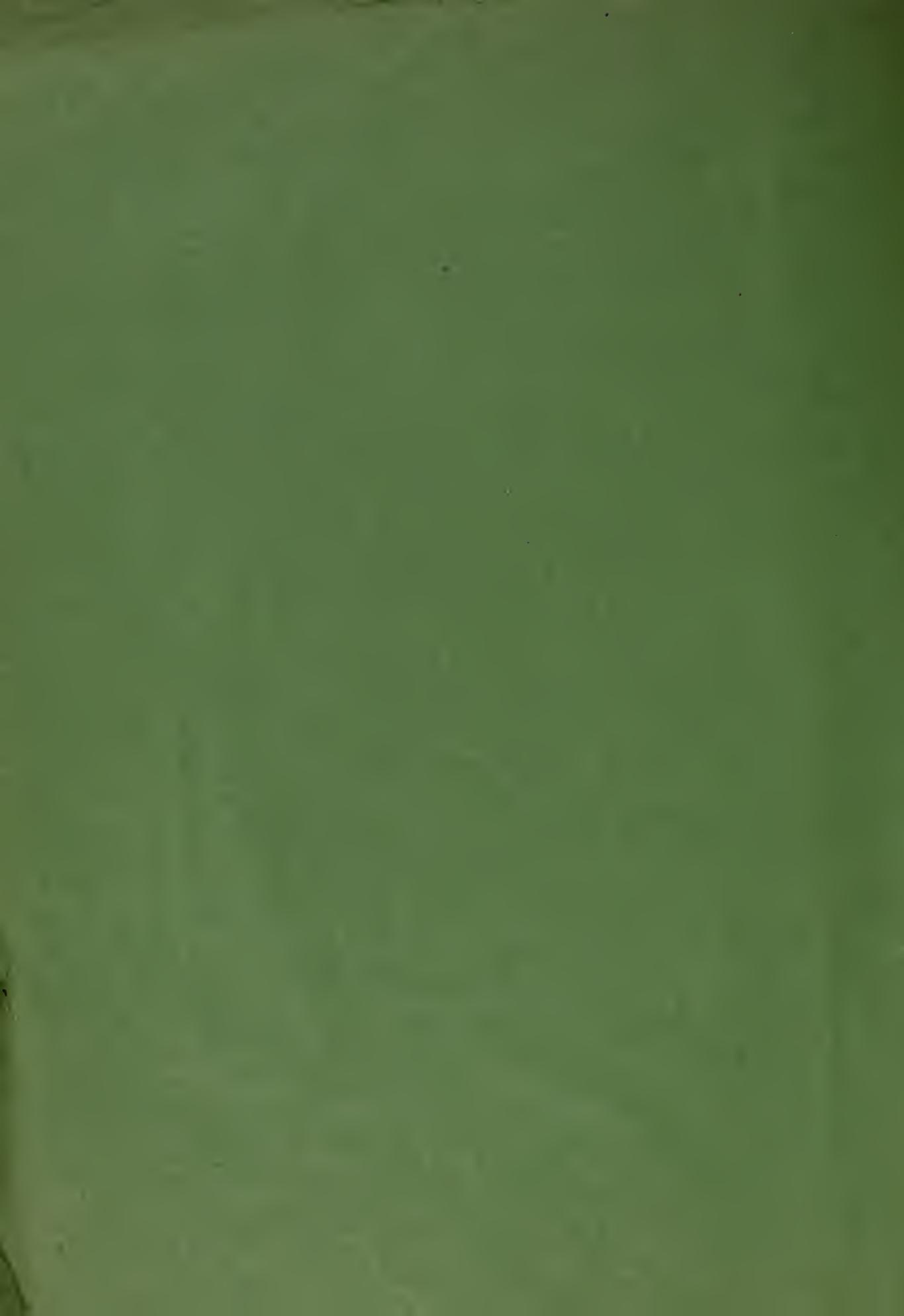


A piece of yellowed, torn paper is pasted onto a dark green background. The paper has a jagged, irregular edge on the right side. In the upper left corner of the paper, there is a small, roughly triangular red mark. At the bottom of the paper, the words "GREEN BOOK" are printed in a bold, black, serif font. The paper shows signs of age and wear, with some discoloration and small holes.

GREEN BOOK



THE RHETORIC CLASS

- I. Professor Spangenberg
- II. Helen Emery
- III. Harvey Blaney
- IV. Cora Herrschaft
- V. Ivan Beckwith
- VI. Nellie Cummins
- VII. Leora Martin
- VIII. Ella Mae Strickland
- IX. Joe Knutson
- X. Anna French
- XI. Buell Fuller
- XII. Gertrude Thomas
- XIII. *Georgie Munro*

This is not the complete list of the class.

THE RHETORIC CLASS



II.



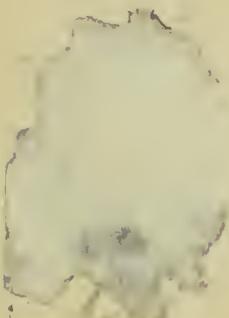
III.



IV.



I



V.



VIII.



VI.



VII.



XIII



IX



X.



XI



XII.

We are sorry that this is not complete.



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Joke Editor	IVAN BECKWITH
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Business Manager	JOE KNUTSON
Assistant	EDWARD ANNIS
Typist	DOROTHY BUTTERWORTH

FOREWORD

DESIRING AT LEAST TO UP-
HOLD THE STANDARDS ALREADY SET
BY FORMER CLASSES, WE SUBMIT FOR
YOUR CRITICISM AND AMUSEMENT THE
RESULTS OF OUR FIRST LITERARY
EFFORTS.

