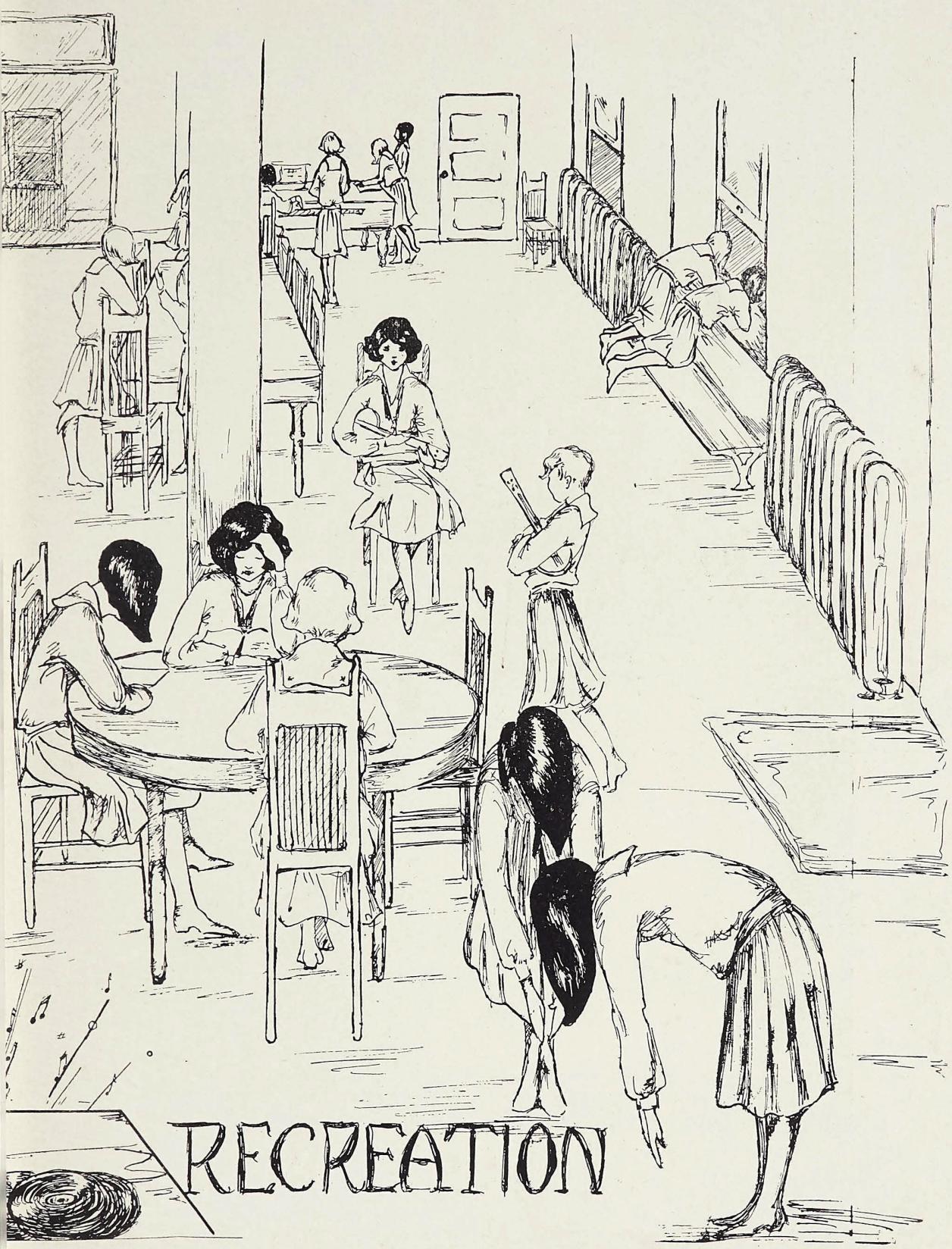


ACADEMY LIFE



NIGHT

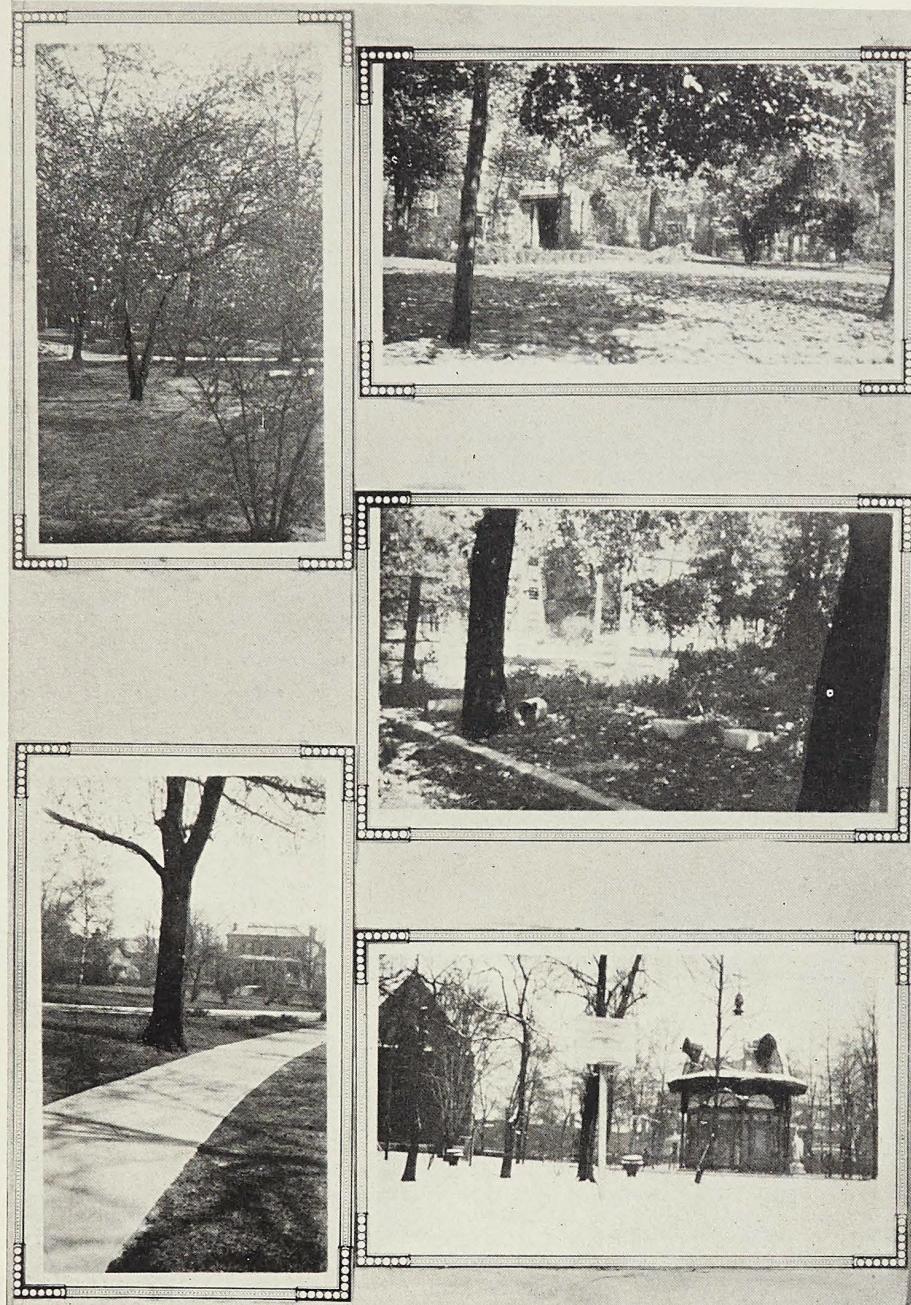


RECREATION

The Crescent



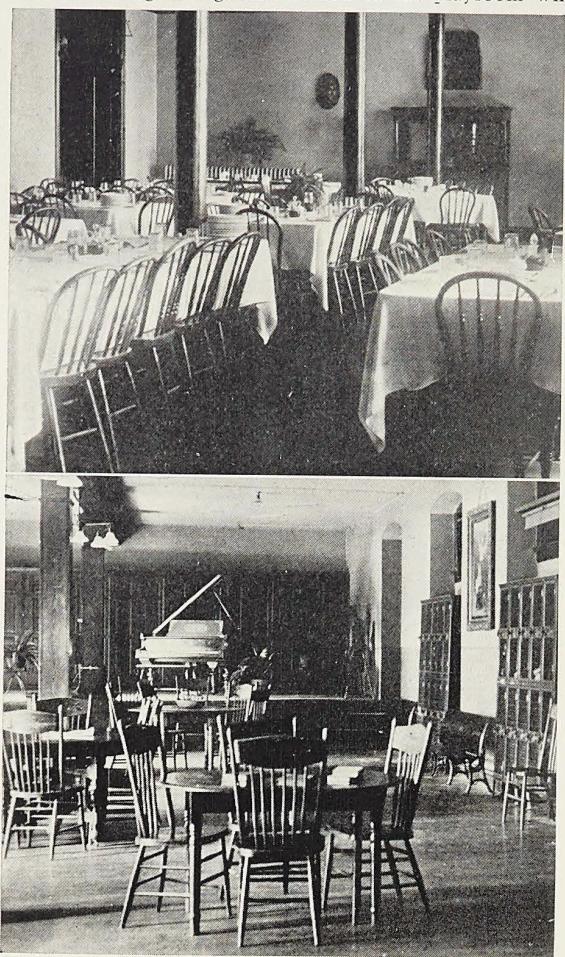
The Crescent



A TYPICAL EVENING AT VIZ

FRANCES SHAPLEIGH, '27

Supper is just over. The boarders are piling out of the refectory. Some are running, others walking in dignified fashion to the playroom where the Sister in charge earnestly keeps guard over the "vic" and its few age-worn records.



A REFECTORY ESCAPADE

FRANCES SHAPLEIGH, '27

If there is on place in the house more likely than another to be the scene of queer and impossible happenings, that place is the refectory. The most ridiculous thing occurred on a certain Friday of 1927. This is the one day of all the week when the Grads are usually famished and spare nothing in the line of food, so that when occasionally we have some extra good thing, doughnuts, for instance, there is a regular riot. The rate at which they disappear is really quite shocking. This night happened to be one of those delightful doughnut nights. Just to be different, a few of the class decided to make a collection. Everyone generously contributed to the worthy cause. After "the few" had put as many into their pockets as possible, the next question was what to do with the rest. A rare idea rose to the surface of some fertile brain! Sleeves! They should be the parking place for extra doughnuts. The bell sounded. There was a sudden rush at the door. The doughnuts gave way. They lost the "nut" and became only "dough." A terrible burst of laughter from all the Grads in chorus when they realized the situation. Then—it wasn't so funny. The precious dessert was lost!

