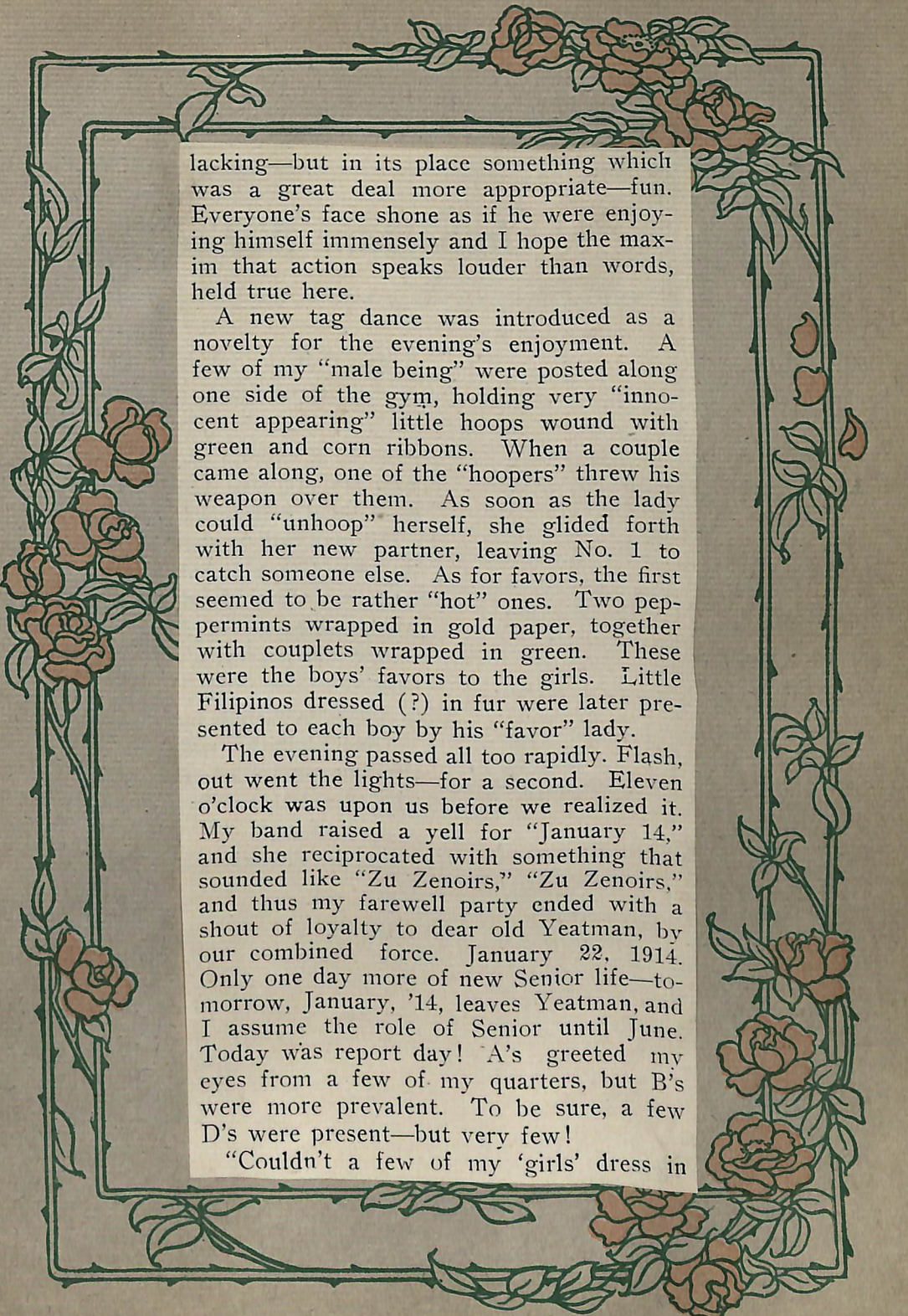


Dec. 7, 1913.—I ran to this meeting for, thought I, something exciting is afoot. It had been suggested that I give a dance in honor of January, '14, just as she had given one for me, therefore plans for the party must be made for it and this meeting was for that very purpose. Sure enough! Of course, the social committee remained as it had been and therefore any fear as to lack of "sociability" was allayed. "A Farewell Party to the Seniors" was deemed an appropriate title for the affair and preparations were begun immediately. "Be sure to be at the meeting" was a warning which went from one to another "social" part of me repeatedly.

