

THE SENIOR CLASS BOOK

1911

The Notion Counter

(With apologies to B. L. T.)

Our notion of:

Nothing said,—A conversation between Billy Schultz and Chet Snow.

Also a political argument by Gussie Emin.

Nothing to get excited about,—Operation and Testing.

Nothing to sustain life,—A lunch of Cap's beans, pie a la mode, and an éclair.

Something to be awaited with awe and trembling,—Final exams (by a Freshie).

Nothing to worry over,—Final exams (by a Senior).

No place for a friendly chat,—The Library.

A one-sided debate,—Commodore Perry vs. anybody else.

No place to look for sympathy,—Armour.

An instrument from which to evoke divine harmonies,—The Chapin Club piano.

Undesirable criminal disturbers of the peace,—The Fulcrum Quartette.
(Have you ever heard it perform?)

The most tiresome bore whom it would be a blessing to shoot,—The chap who corners you and explains at great length the mistakes he made in a quiz. Pass the chloroform.

Getting stung,—Interfering with Snow's theater dates (Signed,—Eickenberg, Schultz, McCague).

The paternal system of government,—Machine Shop.

A good example of the proverbial bull in the china shop,—The Civils in Dynamo Lab.

Ditto the Mechanicals.

Ditto some Electricals.

The last person in the world to fear,—Dr. Scherger and his "unexcused absences" (In your Senior Year).

A fool-killer's paradise,—A Freshman Class-meeting (or any other Class-meeting).

The surest way to go broke,—Backing Bloomy's billiard form.

A monumental waste of breath,—Trying to talk Prof. Wilcox out of a "D" in Physics.

The only rival of the Chemicals' odor-producing activities,—Fenn's pipe (Came over on the Mayflower, and vaporizes only home-grown cabbage leaves).

Professor Wells' idea of an unmitigated public nuisance,—The crowd that gathers in the Senior Drafting Room every noon.