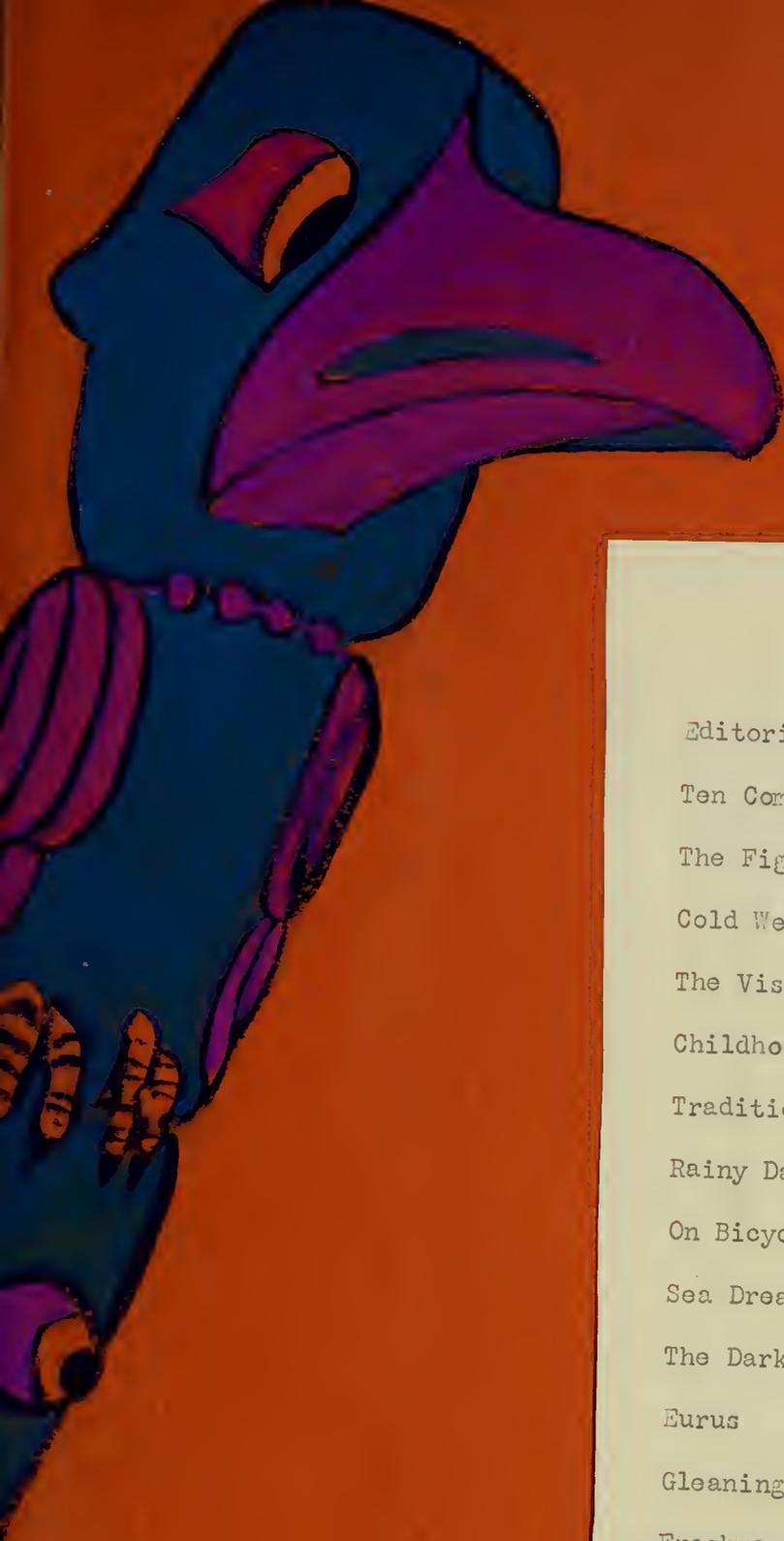


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Jokes	
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Cars	George Bowers
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EDITORIAL

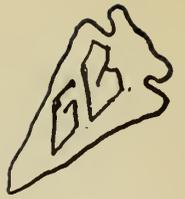
"He love'd chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye."

So Chaucer described an ideal knight.

We do not hear of the college man of today, clad in shining armor and fighting duals as did the knights of old, nor searching for the Holy Grail, nor embarking on some mysterious journey to prove his devotion and loyalty to the lady of his choice. We do not expect nor desire it. What we do want is the qualities of the true knight reflected in the every-day life of the modern man.

Does the granting of a degree mean that the receiver is now fully prepared for his life work, and that he possesses the characteristics of a knight? Not necessarily. Though college is the place to develop such traits, it is also the place where too often they are neglected.

To be concrete now, in a small college such as our own, where we know our faculty members so well, do we not forget that due to their position we should show them respect and be courteous always? There is also the relationship of student to student. Daily we are together. We walk on the same sidewalks, eat at the same tables, go to the same classrooms, all absorbed in our own purposes. Our familiarity tends to make us forget little acts of courtesy that are



common in good society.

The stranger, seeing us in some public place, does not know that we may be able to converse in German, to quote Chaucer or Virgil, or to discuss some profound philosophical problem. He sees our actions, our manners, or the lack of them. We do not want learning without courtesy, nor courtesy without learning. We need both.

In the midst of our hurry and hard work for a degree, let us remember the words of Emerson: "Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy."

