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An almanac of college doings. 1909

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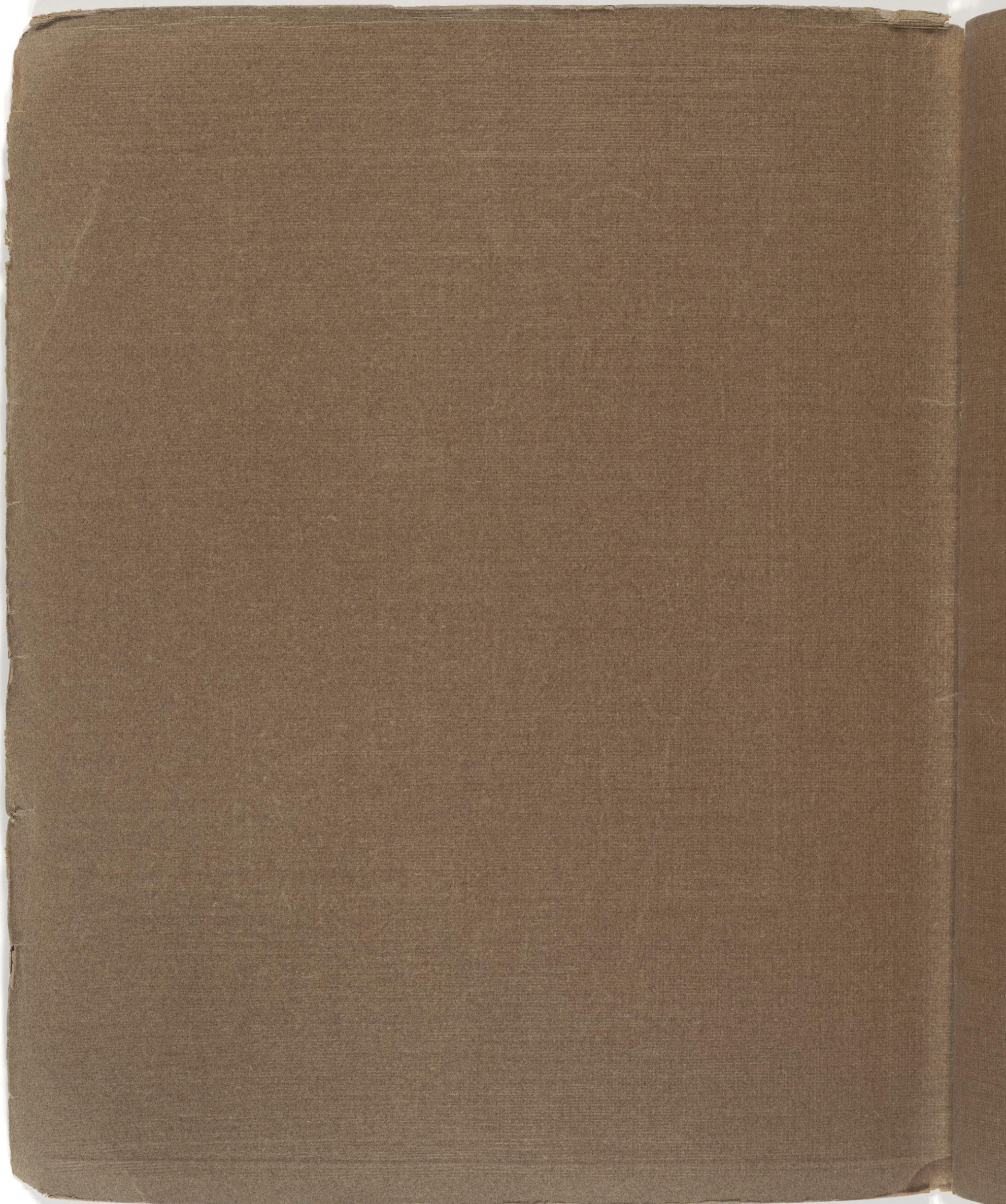
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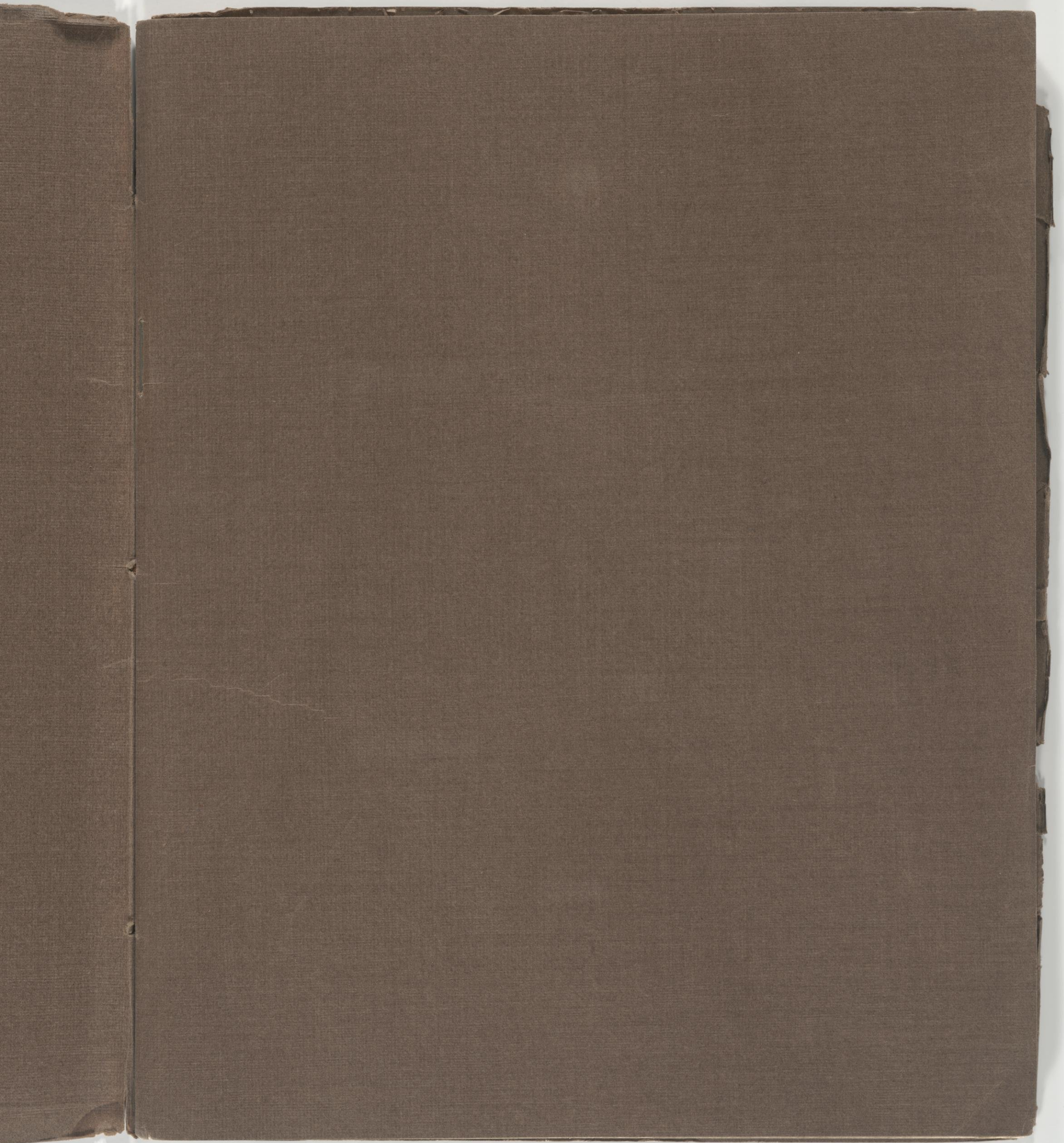
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