Jan. 20, 1914.—The day of the dance! All the rumbling which had been going on for nearly a month has subsided and most all my parts are going to the party, expecting to have a splendid time.

Jan. 20, 1914 (about 11:45 p. x.).—At about a quarter of eight every part of me was "ready for the fray," but it was fully eight by the time the programs were filled and the dancing had begun. Dear old Jan. '14 and I were partners. She enjoyed every detail of the party—from the electric, Jan. '14, sign to the punch. One thing I noticed, though, which seemed most queer to me, was that fact that she was so delighted with the color scheme—green and corn. These colors were even carried out in the "thirst quencher,"—yellow punch, with green cherries.

A grand march! The first one I had ever gone through, since I was born. To be sure, the stateliness which I had always heard should accompany such an affair, was

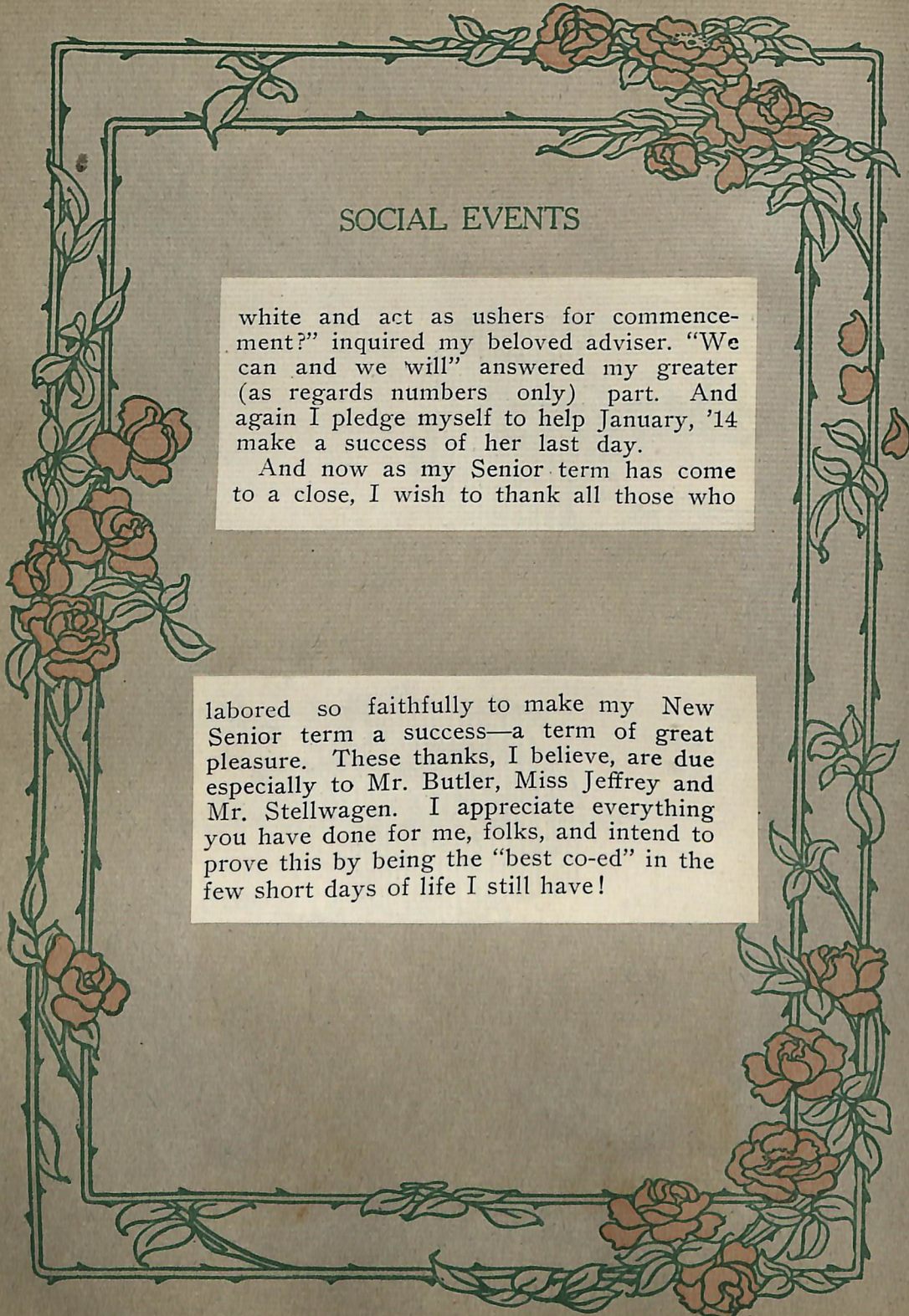


lacking—but in its place something which was a great deal more appropriate—fun. Everyone's face shone as if he were enjoying himself immensely and I hope the maxim that action speaks louder than words, held true here.