LITERARY





TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS

- I. Love, honor, and obey with sincerity those who are in authority over you.
- II. Conduct yourself at all times as a gentleman or a lady.
- III. Keep the interests of the school at heart, and maintain an attitude of unswerving loyalty toward your Alma Mater.
- IV. Do not procrastinate, for "procrastination is the thief of time."
- V. Be always willing to sacrifice the better for the best.
- VI. Take an active part in all school functions, and respond to all requests to help.
- VII. Do not abuse social privileges.
- VIII. Put God first, others second, and yourself last.
- IX. Work for approval, not for applause.
- X. Keep your goal ever before you.

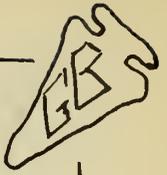


THE FIGHT

The sun set and the silvery moon shone down on the sandy clearing on the hill-top. Under a tall pine I sat hidden in the black shadow. I was alone, away from my fellow campers, and looking down upon the world.

Suddenly from the edge of the clearing I heard a rustle. It might have been the wind, and yet there was no wind. I looked in the direction of the sound and tried to peer into the dark mass of scrub oak. A dusky form was emerging. It came out noiselessly; out from the dark mass, out into the bright moonlight, a bay lynx. It started to cross the opening, its tufted ears sticking straight up toward the sky, its glaring eyes fixed straight ahead. Suddenly it stiffened, froze in its tracks as though it had been turned to stone by the touch of a wand. The bushes stirred on the other side of the clearing and a head appeared through the brush. It was another bearded face; another lynx with ears set back. A stealthy paw appeared and then another. The second lynx glided into the clearing.

Hardly had the bushes closed behind it when an angry snarl broke the silence of the night. The new lynx, the larger of the two, froze where he stood. They glared at each other. Neither moved. Again the angry snarl, this time returned with one equally fierce. The larger lynx

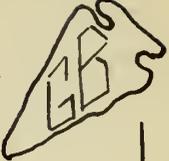


took a step forward, again the snarl and again the answer, this time a little louder, a little more ferocious than before. Another step and the snarl rose to a scream, a scream almost human, like the last scream of a drowning woman. Scream after scream rent the night air. Step by step the big lynx drew nearer the other until their noses almost touched.

They stood with ears flattened against their heads, their short tails switching from side to side, howling in each other's faces as though the one was daring the other to strike the first blow. Then like a flash there was action. It was impossible to tell which jumped first. It was like a whirlwind. Fur flew. Tiny dark patches appeared on the sand. The air was filled with blood-curdling screams. They fought with all four feet. Each strove to gain the under position. All about the clearing they rolled--a furry ball of fury. The howling, hissing, fighting mass rolled straight toward me. I sprang to my feet. I cried out. The fight stopped as quickly as it had started. The two great cats vanished in different directions.

The silvery moon shone down on the sandy clearing on the hill-top. I sat under a tall pine, hidden in the black shadow. I was alone, away from my fellow campers, looking down on the world.

B. R. F.



COLD WEATHER

Blue Monday could never be as blue as last Tuesday was cold. Even the ring of the alarm clock sounded cold to me as I cuddled further into my warm snug bed. Of course, this couldn't last all day and I finally got up. I shivered into my clothes, shivered down to breakfast, and shivered to my classes. Everywhere I saw shriveled up figures, racing here and there, stamping their feet and shivering. Now and then between chilly chatters came "Oo-oo, it's co-ld." It seemed to me that my brain must have frozen, for I could not collect my thoughts to study. I finally went to my room. There, to my disgust, I found I had not closed my window. The icy air crept around me, making chills run up and down my back-bone, till, studies forgotten, I crept into my cosy bed, to be warmed by its billowy blankets.

L. M.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun.

Milton



THE VISION

All is black.

Black is the sky above.

Black is the earth beneath our feet.

We are afraid our Lord to meet.

We have not eternal love.

All is light.

Bright is the light that was dim.

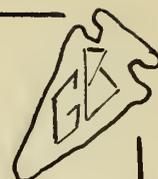
We have entered the glorious fight.

We're not afraid of Death's dark night.

We have gained a vision of Him.

I. B.

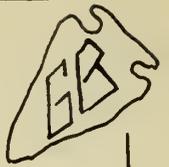
CHILDHOOD MEMORIES



One of the greatest pleasures of my childhood was to visit grandmother. I used to love to go early in the morning and stay all day. She always had some special goodies for me--and her candy jar was never empty.

Grandmother had a phonograph. In my estimation that phonograph was the most wonderful instrument ever made. I loved to listen to stirring band music. Grandmother had quite a few German marches, which were my favorites. During the war these records were all put in the cellar. How well I remember the delightful feeling of wickedness I had one afternoon as I crept down the cellar stairs, found the records, and persuaded my brother to play "The Watch on the Rhine." Much to my disappointment nothing happened. I had thought at least we would all be arrested for being unpatriotic.

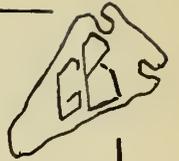
On rainy days I used to love to dress up. The quantity of clothes and old curtains I could drape on my small person was quite amazing. The cat and dog also came in for their share of dressing up. Poor, patient pussy would go to sleep while I dressed her, and would lay quite peaceably in my doll's carriage while I dressed the dog. He would squirm and wriggle, and as soon as I had finished would tear about the house, nipping at his decorations and barking excitedly. He would continue this until puss became annoyed. Down she



would jump, and then they'd race through the rooms, first puss after Rex, and then Rex after puss, until their attire was in shreds all over the house. The place was never the same after a rainy day!