This fearful loss made a deep impression, however, for to this day no more such collections have been taken up and the Grads have decided that all "Friday Specials" taste better in their proper place.

"Ple-e-e-ase-e-e play, Antoinette. Won't you? Come on! That from the Grads. They always get there first, and always want a dance. Antoinette willingly offers herself, a martyr to the cause of "have-a-good-time," and to her inspiring jazz tunes, the dance begins. The Viz girls are really very clever at doing all the new steps, but every now and then a "whirlwind" dashes past and everyone who isn't sure her life is insured jumps wildly to one side until the danger is past.

Some of the girls who have danced until quite incapable of stepping lively any longer, get together over an exciting game of bridge. Maybe it's less bridge than gossip over their last "perfectly adorable week-end," etc. Every now and then a pair drops out of sight. Nobody notices much but Sister, who is on the watch for just such sudden disappearances. Generally the nomads are discovered having a private feast in some out-of-the-way corner.

Of course these are only a few of the exciting adventures that may befall a Grad any evening in the playroom. What usually caps the climax of thrills, is the bell that summons a girl for some thrilling telephone chat, a stray visitor—or maybe—a bitter reckoning for some wicked deed of her not very distant past that has been unearthed by some watchful guardian of the peace.

Then the study bell—the call to duty. No one would mind if it neglected its duty once in a while.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE

LYDA KERWIN '27 AND BERNICE EMKEN '27

Down in the kitchen
In a wee little nook,
Eight well-meaning Seniors
Proceeded to cook.

They labored and toiled,
Each doing her best;
With the food they all
struggled
And hoped 'twould digest.