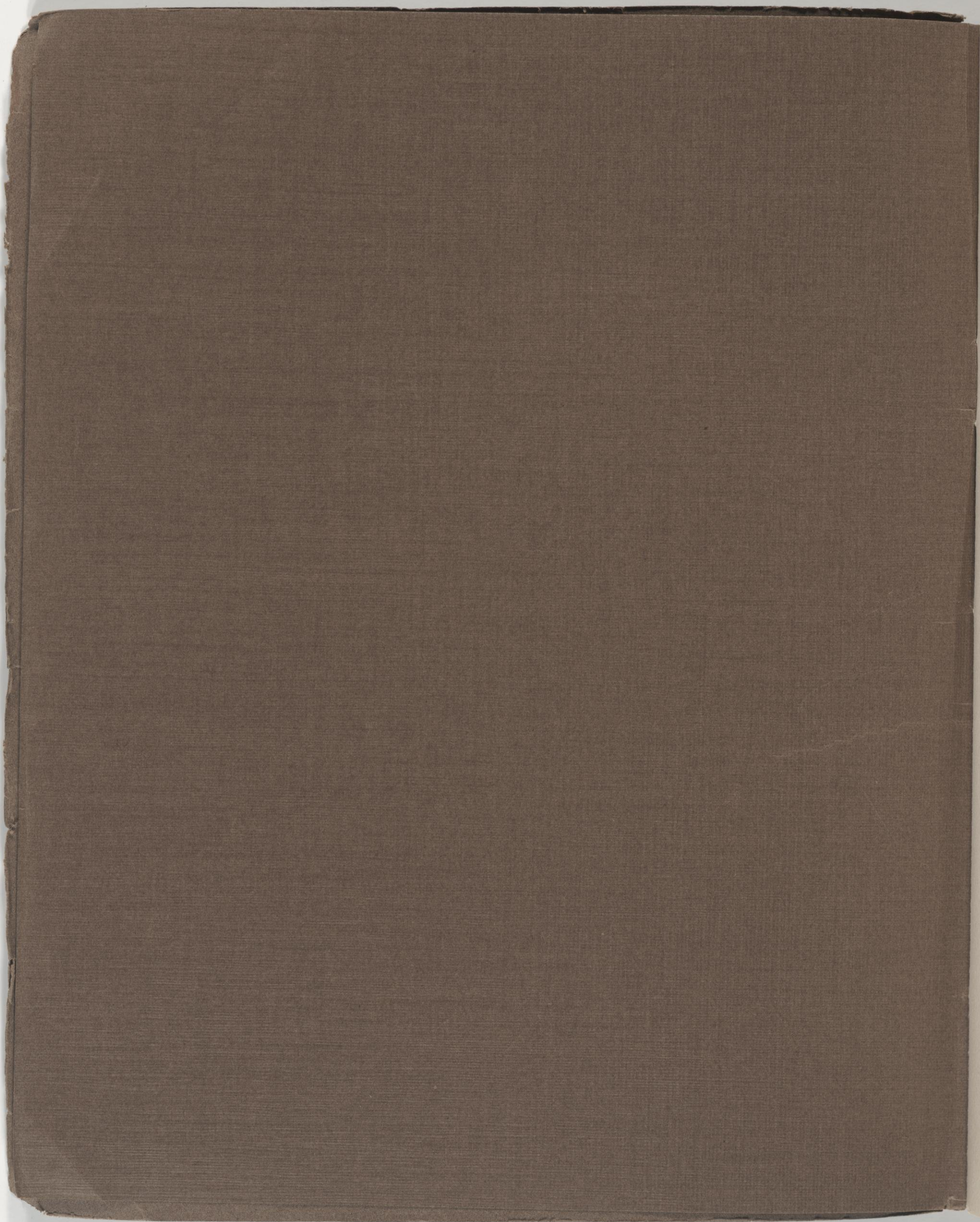
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An Almanac
of —
College
Doings