Many children like to make impertinent remarks. I was no exception to this rule. One day an uncle came to visit us. He was always very precise and particular about his speech and actions, and to me seemed not quite human. My two brothers and I sat on the divan as he entered. "How do you do," he said, very formally. Before anyone else could speak I chirped, "I do as I please when my Mother isn't around." He gave me a cold look and said, "I was speaking to your brothers, not to you." I was not at all disturbed by his look or words, and the impish grins on my brothers' faces convinced me I had said something clever. After uncle left, all three of us started to tell Mother the story at the same time. Mother did not think it was at all clever or funny. After she finished talking to me I didn't either!

C. L. H.



TRADITION

"This is the girls' table," said the librarian to a new student as he had just seated himself at one of the two similar tables in the reading room. "Pardon me," was his embarrassed reply, as he moved to the next table.

These two tables are alike in appearance. They are made of the same kind of wood and have the same style and finish. And yet there is something strangely different about them. Almost sacredly, they are the "girls' table" and the "boys' table." Why? Simply because when these two tables were first placed in the reading room, a girl sat at one, and a boy at the other. As good New Englanders we have been true to tradition ever since.

A. F.

If it be aught toward the general good
Set honor in one eye and death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Shakespeare



RAINY DAYS

Some rainy days are most conducive to the blues. The leaden skies and the howling wind remind one that winter is on its way, with its bare trees, frosty atmosphere and slushy streets. On such a day I dislike being out of doors.

Then again, there are rainy days that are most cheerful. The patter of the rain on the roof makes me long for an open fireplace, some popcorn and a good book. Given these three, I ask nothing more. After my eyes grow weary from reading I like to put on my oldest clothes, slicker and rain boots, and tramp through the country, feeling the wind and the rain in my face.

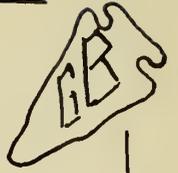
There are rainy days and rainy days.

C. H.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Let me not live, after my flame lacks oil,
To be the scoff of meaner spirits.

ON BICYCLES

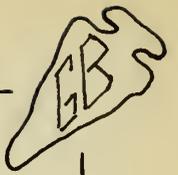


There sits your dolls and all your toys, but you are not playing with them. You never did care very much about your dolls. You just wish and wish Jimmie would come over with his bicycle. His bicycle is red. You always did like a red one. Jimmie lets you ride his sometimes.

Oh, here he comes now on his bicycle. You know you'll have a lot of fun to-day, because you can give Jimmie the two pennies you just got for going to the store for Mrs. Finks. You know Jimmie will want some candy. Whenever you have something he wants, that means you get lots of rides. Sometimes he even gives you a ride for nothing.

You call Jimmie and tell him you have two pennies, but you bet he can't guess what you are going to do with them. He says, "Sure, you want a ride." He must be smart to have guessed it the very first time. You get twenty rides around the block, which is a big one. As you ride off, your feet hardly touch the peddles, because Jimmie's bicycle is almost too big for you. You feel so funny inside. At last you finish your ride, and give the wheel to Jimmie.

If there was only some way you could get a bicycle, but you are little and there are lots of little brothers and sisters, and you know what that means when you are poor. But some day when you get big you are going to get one. A red



one like Jimmie's. It's too bad they cost so much money. If they would just cost as much as a doll, you would save your money you get for running errands. But, you would be too old when you had saved enough money. But maybe your Dad would get rich soon. Then you could have a bicycle, because your Dad said so.

Sometimes you get lots of rides. The girls next door have boy friends that have bicycles, and when they are not looking you steal their wheels. They don't care much; all they want to do is to talk to their girls. It is dark, but what do you care? You are on a bicycle, and if anything should come to get you, you would ride fast. You would sooner ride than anything else.

Sometimes you would go days without being on a bicycle. It was terrible. You would tell Mother, if you had a bicycle, you would go to the store twice as quickly as you do when you have to walk all the way there and back. You would tell Dad that a bicycle would make you so happy you would just run any errand without saying a single word. Oh, if you just had a bicycle.

One night after supper your Dad calls you to him and asks you just how good you would be if he would get you something nice for your birthday. You scarcely breathe because you know it is a bicycle. Something tells you it is. You tell him you will be real, real, real good. He then promises



you a bicycle. You and Mother are to go down town and get
it. You get a red one, but a lot prettier than Jimmie's.

That night you ride a bicycle all night in your sleep.

E. M. S.

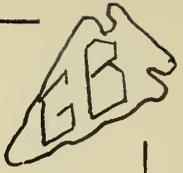
THE LADYSLIPPER

Pick not the dainty slipper,
When you find one, let it be.
For it fits a fairy princess,
And was not made for thee.

'Twas hung there by a fairy,
When her evening dance was done.
The morning dews have washed it,
And it's drying in the sun.

When you find a pretty slipper,
To you 'tis a wondrous prize,
But to pick it is naught but robbing,
When seen through a fairy's eyes.

B. R. F.



SEA DREAMS

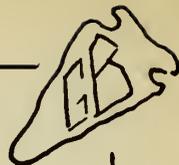
The swish, swish of the tiny waves, a faint rustle as the breeze shifts the sea-weed further up the beach, the flapping of a loose furlled sail, and out from the darkness we feel the magnetic power of the sea. It soothes away the cares of life and plays with our imagination. We become adventurers sailing unknown seas, captains fighting noted battles, pirates burying captured gold. We see strange sights in foreign lands. We hear the soft strains of guitars.

We close our eyes. The dream is gone. Again the cares of life come trooping back.