The one event of which every Domestic Science class is proud, is the annual dinner given at Thanksgiving. Several days before the great day we began to plan our dinner. The first thing to be prepared was the essential cranberries. Four unfortunate seniors, arriving on the scene a little too late, found the door locked; and, in tears, returned to the study hall, for they knew they would have to take their Thanksgiving repast without the much-desired addition to their feast.

The day before Thanksgiving three sturdy pioneers, in a lusty desire for adventure, went out in the back yard and shot a fifteen-pound turkey. (Bravo! It took courage to do that!) The unlucky fowl was brought into the kitchen and stripped of his fine feathers.

Marie Antoinette, in her haste to put in a bid for the leg of the turkey, forgot to put salt into the dressing, which we discovered just before putting it into the oven and the mistake was remedied.

The salad and other delicacies were at last prepared. Everything was in readiness for the following day.

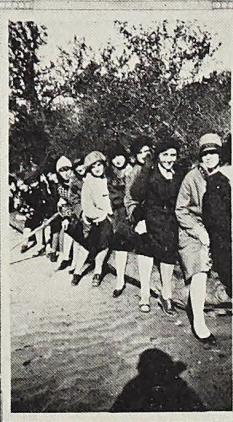
At the appointed hour (five o'clock) everyone came over in her best attire. The distinguished guests being Sarah and Amerita, wards of Misses McCarthy and Grover. After an enjoyable dinner, everyone, happy and contented, left the kitchen looking forward to our May luncheon.



The Crescent

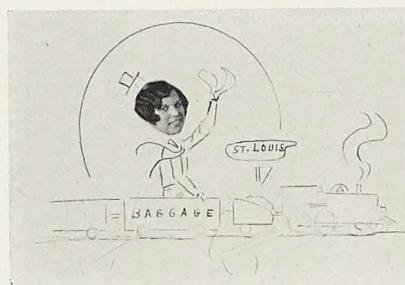


The Crescent



SCHOOL RECORD

JANE MEAGHER AND VIRGINIA McCARTHY.



Sept. 14—School opens! Four proud Grads are provoked at not being allowed to register as "Seniors"—"Eventually, why not now!"

Sept. 15—Mary Boland dashing in with bag and baggage is heartbroken to find that she is a day late.

Sept. 16—The piano—or to be more explicit—the large box in the play room that gives forth sound when diligently thumped, is immediately put in use by our syncopator.

Sept. 17—Mac comes back with a severe doll complex. She is brokenhearted when Sister refuses to let her favorite "Sarah" register.

Sept. 18—First week-end comes along just as we are beginning to settle down. Weekly fight for brushes and dust pans begins. All start out most conscientiously sweeping and dusting.

Sept. 20—Class officers elected—Donnelly is again the unanimous choice for President—Grover, Temm and Meagher are other officers.

Sept. 23—On the "morning after" news arrives via the back fence that Tunney beat Dempsey—Boland faints at the prospect of having to do without a winter coat.

Sept. 24—Mother, many of the Sisters and boarders come with their ten cents admission to see the first public exhibition of the Grads' dramatic ability.

Sept. 27—Seen in Alice's Latin book which she inherited from Marge and Ruth: "Goodbye, old gang; you're all gone now, and I alone remain, the sole survivor, to graduate in '27."

Oct. 6—Veiled Prophet Ball—Helen, Queen; Mary, King. Queen slightly embarrassed when tripped by her too ample gown of nile green cheese cloth.

Oct. 8—Much excitement over World's Series games. Radios kept busy. Graham McNamee set all girls' hearts a-flutter with "the voice you love to hear."

Oct. 10—Our first movie—Douglas McLean in "Introduce Me."

Oct. 18—Donnelly's birthday but she does all the giving, and each Grad receives a box of candy. Rah—Marg!

Oct. 19—Alumnae Bazaar—Hungry Grads give "Ye In and Out Inn" a big rush.

Oct. 22—Snip dislocates several bones in adjusting herself to French bed.

Oct. 30—Hallowe'en Tacky Party given by First and Seconds. Alice gets prize for the tackiest costume—well deserved.

Nov. 1—Feast of All Saints. All out for the day. Many students protest against this annoying interruption in the course of their studies.

Nov. 10—Grads feel the call to the great open spaces and immediately set out for the country. Many's the farmer they led on a merry chase.

SCHOOL RECORD—Continued

Nov. 18—In Domestic Science Class absent-minded student puts washing powder into the muf-fins instead of cornmeal—Antoinette eats one—'nough said.

Nov. 20—Station T-U-R-K-E-Y broadcasts that Domestic Science Class pupils are guests of honor at a Thanksgiving dinner. They, themselves, prepare the dinner. Fortunately there are no serious results, due to the prayers of their envious though most fearful classmates.

Nov. 21—Grads' pictures come. Many "Ohs," "Ohs" and Gimmes" are heard.

Nov. 23—Quarterly exams for unfortunate students.

Nov. 24—All out for Thanksgiving holidays!

Dec. 3—Viz night at the Pageant! With the Archbishop present and a full house, we all danced our darndest to show the good results of our many hours and recreations of practice.

Dec. 5—After first trial Alice heartily recommends "Tiz" for "tired, tender feet."

Dec. 8—Donnelly gets a musical streak and amidst the noise and laughter of the play room she dashes off "Aeogonaise," her favorite piece, then calmly exits amid the shouts of her enraptured audience.

Dec. 13—Florence gets nervous prostration from watching Bom fluttering along the window sill after lights are out.

Dec. 15—Grads tempt "cake-eaters" by a sale of delicious cookies for the Missions.

Dec. 17—The "Christmas Bells" came out.

Dec. 18—Our rings come. Three girls go crazy trying to find the 1927. Frances is unable to find the Crescent—Mary Hayes points out to her the corners protruding from the bush on which the owl is sitting.

Dec. 20—We all fill Christmas stockings!

Dec. 21—Grads have Christmas box! More fun! Everyone is Christmas shopping, trunk packing, giving presents, hustling, bustling and, of course, doing lots of studying.

Dec. 22—Seniors sing Christmas hymns during Latin class. Tears begin to flow at the thought of leaving in June—(No kiddin'). Christmas holidays begin.

