

LAGNIAPPE

Unless you come from around New Orleans, Brother, you don't know what "lagniappe" means. It's the thirteenth banana thrown in for good measure when you buy a dozen.

No yearbook ever did such a thing as this in all the history of yearbooks. That's one reason we're doing it. What happened was this: the cussed thing has to come out on even pages before we can start a new section. For the rest of the sections in the book we've managed to sidestep this horrible contingency. This time it got us down. So, instead of camouflaging, we're coming right out and admitting that we are nachally in a jam.

Of course, we could print our own picture, or a picture of our Chevrolet, or even another picture of John J. Schommer. But probably you wouldn't thrill to any of 'em very much—except maybe the Chevrolet.

If we had only sold some more space to the clubs, it would have come out just right. Or if our budget was not already strained to the breaking point we could have had some more snapshots and that would have made it. But we didn't and it was.

There's your extra banana.

—Ed.