B. F.

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Shakespeare



THE DARK

"Ma, can't she's get into she's own cot?" a sleepy voice called down to Mother. It was my youngest brother. Of course he would want his own bed. It is silly of girls to be afraid of the dark. I had a bed of my very own. But it was in a big room. When it was dark, creepy shadows played on the wall. Sometimes Mother let me stay in the boys' room, 'til they came up. That was nearer her and I could hear them talking. And if anyone should come to take me off, I could holler and they would hear me.

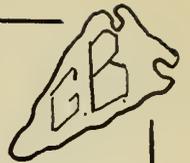
"Yes, Anna must get into her own bed now," Mother answered. I crept carefully to my own room. He might be hiding in back of the curtains along the wall, that covered the clothes. Sometimes it looked as if he were there ready to grab me. At last I reached my bed. If only I could get to sleep. Then I wouldn't care if they did take me away. I shouldn't know anything about it. But wouldn't Mother and Daddy cry when they found I was gone. They would miss me. There wouldn't be any girl in the house--just my brothers. They wouldn't care if I were taken away. I know they wouldn't. Just today they called me "Red Head", and pulled my hair.

What does make it look so awful dark and scary

Reynolds +
Lynnes

2





around Daddy's big desk? A man could hide there so easily and then jump out at me. Oh, if I could get to sleep. I breathe quietly lest he hear me.

"Anna, Anna, time to get up."

I open my eyes and see my own room. Everything is just as it was. Funny about the dark.

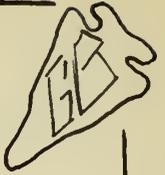
A. F.

THE HOME-LEAVING

To gather all into one small trunk, to look into a care-worn face and tear-stained eyes, to gaze at the white rose arbour and little home where first consciousness came upon me, then slowly to say good-bye--that is the home-leaving.

V. B.

EURUS



Blithe Eurus is blowing the leaves from the trees,

And he's rattling my window pane.

Now between each tap he is trying to tell

Of the coming of snow again.

But I will be happy while yet it is time,

While the sun still smiles on the earth.

I'll let Eurus blow his sharp breath in my face,

And answer him back with my mirth.

I'll walk through the woods with the squirrels by my side.

I, too, shall be happy and free.

My heart shall be glad as my brisk little friends

Now chitter, now chatter to me.

I'll hike to the hills, rudely rimmed with rough rocks

And climb to the top in my glee.

There exalted alone with God I shall look

At the scenes He reveals to me.

I'll stroll by the sea, surging up to my feet,

And gaze o'er the rolling surf.

I'll let Eurus blow his sharp breath in my face,

And answer him back with my mirth.

L. M.

GLEANINGS



Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

Shakespeare

There is no man suddenly either excellently good, or extremely evil.

Sir Philip Sydney

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

Francis Bacon

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Robert Burns

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Spencer

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Shakespeare

"Askest, 'How long thou shalt stay?
Devastator of the day'!"

Emerson

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Taylor

And look before you, e'er you leap,
For as you sow y'are like to reap.

Butler

For we that live to please, must please to live.

Johnson

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He, who would search for pearls, must dive below.

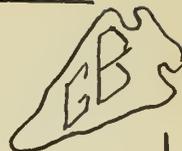
Dryden

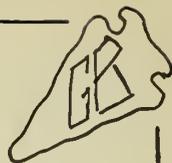
And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakespeare

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

Emerson





FRESHMAN BRIEFS

If you are not satisfied with your grade, raise it.--H. E.

One comfortable thing about a self-made man is that he can't blame the other fellow for what he is.--J. K.

Push; if you can't push, pull; if you can't pull get out of the way.--H. B.

College is where one's head is made to fit the hat he wants to wear.--L. M.

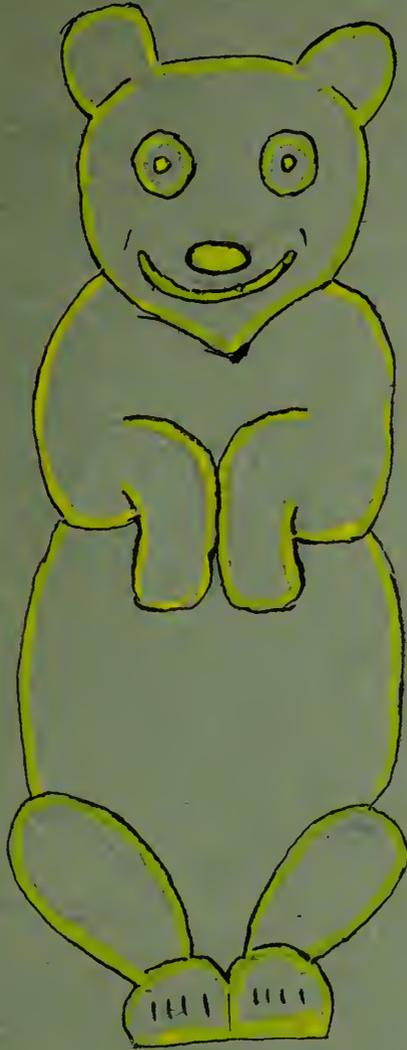
The reducer makes rules to ease her conscience, and then breaks them to please her appetite.--A. F.

An optimist is a freshman who starts his weekly theme at six o'clock Friday morning and expects to see it in the Green Book.--H. E.

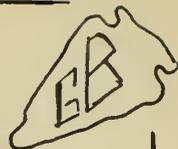
Always tell the truth, but the truth isn't always to be told.

H. B.

JOKES



THE GREEK BOOK DICTIONARY



Alphabet--A toy for children found in books, blocks, pictures and vermicelli soup. It contains twenty six letters and only three syllables.