Dec. 24—Teresa and Louise spend Christmas Eve at school. Louise has been in for more weekends than she's been out. That looks bad, Louise! Marg, Flo, Bom and Martha Jayne distributed Christmas gifts to the poor.

Dec. 27-28—Donnelly's and Helen Sheridan's bridge luncheons. Helen Breck says her good time was enhanced by the cute prizes. O mercenary woman!

Jan. 6—Lonesome Grads unite at Busy Bee for lunch and eagerly discuss the return to school.



SCHOOL RECORD—Continued



Jan. 7—Back again! Many Grads return with dolls, doll buggies and what not that Santa brought them. Marie Antoinette brings a radio to keep us in touch with the world. Florence Foster gives an interpretation of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Her feet fail to come in contact with the floor—thus ends most effectively and abruptly her Spring dance.

Jan. 8—Sister goes in Donnelly's room at 9:30 P. M. and finds her under her bed calling, "Kitty—kitty—kitty!" Now—what would you think? But let us not rash judge her, especially since Saint Vincent seems to take such special interest in her.

Jan. 9—Lucille minus her red cheeks—(We wonder).

Jan. 10—Old Jack Frost accommodates us by transforming the whole back yard into a skating rink. Many cruel girls try to shoot the ducks and spread the eagles. But they get theirs!

Jan. 12—No one, as yet, has been able to discover the identity of the tall, dark, handsome person, Donnelly has been seen skating with.

Jan. 15—Still lots of ice. Florence and Martha Jayne give their interpretation of how the Charleston should be done on ice—Mac's ears and Antoinette's feet freeze. Helen Sheridan nearly breaks her neck trying to skate with a size eight skate on one foot and a size two on the other.

Jan. 22—Grads serve at Alumnae Tea, and to the amazement of the guests, perform many unusual tricks with the tea balls.

Jan. 23—Snip has asked for five extra baths this week. Look out, Donnelly, she's trying to beat your "clean record."

Jan. 29—Sister Antonia's Golden Jubilee and Saint Francis de Sales Feast Day—and today is Saturday—Ow! What's the use of livin'?

Feb. 2—Alice presents McCarthy with a dead mouse daintily wrapped in white tissue paper—causing much commotion and breaking up another perfectly good study period.

Feb. 3—Lights out again during the five o'clock study period. This ceases to be funny—Grads up in arms. A special meeting is called and an investigation committee appointed. We feel that some evil power is at work to prevent us from doing our lessons.

Feb. 4—Mary Lucas Bull arrives at school on time. Three Thirds rush to oculist fearing they are suffering from optical illusions.

Feb. 5—The inhabitants of the Second Floor Dorm offer a twenty-dollar gold piece to the person who restores Caskey's scissors to her. All night she keeps us trembling under the covers by calling in a low resonant voice, "Which one of you has my scissors?" We'll all be nervous wrecks if the culprit doesn't own up soon.

Feb. 6—The whole school assembles outside the parlor to see Lady's gentleman caller—O Lady, be good!

SCHOOL RECORD—Continued

Feb. 9—Grads much excited over the prospect of converting the school into a floating university.

Feb. 10—The last say of Miss Gannon's Parliamentary Law Class and our mock convention. Senator from Utah distinguishes herself by her zeal for the Mexican cause. The Senator from N. Y. carries the House, however, and is chosen as our delegate to Washington.

Feb. 14—Valentine's Day—O fluttering little hearts be still!

Feb. 15—Grads give Valentine Party to the Thirds. Banana Salad is the biggest surprise of the evening. The after-dinner songs "go over big," as Florence would say, and everyone has gobs of fun.

Feb. 20—Mr. Paulding gives one of his own plays—"The Woman's Hour." Martha Jayne nearly has fits and hysterics before it is over.

Feb. 22—Washington's birthday. All out.

Feb. 23—We all go down town to have stamp pictures taken for the Year Book. Some Grads wander through the beautiful conservatories or others, tired from shopping, rest in the high overstuffed chairs in the elaborate reception room while waiting their turns.

Feb. 24—Virginia Emig disappoints the impatiently awaiting mobs when she fails to bring out her soap at noon.

Feb. 25—Boland's Listerine bottle gets a big rush after the Hoopers Club indulges in its favorite repast of limburger and onions.

Feb. 26—Donnelly gets a fit at supper and starts yelling, "Filet mignon! Filet mignon!" The sergeant-at-arms removes her from the refectory.

Feb. 28—Slats is finally persuaded to put on uniform stockings.

Mar. 1—Shrove Tuesday. Collections of rings, medals, and buttons—much excitement over the pancakes—McCarthy swallows the button rather than be an old maid.

Mar. 2—Our Retreat begins. Father Cooke, S. J., Retreat Master.

Mar. 5—Retreat closes. Everyone is so used to keeping silence that no one talks at breakfast.

Mar. 7—The "Big Four" being from Missouri get up at 5:30 A. M. every morning this week to see whether it is true that "All the World Is Waiting for the Sunrise."

Mar. 8—Margaret Mary is baptized with all due solemnity and according to all the usual rites. Minister Anne Young performs the ceremony. Alice Schatzman is the godfather.

Mar. 9—A close and exciting challenge game between the 2nd and 3rd. The 2nd are victorious.

Mar. 10—A Dead letter day—A nap, waffles, and ice-cream—The usual intense heat in the radiators is somewhat reduced so that our daredevil Bernus bravely approaches to within seven and one-half feet from one and returns with only a few slight blisters.



SCHOOL RECORD—Continued

Mar. 11—At last we get a play. Parts are assigned and practice begins.

Mar. 13—Our Glee Club is organized—All Grads' voices tested—Sight singing—singing in Italian and at least two other languages and the presentation by the aspirant of three original selections are the requirements for admittance. All Grads easily pass tests and some exhibit most unique and hitherto unknown methods of using the vocal chords.

Mar. 15—Donnelly and Martha Jayne start course in astronomy after lights are out.

Mar. 17—Saint Patrick's Day—All Seniors on parade—Irish and otherwise blossom out in green ribbon and parsley. Lyda Patricia Kerwin's feast day—the "other three" present her with a beautiful plant. The most important event of the year takes place today at 11:40 a. m. O memorable hour!