**An Almanac of
College Doings**

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of
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Verses by

Horatio Winslow

Pictures by

Max Otto

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1909**

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JANUARY

The
Start-Over Month



Golden Word for January

by our own little Astrologer

IN this month it were well at first to avoid old friends, especially old friends who have just cashed a large check and are eager to open things. Strengthen all thy good resolutions in the first part of the month in order that by the thirty-first thou mayest be so changed that thou wilt not recognize a last year's photo of thyself.

The Song of January Resolutions

Plantivo==tremolo==con espressione

IT'S New Year's. Don't ask me to loaf, Bill.
It's me to reform—Hang the luck!
Oh you think it's funny, but Dad's got my money
And *he* says—Well, just watch me buck.

It's New Year's. Don't urge me to smoke, Bill.
I've promised Grandmother I sha'n't.
She put up three hollers and twenty-five dollars:—
Light up if you want to—*I* can't.

It's New Year's. Don't keep me out late, Bill.
My sister knows things about me.
She says I must stop it or if I won't drop it
She'll tell 'em to **HER**—so you see!

ENERGICO! ALLEGRO!! CON VIVACITA!!!

*But hang such heart breakings—just lend me the makings
And who's got a five I can borrow?
We'll take in the show from the frontest front row
And I'll start in reforming tomorrow.*





	1909	JANUARY				1909
<i>Sunday</i>		3	10	17	24	31
<i>Monday</i>		4	11	18	25	
<i>Tuesday</i>		5	12	19	26	
<i>Wednesday</i>		6	13	20	27	
<i>Thursday</i>		7	14	21	28	
<i>Friday</i>	1	8	15	22	29	
<i>Saturday</i>	2	9	16	23	30	

All play and no work makes Jack a bully boy.



FEBRUARY

The
Social Function Month



Golden Word for February

by our own little Astrologer

THIS is the time of Examinations and Festivities and a good month for those who have brains as well as for those who have money. The first will win marks and the latter will win damsels. Yet let not the latter despair for though they have won no marks worth mentioning yet very often the damsels will make marks of them. Which was considered a good joke in the days of Al Rahab.

The Way of the Waltz

Tempo di Valse

Over and over I've dreamed of that dance we had,
 (Scoff – who – may!)
Beautiful You! and the Prom-time romance we had
 All – one – day!
Is it forgotten—the waltz that we dreamed through
Under the colors the tiny lamps gleamed through?
Treasured? outblotten? remembered? forgotten?
 Ah, tell – me – pray!

Though I'm forgetful (it's one of the faults I had),
 Yet – don't – fear,
I shall remember our Prom and the waltz I had—
 Yep, – my – dear.
Don't say "from love" for I'd have to impugn that;
No: I'll remember our waltz 'cause the tune that
The bills of that ball sing will sure keep me waltzing
 Till Prom – next – year.





1909		FEBRUARY				1909	
<i>Sunday</i>		7	14	21	28		
<i>Monday</i>	1	8	15	22			
<i>Tuesday</i>	2	9	16	23			
<i>Wednesday</i>	3	10	17	24			
<i>Thursday</i>	4	11	18	25			
<i>Friday</i>	5	12	19	26			
<i>Saturday</i>	6	13	20	27			

Those who dance nowadays must pay the decorator, the liveryman, the florist, the caterer, the jeweler, the confectioner, the landlord, and the railroad as well as the fiddler.



MARCH

The Study Month



Golden Word for March

by our own little Astrologer

THIS is a favorable month for those who have escaped the rod of the examiners. Now if thou art still in the land of the live ones study late into the night and hide not thy light under a bushel, but fling up thy window curtain that the passing prof may see and admire thy industry.

Hymn to Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom

By A Miserable Worm

I

O Deitess, (that She who lends
Us strength to foil the fail or con)
I pray thee choke all my Fool Friends
That I may study from now on.

II

Forget those wasteful times I talked
Of Football, Pugilists and Love;
Also forget those hours I walked
Along with Her thou wottest of.

III

Forget those days that vanished in
A multitude of Shiftless Smokes;
Forget those riccis mixed of gin—
Late Sessions and Post-midnight Jokes.

IV

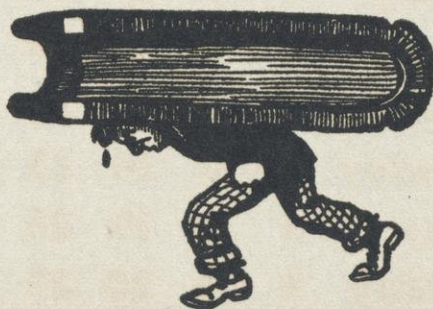
Take thou but one more chance on me
In spite of those fool things I did
And thus assisted I will be
The Union Labelled Student Kid.

