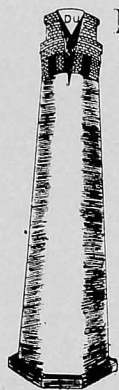


## Freshman Class History



UNTIL the first few months of our existence so many incidents have been crowded that it will be impossible to recount them all in the small space accorded to this sketch. The stirring tale of the preliminary victory over the Sophs, which is undoubtedly too well known to need retelling, will, accordingly, be omitted.

Some other events, however, must not remain uncommemorated. First in order of time is the class stunt. On that occasion the skies sought to dampen our enthusiasm by quantities of rain, but we laughed them to scorn, and, under the sheltering roof of Doane Academy enjoyed ourselves to the full. None of those present will forget the moment when the new class banner was enrolled.

The history of the dealings of our class with the Sophs is too one-sided to be interesting. In the first place they were afraid to meet us in fair field in the customary contest. Even when publicly challenged, in no obscure terms, to try their mettle with ours, they preferred the shame of not accepting the challenge to the greater disgrace of being overwhelmingly beaten. Ah! the braying of the Sophs! On the two occasions when they did actually get up spirit enough to try to redeem their name, their defeat was complete. The first time, one of their number tried to take down the '09 banner which has floated on the East Dormitory all the fall. Well, his own mother wouldn't recognize that hapless youth after the Freshmen had dressed him up. The second time they thought they might win out in a basketball game. Again they were disappointed, for, thanks to the pluck and skill of our men, the score was 42 to 8 in favor of '09.

Not long ago some Seniors who hadn't yet learned to wear their gowns with becoming dignity began to talk about certain rules that they hoped to inflict upon the Freshmen. They actually wrote them out and gave them to their intended victims. By a stroke of diplomacy, the Academy classes were made our allies, and the Seniors thus worsted at their own game. It may be worthy of mention here that this was the first time—as they boast—that they had to chronicle a defeat.

One night some faithful Freshmen put their heads together. It wouldn't take that wonder of erudition, the man who understands college algebra, to know that something was doing. The result appeared the next morning in a proud '09 banner on the top of the smokestack. There it still hangs, a veteran torn by wind and weather, but untouched by the hands of the Sophs. Is it not a fitting emblem of the glory of our class, constant and remaining, and never to be scarred by the '08ers?

What more was there that could be done? We had worsted the Sophs; we had convinced the Seniors of our invincibility; the Juniors and Preps were already our staunch allies. And now the girls put their heads together. February 14th, that night of hearts, saw the completion of one of the most perfect schemes that