Mar. 18—The Grads become Seniors—after a never-to-be-forgotten day filled with many class meetings and cheer practices, Glee Club practise, rehearsals for our play, we are quite exhausted and finally get to bed about 10 o'clock.

Mar. 21—Ladies' retreat begins. Seniors attend some of the instructions. Teresa in deep meditation nearly falls out of the gallery.

Mar. 22—Lyda complains to Sister about the honking and whistling outside her window at night. She refuses to remain at boarding school a day longer unless something can be done to prevent the disturbances. She is all upset over the sleep she has lost.

Mar. 23—The whole school turns out for a challenge game between the Seniors and Seconds. The Seconds again carry off the honors.

Mar. 24—Musical in play room. The Seniors' Glee Club closes the program with a very pleasing selection of songs.

Mar. 25—Evelyn conceals a big piece of cake in the Dorm. It must have been good, judging from the enthusiasm of the mice.

Mar. 26—Seniors have lunch at Busy Bee, and nearly give the poor waitresses nervous prostration.

Mar. 27—Marie Antoinette and Katherine Grover, McCarthy and Boland exercise their imagination and go for an aeroplane ride.

Mar. 28—Big Four set their alarms for 11:00 p. m.—but for some unknown reason they fail to go off.

Mar. 29—Donnelly gets to supper on time. Will wonders ever cease?

Mar. 31—Last day of Saint Joseph Devotions.

Apr. 1—A happy day, O fellow fools! Senior Brokaw treacherously tricks her classmates. Many mysterious proceedings in the Dorm. Whispers and giggles as Brokaw parades around in her winter coat. Rauch puts girls to sleep with "wafted perfumes." Secret meeting in Flo's room till 11:00 o'clock.



SCHOOL RECORD—Continued

April 2—Seniors again lunch at Busy Bee and then go to look at Graduation dresses. Tears in order. Donnelly and Mac indulge in suspenders.

April 4—Five slightly hurt, three fatally injured in mad rush to the press outside the Study Hall at 10:20.

April 5—The grass is coming up beautifully beneath the windows on Windermere side due to the thoughtfulness of the girls who watered it all winter.

April 6—A spirit of restlessness seems to have taken possession of many of the girls. During the study period they wander from the back fence to the cupola and some even absent-mindedly stray out the front door.

April 7—Eager class students persuade Sister to come over during night recreation for class.

April 13—Glee Club gives Arbor Day celebration. Easter holidays begin.

April 24—Seniors' Play, "Betty's Ancestors." Jane Meagher makes even the crabbiest old pessimist laugh when she recites "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

May 3—Playful Senior tosses a bottle of ink at a classmate. O me! O my!

May 7—Three cartons of ice cream, one Dixie, ten Baby Ruths, and what have you found in playroom and no one to claim them! There IS a Santa Claus!

May 10—Crowning of Blessed Lady.

May 15—Eloquence of the orators cause Daniel Webster to turn over in his grave.

May 17—Vocal pupils give a recital to the boarding school. The Glee Club sings the closing number.

May 20—A gas leak is discovered in the D. S. in time to prevent any serious results. The class is sent to the Study Hall but seems unable, however, to reach its destination.

May 23—As the end draws near we are able to say that we have overcome all temptations during the year—to wash in the Lav.

May 30—Seniors unanimously agree that their dresses are entirely too short and would look scandalous from the audience. They send a committee to Sister to ask that the 12-inch rule be withdrawn, and that they may be permitted to lengthen their skirts.

May 31—Juniors give banquet to Seniors. A glorious success!

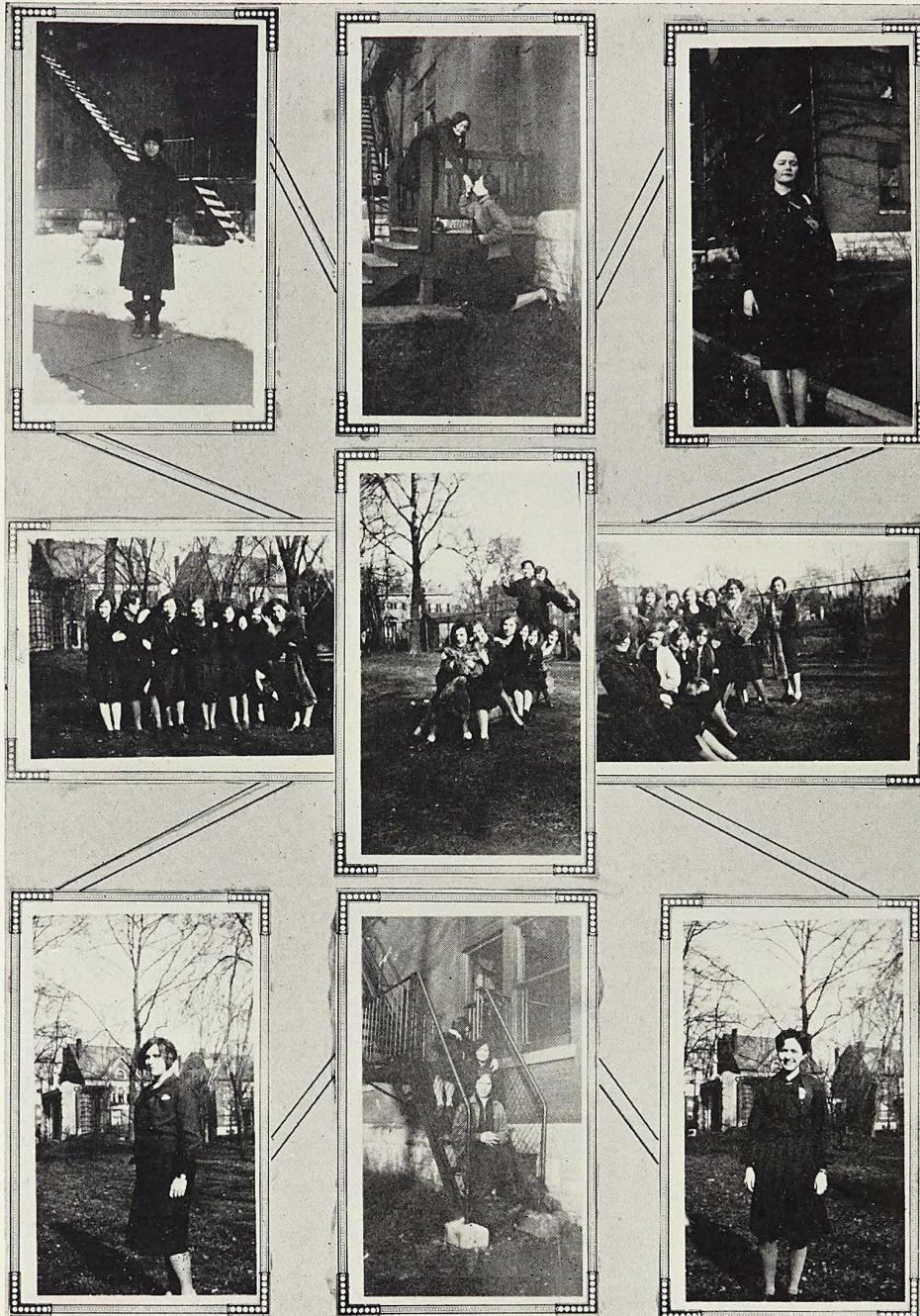
June 2—Reception into the Ladies' Sodality.