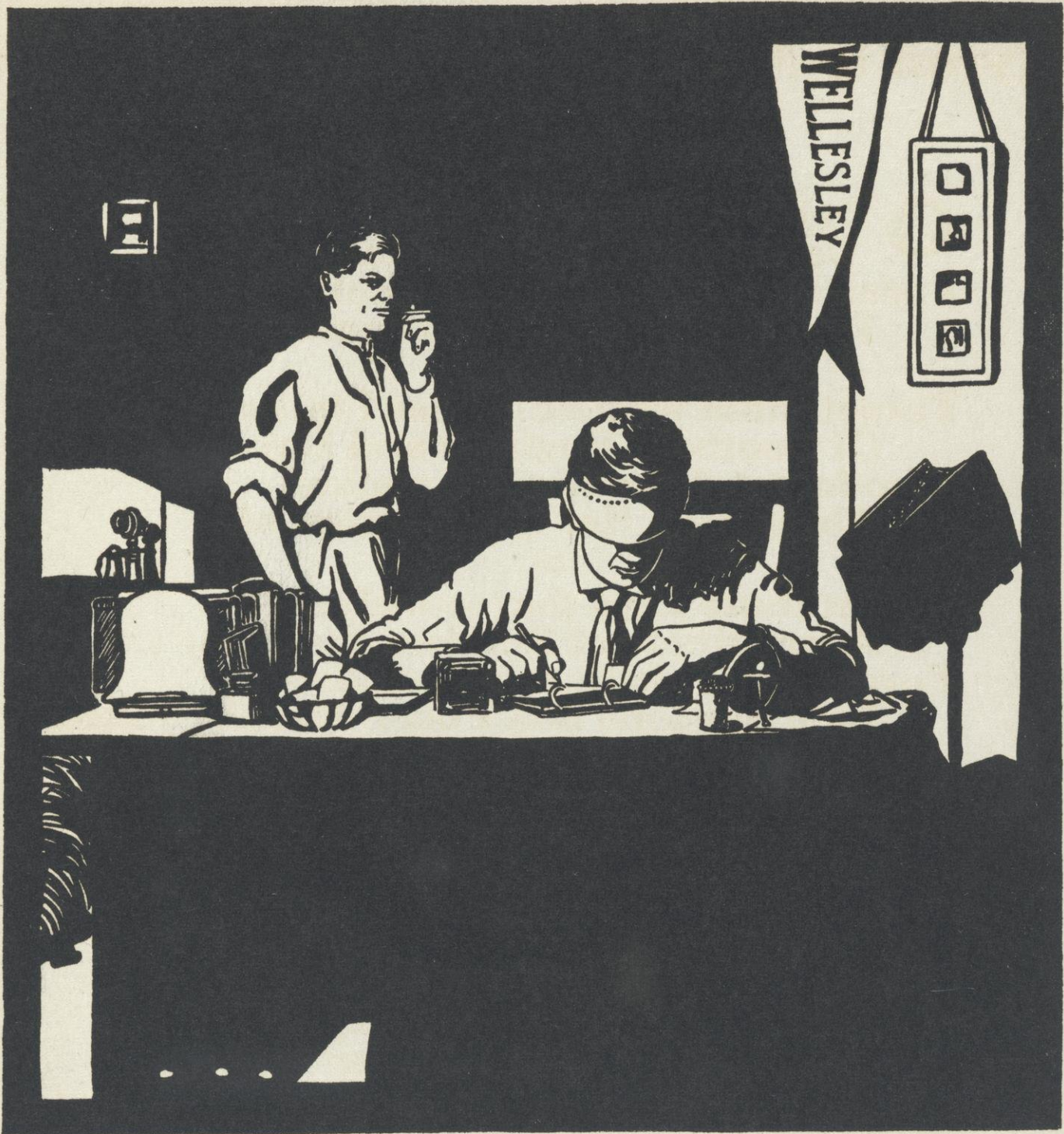
V

Though Roisterers beat upon the gate
I shall not heed the rowdy crew
But rather memorize a Date
Or prove a Formula or two.

