

GRIST

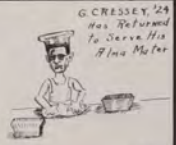
GRINDS



[141]

1924

24 ALUMNI NOTES IN 1930

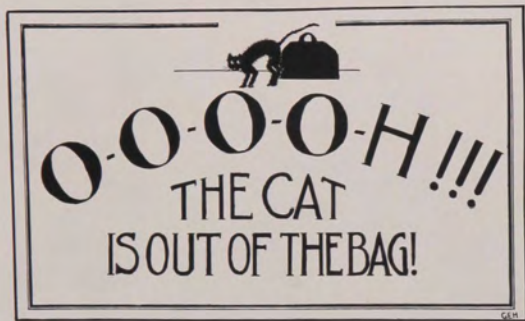


Acknowledgment

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The Editors take this opportunity to express their appreciation to all those who in any way contributed toward the success of this volume.





RALPH

Howdy, friends? Yup, this is me in one of my leisure moments. Rather unconventional, too, I must admit, but one does get so tired, you know, posing for Arrow collar ads that it is a genuine relief to take a day off and have one's picture taken as is. Yes, I am also summering in Ayer like my two comrades on this page. And like them I want to have the general public think I am enjoying it. Hence the smile and the restful pose. Well, I'll have to say bye bye, boys, since my cigarette is nearly finished, and I must get back to dress for drill. It's a great life if—well, you finish it. I haven't the heart.

GLEDHILL AND HOWARD

Nope, you're wrong. We are not the originals of that famous pair of characters, the Gold Dust Twins. We are just a couple of rookies whom our mutual friend (?), Al Knight, rooked at Camp Devens this summer for some undesired fatigue duty. We did considerable consigning of said friend to the eternal fires, and now we've kind of got it out of our systems enough to assume a happy smile before the camera. Either of us is not so much on looks, you know, but an abbreviated army uniform sure does set off a man's physique. Don't you think? Of course, we won't admit it, but the moral is—er—take the advanced course.



BENNETT

Hot stuff, kid, hot stuff. Notice how easy and natural-like I take it, too. Anybody would think I was quite accustomed to holding such a precious bundle in my arms, eh? Well, all I can say is that they might think right. I sure have got a happy smile on, too, you notice. Notice, too, that the "precious bundle" don't seem to be having such a terrible time. What do you think, boys? I'll bet she's pretty proud of her big, strong man. Don't you? That "big, strong man" is tipping you off to something, though, boys. This is just between you and me. Listen close—"I'd hate to have to walk two miles under these conditions."—Well, so long, boys. Drop around and see me when congratulations are in order.



KNOTT

Oh, hum! It was a tough night, I'll tell a world. Some party, the boy, some party. Could she pet? Oh, mamma, save your son! Gee, do you know, if there's anything I hate, it is getting up on the morning after the night before. Believe me, I'm some tired! I'm glad this house is handy, so I can have something to hold me up while this snapshot artist is getting in his work. I don't step out very much when I'm at college, but turn me loose while I'm home and watch me do my stuff. Of course, this last year in college I haven't been exactly sitting still, as far as the opposite sex goes. Well, I guess I'll go back to bed for another couple of hours of pounding a mean ear. Ta, ta.



JACK TOWER

Pretty snappy, eh? Real "college," if you ask me. Notice that four-button suit. Notice the sailor pants. I should have said trousers, I guess. I wear my coat collar turned up, too. They all do that at "Hawvard." If it wasn't for me and a few of the other "eds" here on the campus, visitors would never know this was a college. Most of the boys dress like rubes from the back woods of Carrotville Centre. Notice my blasé pose, too. Took four years of intensive study to acquire that. I obtained most of my technique "down the line," but I must admit that co-edding furnished me with the ground work. Well, I must be getting along. I have a "heavy" on for to-night. Oh, hum!

THE GIRLS

Well, I guess we're not the "works," eh? It sure is a great age we're living in. This age of the emancipation of women and the placing of them on an equal footing with men. We intend to stand firm for equal rights on the campus, too. Even to cigarettes, by heck. Helen says she's adopted the real honest-to-goodness outfit of a typical R. I. "ed." Alice evidently believes that she would rather be a little more urban, however. But, anyway, we're going to get our rights, no matter what happens. Don't you think we're right?