A new tag dance was introduced as a novelty for the evening's enjoyment. A few of my "male being" were posted along one side of the gym, holding very "innocent appearing" little hoops wound with green and corn ribbons. When a couple came along, one of the "hoopers" threw his weapon over them. As soon as the lady could "unhoop" herself, she glided forth with her new partner, leaving No. 1 to catch someone else. As for favors, the first seemed to be rather "hot" ones. Two peppermints wrapped in gold paper, together with couplets wrapped in green. These were the boys' favors to the girls. Little Filipinos dressed (?) in fur were later presented to each boy by his "favor" lady.

The evening passed all too rapidly. Flash, out went the lights—for a second. Eleven o'clock was upon us before we realized it. My band raised a yell for "January 14," and she reciprocated with something that sounded like "Zu Zenoirs," "Zu Zenoirs," and thus my farewell party ended with a shout of loyalty to dear old Yeatman, by our combined force. January 22, 1914. Only one day more of new Senior life—tomorrow, January, '14, leaves Yeatman, and I assume the role of Senior until June. Today was report day! A's greeted my eyes from a few of my quarters, but B's were more prevalent. To be sure, a few D's were present—but very few!

"Couldn't a few of my 'girls' dress in

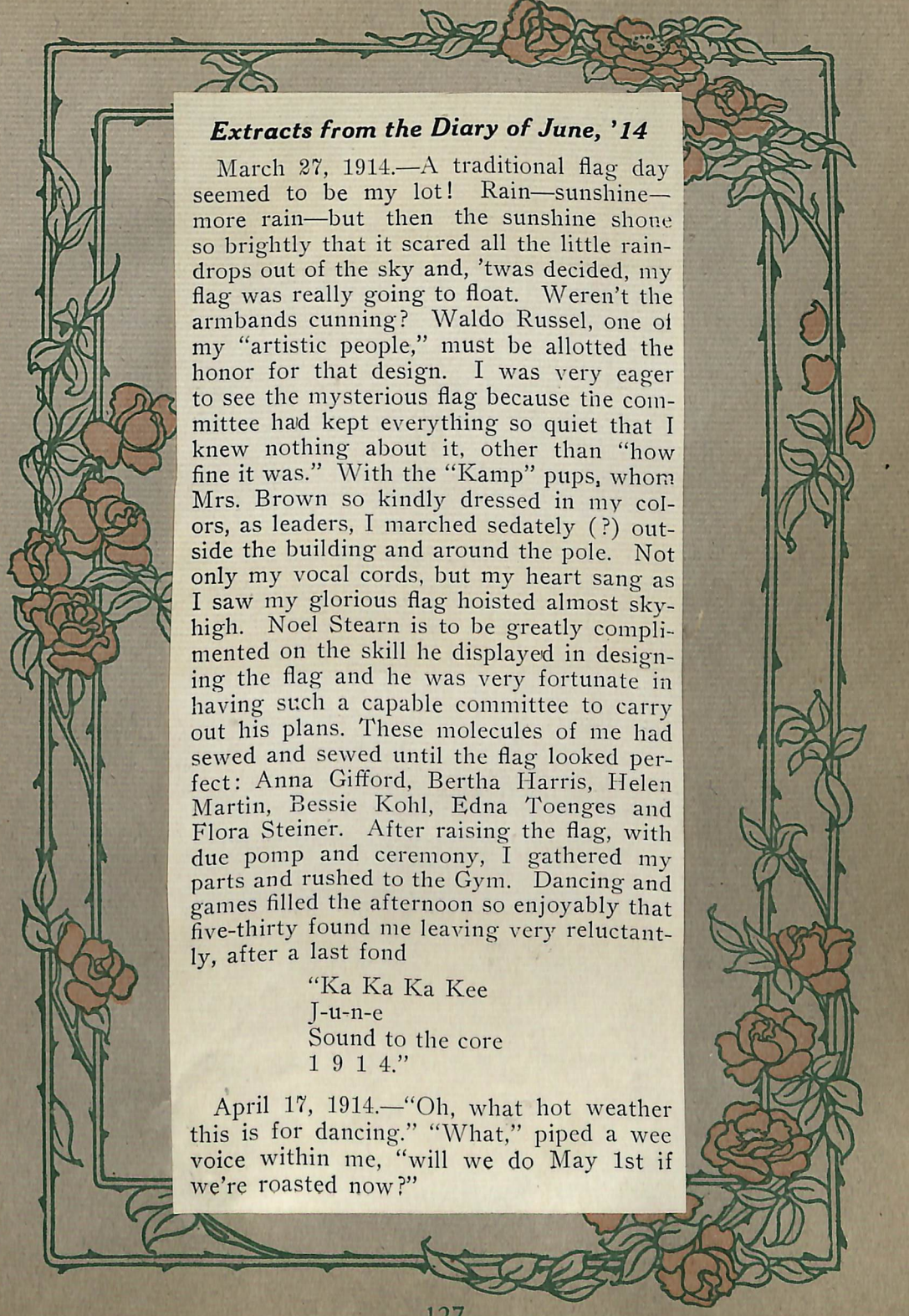


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white and act as ushers for commencement?" inquired my beloved adviser. "We can and we will" answered my greater (as regards numbers only) part. And again I pledge myself to help January, '14 make a success of her last day.

And now as my Senior term has come to a close, I wish to thank all those who

labored so faithfully to make my New Senior term a success—a term of great pleasure. These thanks, I believe, are due especially to Mr. Butler, Miss Jeffrey and Mr. Stellwagen. I appreciate everything you have done for me, folks, and intend to prove this by being the "best co-ed" in the few short days of life I still have!