Blush---A temporary erythema and colorific effulgence of the physiognomy, aetologized by the preceptiveness of the sensorium in a predicament of iniquilibriety, from a sense of shame, anger, or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vase-mortorial, muscular filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they become suffused with a radiance, emanating from an intimidated praecordia.

Cauliflower---A cabbage with a college education.

Dust---Mud with the juice squeezed out.

Explosion---A good chance to start at the bottom and work up.

Fishing---An heroic treatment tried by some laymen to avoid falling to sleep in church on Sunday.

Gutter---A school in which we may study the dregs of humanity or read the reflection of the stars.

History---The evil that men do.

Island---A place where the bottom of the sea sticks up through the water.

Jury---Twelve men chosen to decide who has the better lawyer.

Keepsake---Something given us by someone we've forgotten.



Lecture---An entertainment at which it costs but little to
look intelligent.

Mitten---Something a tender hearted young girl gives a young
man when she knows she is going to make it cool for him.

Neighbor---One who knows more about your affairs than yourself.

Orchard---The small boy's Eden of to-day in which the apple
again causes the fall.

Polyglot---A parrot who can swear in several languages.

Rhetoric---Language in a dress suit.

Snore---An unfavorable report from headquarters.

Tips---Wages we pay other people's hired help.

Unbosomed---A shirt just returned from the laundry.

Vulgarity---The conduct of others.

War---A wholesale means of making heroes, which, if planned
in a small way, would produce only murderers.

Yawns---The air-breaks on a sleeper.

Zealot---One who loves morality so well that he will commit
crime to maintain it.



CARS

I think that I shall never see
A car that will look good to me.

A car that always runs all day
And lets the man go where he may.

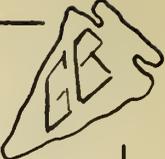
A car whose engine never sounds
Less noisy than a pack of hounds.

Upon whose shiny surface stand
Duccoed coats of brown and tan.

Cars are driven by fools like me,
But only walking men are free.

G. B.

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer.)



THOUGH THIS BE MADNESS, YET THERE'S METHOD IN IT.

"Here's to you, as good as you are,
And here's to me, as bad as I am;
But as good as you are, and as bad as I am,
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am."

Prof. Spangenberg--"What is the meaning of gossamer?"

Miss Olson--"It makes me think of a wild goose, or something
with feathers or fur."

A new music student told her room-mate that the professor
had asked her how many carrots there were in a bushel. Upon
investigation it was found that the question was, "How many
beats are there in a measure?"

Professor: "Doing any outside reading?"

Student: "No, it's too cold."

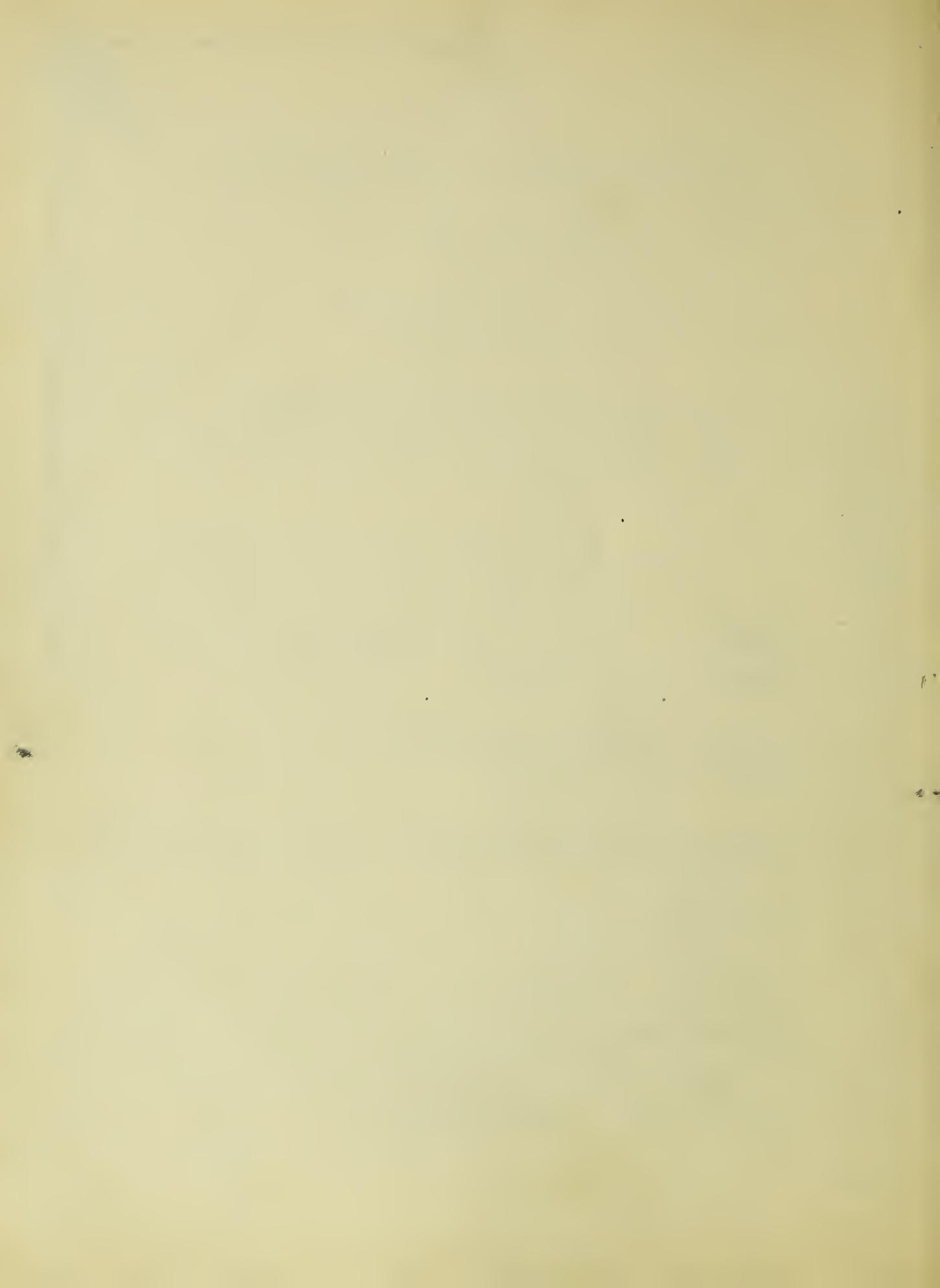
Little boy (to old man with whiskers): "Say, Mister, were you
in the Ark?"