June 4—Alumnae Banquet.

June 9—THE END OF A PERFECT YEAR.



The Crescent

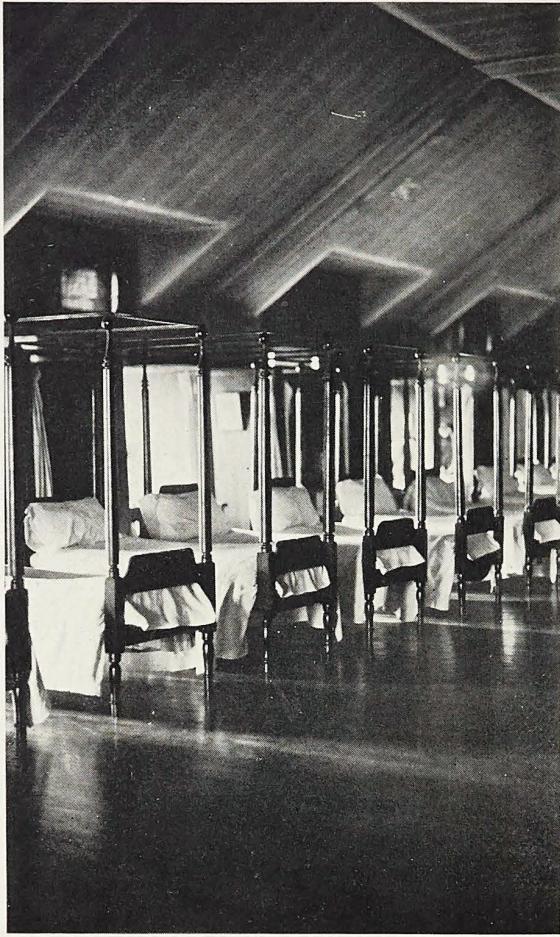


The Crescent



OUR "DOM"

ALICE BROKAW, '27



Grads! Grads! everywhere! You'll see them any place and every place, scattered all over the building; but if by chance the "dom" is unlocked, you'll surely find almost every grad there. Why? It's easy to tell.

This year our "dom" has many charms. Perhaps three or four of us will be in Mary's room, perched on bed, dresser, or radiator, listening to the latest jazz hits, such as "Mighty Blue" or "Oh How I miss You Tonight." Others are visiting Mac's "Sarah" and "Margaret Mary." Now I ask you, "Have you ever heard of eighteen-year-old girls playing with dolls?" We do. That reminds me of the night Mac slept out in the "dom." About eleven o'clock our slumbers were disturbed by giggles and ohs! when Margaret Mary called forth—"Ma-ma, Ma-ma." Mac had eight noisy girls to quiet besides her doll.

The greatest pride of our "dom" is Marie Antoinette's radio. At the late hour of 8:30 P. M., the Grads of '27 are in touch with the wicked world. Imagine it! The music from Stations KMOX and KSD peps us up, and at times we even dance.

Sometimes at night, when all is dark and quiet, we hear a voice singing some familiar air. The voice is low then high, and then it wavers, but we aren't at all alarmed, because we know it's just Mac singing herself to sleep. We moan, stick our heads under the covers, and try to sleep. If she weren't in the sanctuary of her room, we might throw a pillow or a slipper at her.

And then we have our friends, the mice. Marie Antoinette just loves them. She claims to have spent six hours one night jumping from her bed to her dresser trying to catch one. She must be some jumper. Our candid opinion is that if there ever was a mouse in her room, she was too scared to move.

And so the vic, radio, dolls, mice, girlish laughter and songs, are the dearest things in our school lives.

We challenge anyone to find us a place where twenty-one "peppy Viz Grads" can have more real fun than in our "dom."

PRIVATE ROOM

MARGARET MARY DONNELLY, '27

Many are the advantages of the private room; too numerous, perhaps, to mention all. Yet since we are leaving school, it would indeed be most selfish for us not to divulge a few of the "rare delights" linked especially with those private abodes situated on that "unique steel balcony" overlooking the Convent yard—the fire escape. Just imagine the thrill of climbing out your window on so romantic a structure to promenade if you wish while enjoying the invigorating evening air, or the charm of seating yourself on the window sill to peer about in the rather spooky atmosphere of the dimly lighted Monastery and Academy yard, or the delight of simply sitting there to star-gaze or moon-look. (While imparting this knowledge, however, we shall also give hints, when we think them necessary, so that the forbidden fruits may not be partaken of too ravenously.)