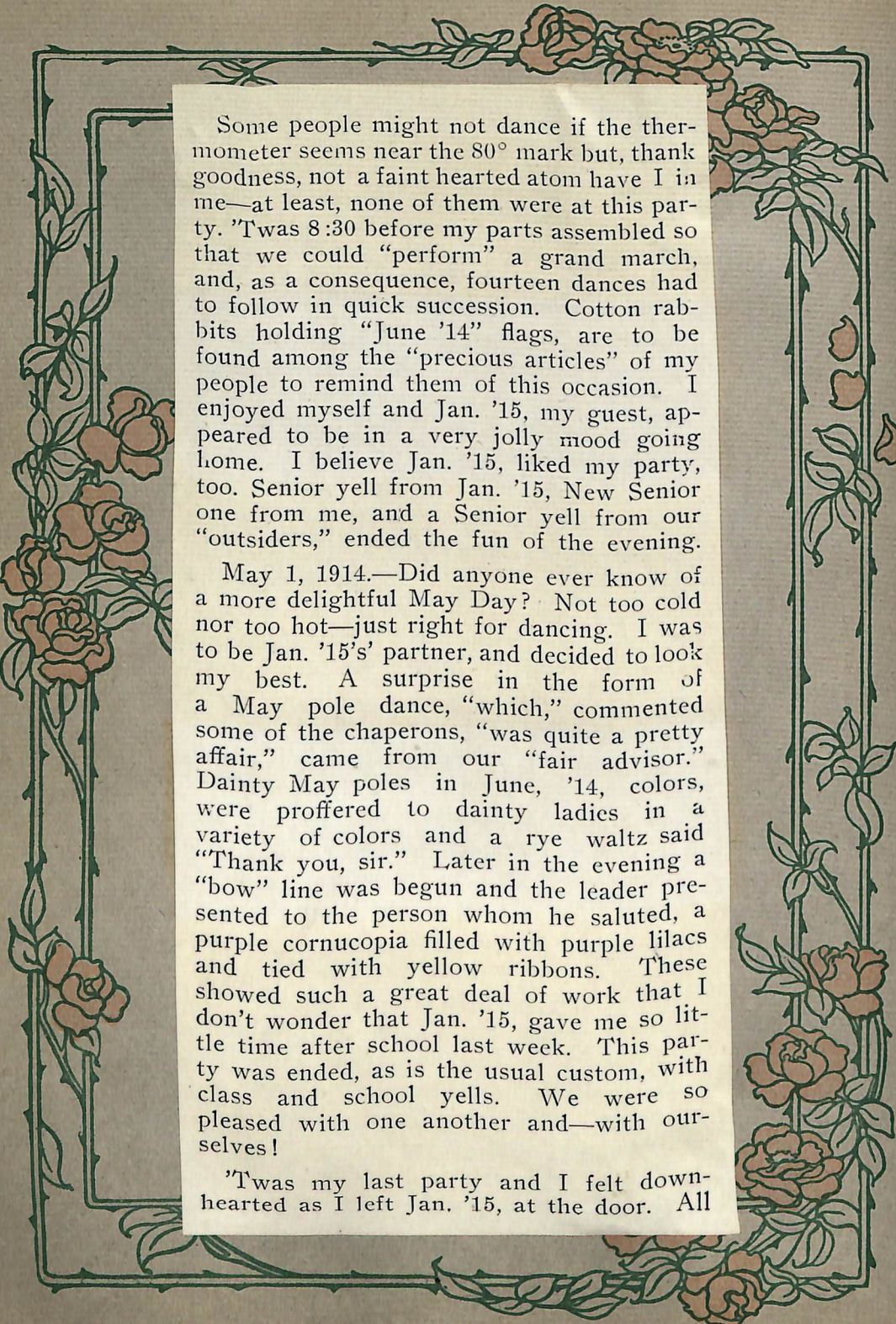


Extracts from the Diary of June, '14

March 27, 1914.—A traditional flag day seemed to be my lot! Rain—sunshine—more rain—but then the sunshine shone so brightly that it scared all the little raindrops out of the sky and, 'twas decided, my flag was really going to float. Weren't the armbands cunning? Waldo Russel, one of my "artistic people," must be allotted the honor for that design. I was very eager to see the mysterious flag because the committee had kept everything so quiet that I knew nothing about it, other than "how fine it was." With the "Kamp" pups, whom Mrs. Brown so kindly dressed in my colors, as leaders, I marched sedately (?) outside the building and around the pole. Not only my vocal cords, but my heart sang as I saw my glorious flag hoisted almost sky-high. Noel Stearn is to be greatly complimented on the skill he displayed in designing the flag and he was very fortunate in having such a capable committee to carry out his plans. These molecules of me had sewed and sewed until the flag looked perfect: Anna Gifford, Bertha Harris, Helen Martin, Bessie Kohl, Edna Toenges and Flora Steiner. After raising the flag, with due pomp and ceremony, I gathered my parts and rushed to the Gym. Dancing and games filled the afternoon so enjoyably that five-thirty found me leaving very reluctantly, after a last fond

"Ka Ka Ka Kee
J-u-n-e
Sound to the core
1 9 1 4."