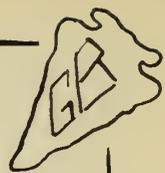
Old man: "No, my boy."

Little boy: "Then why weren't you drowned?"

Prof. Spangenberg--"We should spend some little time reviewing
punctuation. Even the brightest pupils make mistakes."

Miss Olson--"Yes, I always have trouble."





Miss Vaughn says that she got cold in her neck while doing a washing. We wonder just what it was that she washed.

"When you are asleep your forehead reminds me of a story."

"What story? 'Sleeping Beauty'?"

"No, 'Sleepy Hollow'."

Prof. Munro--"Mr. Lane, tell me just what a romance is."

Ralph Lane--"I don't know; I never had one."

Professor: "What is the chief occupation at the present time in Switzerland?"

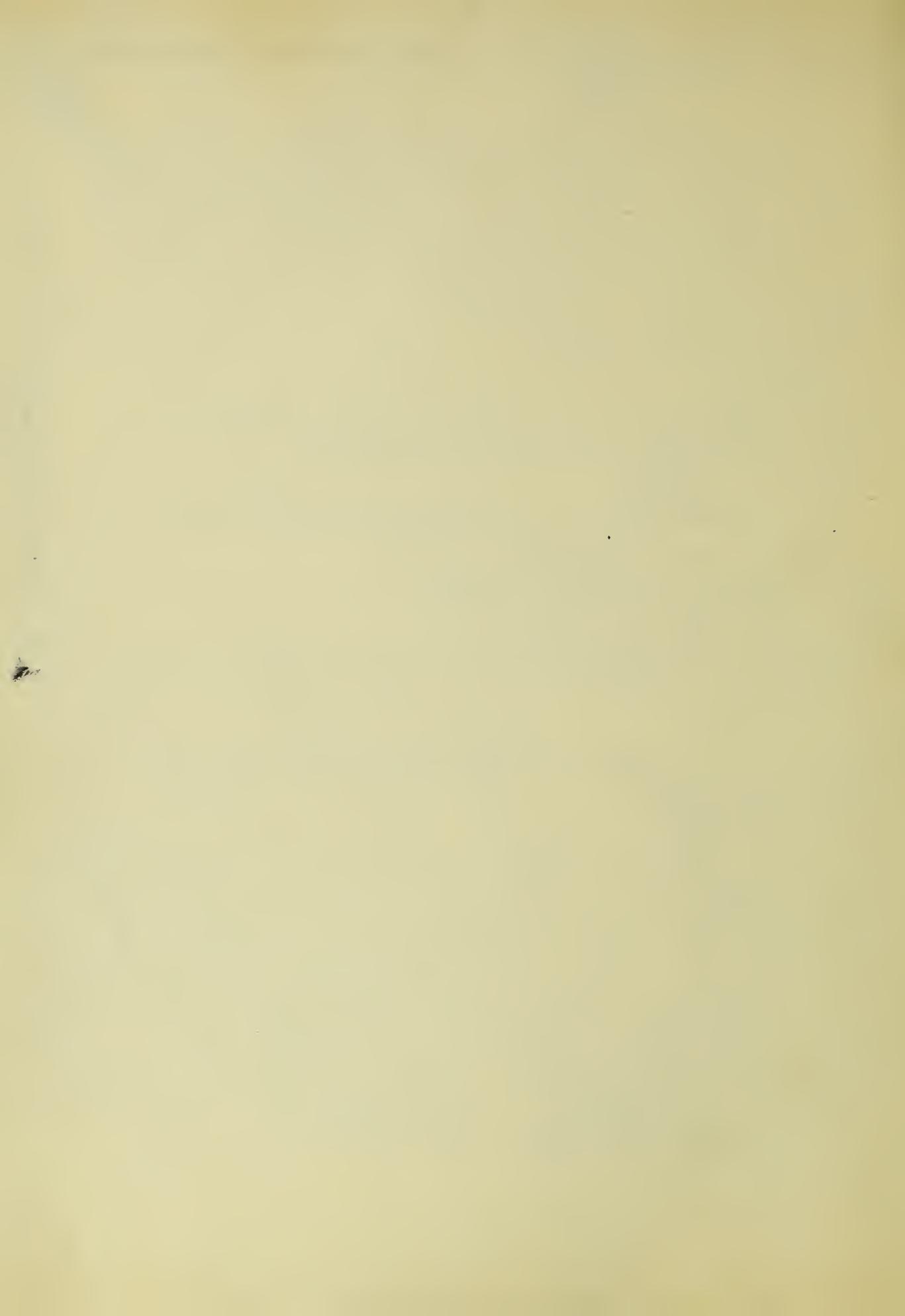
Student: "Watches and cheese."