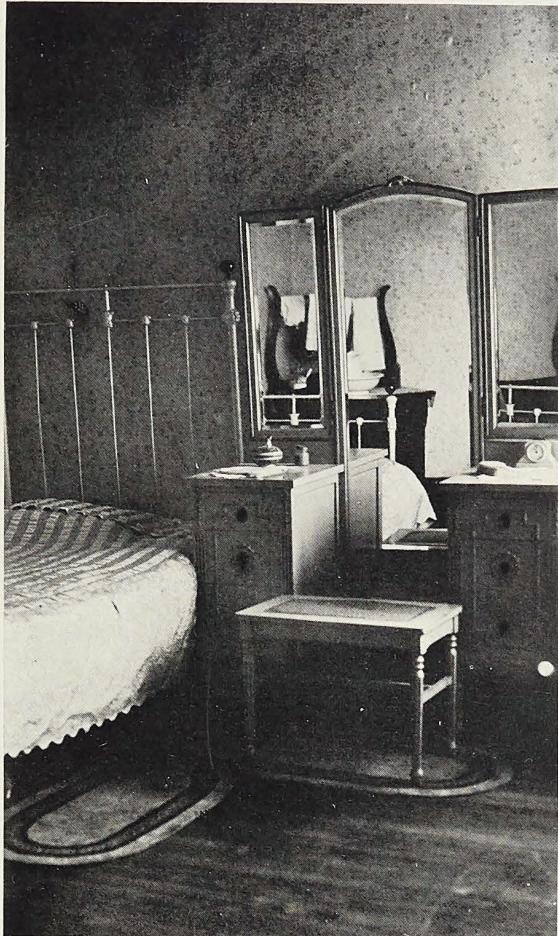
Hint Number I. Do not promenade on said balcony (mentioned above) too early. This often proves very disastrous. For a timid neighbor frequently enters into a critical state of hysteria on account of hearing queer noises, etc., outside her "chamber window."

Hint Number II. When tempted to frolic about your apartment (for further informations, see Wallace's book on "Daily Dozen Frolics") kindly remember the golden rule.

We have imparted some of the advantages, have given some hints, and now let us enumerate (since there are two sides to every story) some of the drawbacks to having a "balcony boudoir." Chief and foremost is this: the aid that is given to our persistent, four-footed, furry brethren (squirrels, malicious black cats, etc.) to loot our apartments whenever the opportunity presents itself. Indeed, it behooves one residing in such a domicile, to be most circumspect in receiving such callers.

Let us now turn to the East! . . . I mean, east side of the house. My! what advantages that side has! Imagine having a real machine motor all hours of the night . . . and early morning, too!! Then the lovely rattle about "three o'clock in the morning" of milk bottles. (Really if this noise is not eliminated I think next year's class will have to speak to the Mayor and urge him to persuade milkmen to deliver the milk in ice cream cartons.) How inconsiderate those milkmen can be! Utterly regardless of sleeping civilization and especially of a school girl's much cherished beauty naps. Oh! I almost forgot the faithful old lamp post (Yes, Saint Louis is noted for its famous antique gas jets) which stands guard, as it were, every night outside the Convent fence to let us know, although we retire at an early hour, that other human beings are actually stirring about the city streets, guided by just such torches. Really, we must not divulge any more secrets. I fear we have already entered too deeply into minute details. So, goodbye; good luck to the next year's occupants of these rooms!

May they have thrice as much EXCITEMENT!!



PROPHECY OF THE SECOND ACADEMICS OR THE CLASS OF '29

CONTINUED

In dwelling poor lives Peggy J. Newberry,
An author seeking "atmosphere" and fame.
The Prince of Wales and Anna Claire, his wife,
Reside in a castle by the shore.
And Miss O'Toole, a tireless traveler was,
But met a cannibal—I'll say no more!
Madonna Ready wrote a book on "Why
The elephants have trunks, not family trees."
While Margaret Riley, the notorious flirt,
Now vamps her way through life at gay Paris.
At Bridge, an expert of the highest type
Is Mariam Robbins, author of "Bid Spades."
In far-off Spain Miss Shapleigh whiles her time;
On moonlight nights senors play serenades
Beneath her balcony. Then, there is one
For whose success I have the greatest hope,
Virginia "Slats" is smartly working up
An industry that floats, called "Ivory Soap."
A tunnel through to China's being dug
By Margaret Seibold. It's a monument
To Peggy Sullivan, the great artiste,
Whom Congress on a trip to Mars has sent.
And last, but not the least, of all is one
Who found the greatest island in creation,
'Twas Marjorie Vogel who discovered this
And named it, as discov'rer, VISITATION!
So let the future be as I have writ,
For it cannot be altered, not a line!
Oh, mark my words! There's great success in store
For this, The Class of Nineteen Twenty-Nine!

THE SENIORS GLEE CLUB

Continued

The day of the Musicale came at last. We were all ready, in our very effective uniforms, to show what the "Seniors' Glee Club" could do. We sang "School Days," "Sympathy," and one of our own class songs, "Visitation." Every one enjoyed it very much. We have had several performances since. On Arbor Day we planted a tree and dedicated it to the memory of our class. We sang several spring songs. The celebration was a great success.

Not long after the organization of our club, we found a little poem by Frank Stanton, "Keep-a-Goin'." We liked it very much and decided to adopt it as a motto or standard of our twenty merry singers. The closing lines of the poem are:

"See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like singin'—sing—
Keep-a-goin'!"

THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA

ALICE BROKAW, '27

Continued

It happened this way. Two or three of "Viz's" official musical leaders determined to organize a second orchestra. They gained permission to do so and McCarthy was appointed to conduct it. Now this might have been funny—but it wasn't. One Friday evening Mac summoned her musicians to the playroom and started the making of one dandy orchestra. The girls were keyed up, eager to make it a success. They did! Now on this Friday night we were having studies. All was quiet. The air of study prevailed. It always does on Friday night. But it didn't prevail long on this night, for the none too soft strains of our just beginning jazz orchestra reached our ears. Everyone dropped her books. We could have cheered right there, but we didn't. All we could do was stop studying and grin. Thus our jazz orchestra came into being.

May we all here extend thanks to this worthy crowd of girls and their leader, for the peppiest parties and the very best times we have had this year.
WE THANK YOU.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Helen of Troy: "So this is Paris?"
David: "The bigger they are the harder they fall."
Samson: "It floats."
Cleopatra: "You're an easy Mark, Anthony."
Nero: "Hot stuff, keep the home fires burning."
Methusalah: "The first hundred years are the hardest."

The teacher was explaining the mysteries of subtraction to her class of wrigglers. "In order to subtract, things must be of the same denomination. You couldn't take three pears from ten cats, could you?"

Up shot a small hand: "Couldn't you take three quarts of milk from two cows?"

Conductor (somewhat irritated after stumbling over obstacle in the aisle): "Madam, you must remove your valise from the aisle."