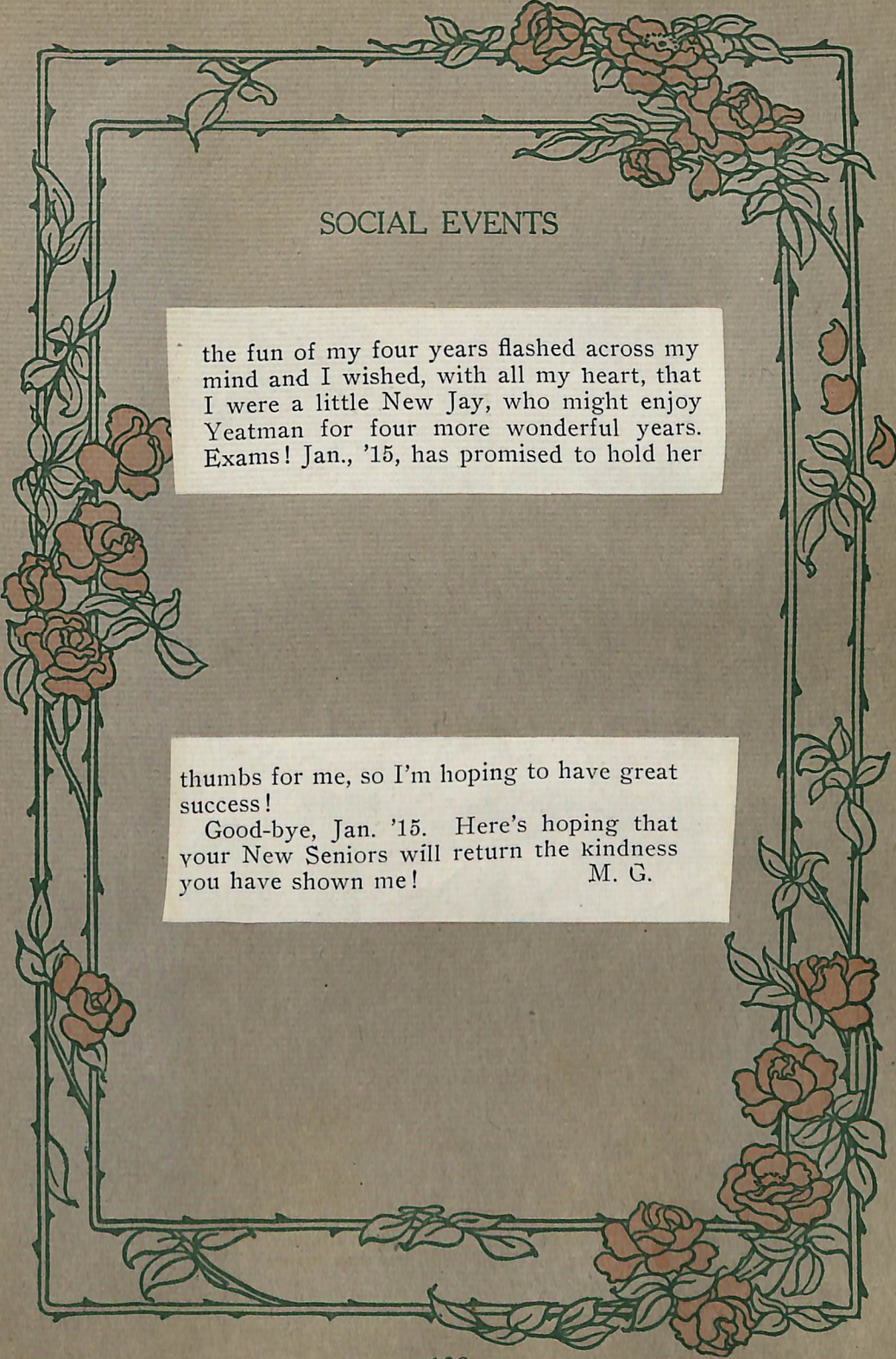
April 17, 1914.—"Oh, what hot weather this is for dancing." "What," piped a wee voice within me, "will we do May 1st if we're roasted now?"



Some people might not dance if the thermometer seems near the 80° mark but, thank goodness, not a faint hearted atom have I in me—at least, none of them were at this party. 'Twas 8:30 before my parts assembled so that we could “perform” a grand march, and, as a consequence, fourteen dances had to follow in quick succession. Cotton rabbits holding “June '14” flags, are to be found among the “precious articles” of my people to remind them of this occasion. I enjoyed myself and Jan. '15, my guest, appeared to be in a very jolly mood going home. I believe Jan. '15, liked my party, too. Senior yell from Jan. '15, New Senior one from me, and a Senior yell from our “outsiders,” ended the fun of the evening.

May 1, 1914.—Did anyone ever know of a more delightful May Day? Not too cold nor too hot—just right for dancing. I was to be Jan. '15's partner, and decided to look my best. A surprise in the form of a May pole dance, “which,” commented some of the chaperons, “was quite a pretty affair,” came from our “fair advisor.” Dainty May poles in June, '14, colors, were proffered to dainty ladies in a variety of colors and a rye waltz said “Thank you, sir.” Later in the evening a “bow” line was begun and the leader presented to the person whom he saluted, a purple cornucopia filled with purple lilacs and tied with yellow ribbons. These showed such a great deal of work that I don't wonder that Jan. '15, gave me so little time after school last week. This party was ended, as is the usual custom, with class and school yells. We were so pleased with one another and—with ourselves!

'Twas my last party and I felt downhearted as I left Jan. '15, at the door. All



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the fun of my four years flashed across my mind and I wished, with all my heart, that I were a little New Jay, who might enjoy Yeatman for four more wonderful years. Exams! Jan., '15, has promised to hold her

thumbs for me, so I'm hoping to have great success!

Good-bye, Jan. '15. Here's hoping that your New Seniors will return the kindness you have shown me!