What is going to become of us in the homeland when all these young men at E. N. C. go to India, Africa, etc.?

Johnny was in the habit of falling asleep while saying his prayers.

One night he started in as usual, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If--" and Johnny fell to sleep. His mother, wishing to help him out if he had forgotten, prompted him, "If--" Johnny awoke with a start and hurriedly finished, "If he squeels, let him go; eeney, meeney, miney, mo."

Since fat people are coming back into style, Miss Martin says that she is "tickled skinny that she's fat."



A PROBLEM.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

Some say that Eve 8 and Adam 2--a total of 10 only.

Now others figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 82; certainly the total will be 90.

Scientifically, however, we, on the theory that the antediluvians were giants, reason the thing out something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82. Total 163.

Wrong again. What would be clearer? If Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893.

Now some believe the following to be the true solution. Eve 814 Adam 8124 Eve. Total 8938.

Still another calculation. If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve. Total 82,056.

The little boy would never let a remark about his parents go unchallenged.

One Sunday afternoon a little friend taunted him about his father snoring.

"He isn't snoring," shot back Johnny; "he's dreaming about a dog and that's the dog growling."

Due to the fact that, at the present time we have seemingly arrived at the end of our jokes we will not, as you might say, go in and discuss the subject further.



How the Green Book is Made



The Art Editor
Does a few short
Sketches —

The Joke Editor
still hunts for
Jokes —



And the average
member of the class
seeks for inspiration.

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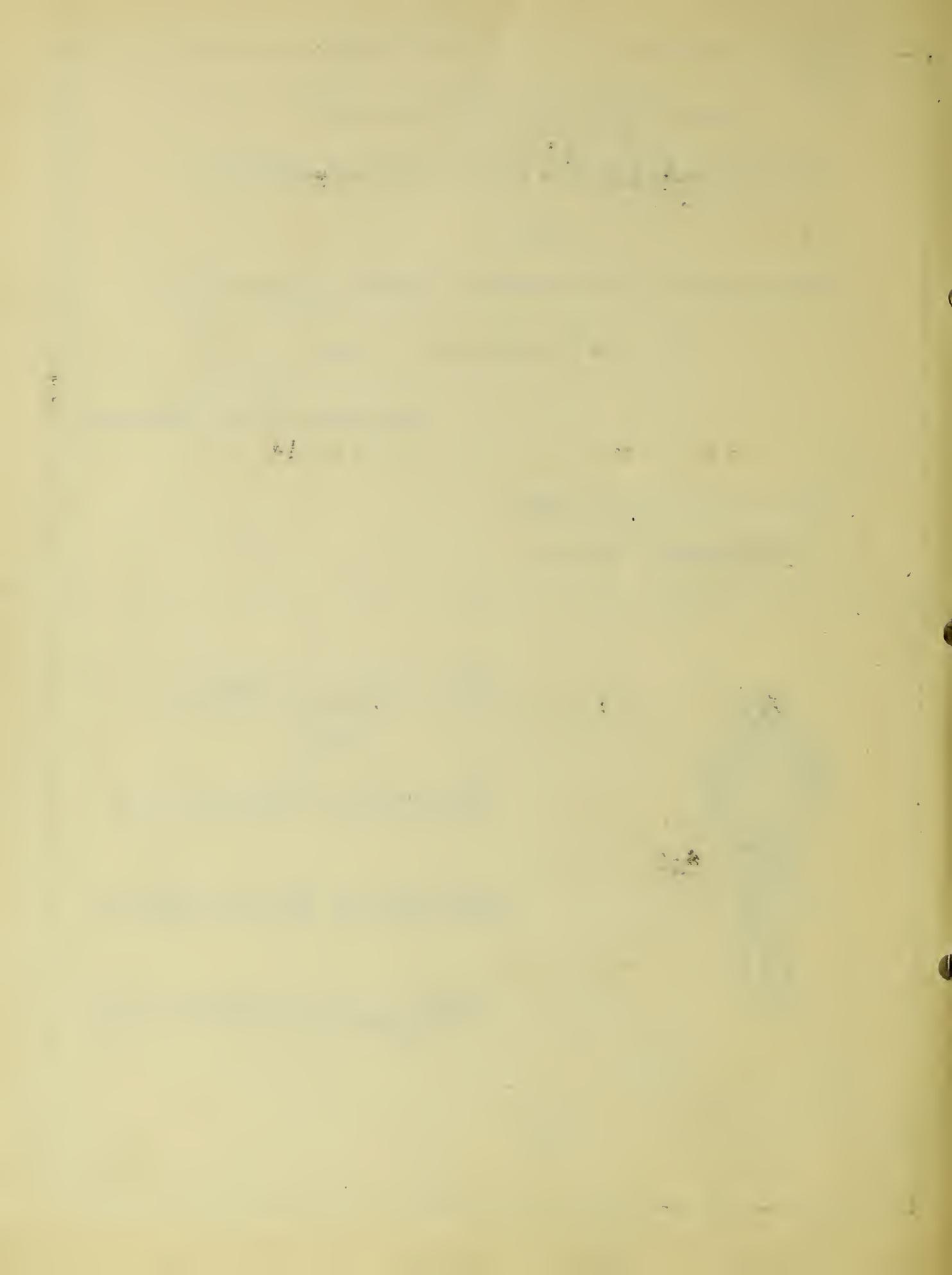


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