Colored Lady: "Fo' de Lawd sake, Mistah Conductah, dat ain't no valise. Dat's my foot."

Don't worry if your job is small and your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak was once a nut like you.

CAN YOU IMAGINE ? ? ?

ALICE BROKAW, '27

The "Grads" wearing specks and talking in hushed tones, with an air of quiet and study surrounding them?

McCarthy having her hair marcelled?

Teresa flunking in Latin?

Lucy without a strike?

Helen Breck playing championship tennis?

Frances bobbing her tresses?

Donnelly indulging in a free-for-all fight?

Jo Flanigan raving about boys?

Peggy, Slats, Billye, Jane and Marion, turning up their noses when they saw each other?

Florence Myers without her dignity?

Lyda wearing an ugly dress?

Helen Sheridan raising her voice in anger?

Bernice Emken wearing a 2 1/2 shoe?

Rauch not preparing her lessons?

Evelyn getting to the fourth floor in two seconds?

Kathleen and Alice S. hating McCarthy?

Martha Jane without the "Grads"?

Marie Antoinette without her jolly good humor?

The "Grads" without "little Emig"?

Harriette spending the Christmas holidays at "Viz"?

The "Grads" when they realize that tears and sobs can not stay the wings of time?

Teacher: "Is this sentence correct: 'I walk through the camp?'"

Melville: "No, Ma'am. It should be 'I walked through the camp.'"

Teacher: "Why?"

Melville: "It's past tents."

Harriette reciting in History class: "Sherman marched to Georgia where he was invaded by Lee."

Sister: "Where is Barbara today?"

Donnelly: "Sister, she is at home, she misplaced her spine."

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '27

MARY BOLAND, '27

Most Popular	Virginia McCarthy
Most Polite	Barbara Temm
Most Dependable	Teresa Falchero
Most Mischievous	Marie Antoinette Grover
Most Demure	Frances Shapleigh
Most Sedate	Bernice Emken
Best Dressed	Lyda Kerwin
Best Executive	Margaret Donnelly
Best Athlete	Louise Rauch
Best Warbler	Helen Breck
Best Worker	Mary Hayes
Best Bluffer	Alice Brokaw
Steadiest	Lucile McDonald
Sincerest	Florence Myers
Smallest	Florence Foster
Wittiest	Jane Meagher
Daintiest	Virginia Emig
Quietest	Helen Sheridan
Cutest	Harriette Hunter
Neatest	Evelyn Parker
Tallest	Mary Boland

"Do you know what I heard?"

"No, what?"

"I herd cattle."

Barbara's motto: "Think before you speak, and then talk to yourself."

"History may repeat itself but not during examinations."

"It's hard to drink knowledge out of a dry book."

"If this country is level why does South Bend?"

"I am behind in my studies in order that I may pursue them."

The Crescent



The Crescent



My Dear One:

I now take my pen and ink in handt, and write you mit my pencil. Ve do not liff vere we used to liff, we liff where we moved. I hate to say it but your deer aunt you loffed so well is deadt. She died of the New Monian in New Orleans on New Year's Day, fifteen minutes in front of five. Some people think she had population of de heart. De doctors gave her up all hopes when she died. Her breath looked ouldt. She leaves a family of two boys and two cows. Old Mrs. Offenlook is very sick. She'ees just about at death's door. She has such a nice boy. He is just like a human beast. I took him up to the horsepital to see de sick and we had a loffly time. Your brother Guss took our dog Fido yesterday to the saw mill to haf a fight. He ran against one of dem circular saws and only lasted one round. All the Grossenback family haf the mumps and are having a swell time. I am sending back your overcoat and to save expense in shipping I haf cut off the buttons, you'll find dem in de inside pocket. Mother is making sausages and de neighbors is looking for der dogs. Ve sent Hilda to de butchers to see if he had pigs feet and she came back and said she didn't know, the butcher had shoes on. I graduated from college. I took up electrocution and physical tortue, and I learns stenography too. I got a job in a livery stable, as stenographer taking down hay for de horses.

Loy Krobbs was sick, de doctors told him to take something; he met Iky Cohen and took his watch. Iky had him arrested. De Lawyer got de case and Loy got the works.

Ve haf twenty chickens and a pup dog. De chickens lay about six eggs a day and de dog is laying behind de stove.

How I wish we were closer apart, I am awful since we were separated together. Hoping you will haf written sooner as I did. I remain as efer,

FRITZ SNEIDERBACH.

P. S. If you don't get this letter, let me know and I will write you annudder.

P. S. I haf jist received the five dollars I owe you, but haf closed the letter and cannot put it in.

P. S. Please don't read the letter until it is opened. Experienced will learn you nodding.

With lots of lof,

P. S.

SILENT ADMIRER.

Lady in confessional: "Father, I haven't committed any sins since my last confession."

Priest: "All right, that's one—now think of something else."

Donnelly refers any one who questions the number of baths she takes daily to her "clean record."

Sister in History Class: "In what State must a man be who is elected to the Senate?"

Frances, absent-mindedly: "In the state of grace."

Otto: "Ach, I'm sleepy, I sat up all night mit a corpse."

Pat: "Sure an' what was it? A wake?"

Otto: "Avake? Nein, you fool, it vas dead's."

"Say," yelled the traffic officer, "What do you mean by speeding along like a madman? You'll kill somebody! Why don't you use your noodle?"

"Noodle," gasped the new car owner, "where in the heck is the noodle? I pushed, and pulled, and jiggered every darn thing on the dashboard and I couldn't stop her."

"Is she a loyal Visitation Girl?"

"Loyal! They tell me she even refused a Carnegie Life Saving Medal."

"Why would a woman lose her religion if she changed her sex?"

"She would be a he-then (heathen)."

Sister entering Marie Antoinette's room: "Did you open both your windows last night, dear?"

Marie Antoinette: "No, Sister; I only have one window so I opened it twice."

Wise: "You'd better keep your eyes open tomorrow."

Crack: "Why?"

Wise: "Because you can't see with them shut."

Sister: "Can any one tell me what a volcano is?"

Dorothy (the bright child): "A high mountain that keeps on interrupting."

Professor: "What do you mean by saying Benedict Arnold was a janitor?"

Fresh Student: "The book says that after exile he spent the rest of his life in abasement."

