

of that lyttel paper's sweete yonge lyfe. A deale of dismal dole lay aboute it in its infancie. Nor was yt dole Heaven. But ye papers ben differaunt ffrom other children, in yt there be, in ye case of ye paper, no doute of ye closeness of ye Divell. After mony wearie daies & wakefull nights, ye Fulcrum was come to be a Successe. It came to be ye College Paper, and ye everlastyng monymente to our Freshman Enterpryse.

¶ In ye dark of ye decadente daies yt now be, whan that ye Freshmen holler & roughhouse & eke gambol in ye festive Halles, it is harde to reallyze that even in the newnesse of our Freshmanhoode we manifested Discrecioun, Wisdom & goode Dignitie. But ye Classe of 1902 be not worse thanne oder classes of their Age. They suffer that men compaire them with us. Eke that ben doutelesse their gratest fount.

¶ Ere we had yreacht ye ripenesse of Sophomores, while ye downe ben yet softe on our chinnes, & our tendre limbes ben stille unust to stryfe and conflyct, we were ychallenged to ye gayme of Basket-ball by ye boulde and haughtie Sophomores. We met them & they ben ourn. Eke we gave them away, & ye Tally ben six and thirtie unto four.

¶ Soche ben ye reputacioun & honour yt ycame unto us by this victorie, yt we been "allowed ye opportunitie" to meet ye mighty team of All-Armour. Longe & bravely did we do battel, & ye Daie ben doutefull, butte our Banner been ne'er dipt, ye score ben two and twentie to one & twentie, & duly did we rejoyce in Songe.

¶ To meetlie celybrate our Victories, to exaulte our Vertues, & to blazon our Loyaltie to our Alma Mater, we caused yt mighty feastynge & eke passyng merrye cheere, soche as ben never scene, be orderd for alle yt ben of our companie, whereat we ate & drunke, & were merrye, & made Speeches. Soche speeches yt if that they ben writ out & made into a Boke, it had startled ye literary World, & made Demosthenes, Cicero & Dr. Gunsaulus to turn green wyth envie.