M. G.

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The Invitation to the Dance



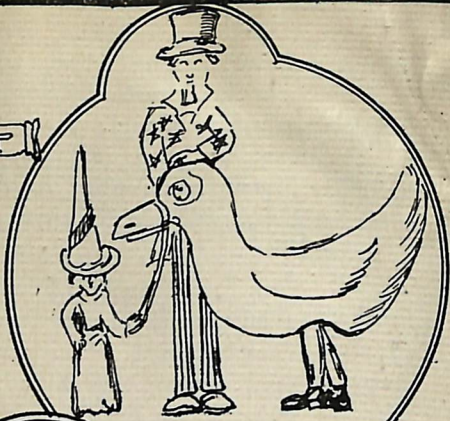
SCENES FROM "A JAPANESE GIRL"



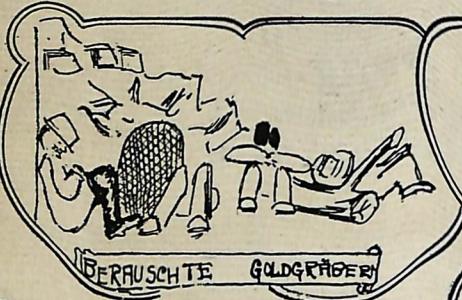
SANTA CLAUS & CHRISTKIND
STREITEN



DER RIF



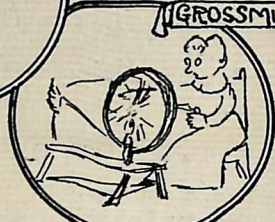
MOTHER GOOSE & UNCLE SAM



BERAUSCHTE GOLDGRÄBER



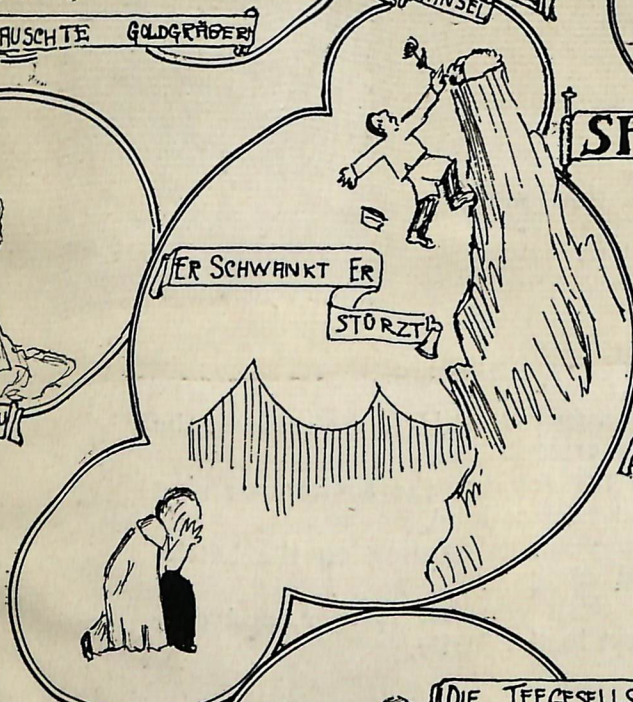
GRETEL
HANSSEL



GROSSMUTTER



DIE FREMDE FRAU

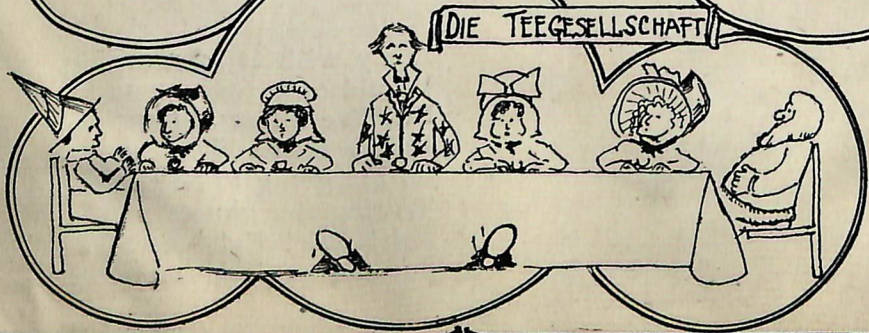


ER SCHWANKT ER
STÖRZT

SPOTLIGHTS
OF THE
GERMAN PLAY
ROSEN IM SCHNEE



ENKELIN SUCHT
DIE
ROSE



DIE TEEGESELLSCHAFT