VI

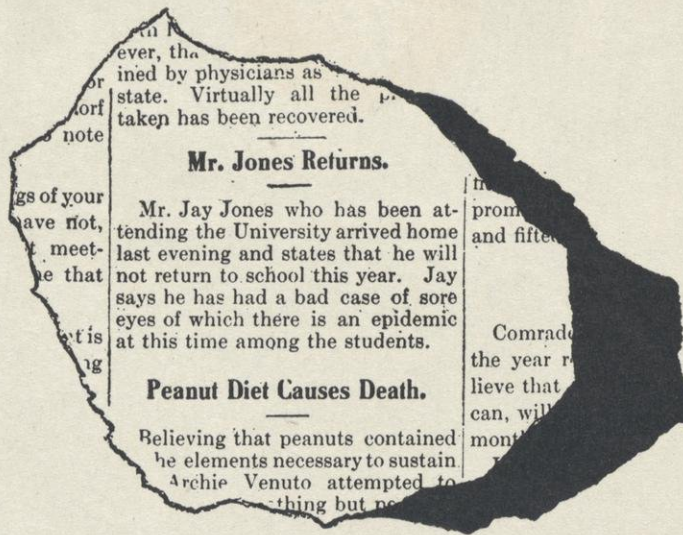
My days shall never witness more
Exciting sport than Earnest Toil,
And nightly on thy shrine I'll pour
Libations of pure Midnight Oil.





1909	MARCH				1909
<i>Sunday</i>		7	14	21	28
<i>Monday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Tuesday</i>	2	9	16	23	30
<i>Wednesday</i>	3	10	17	24	31
<i>Thursday</i>	4	11	18	25	
<i>Friday</i>	5	12	19	26	
<i>Saturday</i>	6	13	20	27	

“Steady, consistent, hard work is the foundation of every successful career.” – Say, you know that’s me from now on. I tell you a fellow can get just as much recreation as he needs walking to and from classes.



ever, the
ined by physicians as
state. Virtually all the p.
taken has been recovered.

Mr. Jones Returns.

Mr. Jay Jones who has been attending the University arrived home last evening and states that he will not return to school this year. Jay says he has had a bad case of sore eyes of which there is an epidemic at this time among the students.

Peanut Diet Causes Death.

Believing that peanuts contained the elements necessary to sustain Archie Venuto attempted to eat nothing but pe

prom
and fite

Comrade
the year r
lieve that
can, will
month

APRIL

The
Dramatic Month



Golden Word for April

by our own little Astrologer

AN auspicious month for them that dramat. Humor is a precious jewel, yet if thou actest heed this one precept: Be as funny as thou mayest but take good care that the joke be neither on thee nor on the audience.

A Pastoral

Chloe—A Nymph (but Masculine)

Lalage—Also in that Line

Time—A Rehearsal

Place—The Wings

(Where all the “girls” talk over things)

Chloe: Say, Billy, on the dead I'm sore.

Lalage: Me too. We might have made the four
If we'd stayed out.

Chloe: And here we are—
“The chorus girls”! Just watch the “star”—
I guess he thinks he's funny, hey?

Lalage: He'd better think again. I say
How long does this rehearsal last?

Chloe: Oh, till they're through. You're just the “cast”—
Don't ask such questions.

Lalage: Well, all right
But lemme tell you—here—tonight—
That once I'm finished with this fix
I'll chorus it next season?

Both: NIX!

Coach (without)

Attention, Chorus! Mind the cue!

All ready there! One! two! One! two!

Triumphali pompa chorus se emerget.





1909	APRIL				1909
<i>Sunday</i>	4	11	18	25	
<i>Monday</i>	5	12	19	26	
<i>Tuesday</i>	6	13	20	27	
<i>Wednesday</i>	7	14	21	28	
<i>Thursday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Friday</i>	2	9	16	23	30
<i>Saturday</i>	3	10	17	24	

*All the world's a stage—and most of the male
characters are bad actors.*



MAY

The
Spring Fever Month



Golden Word for May

by our own little Astrologer

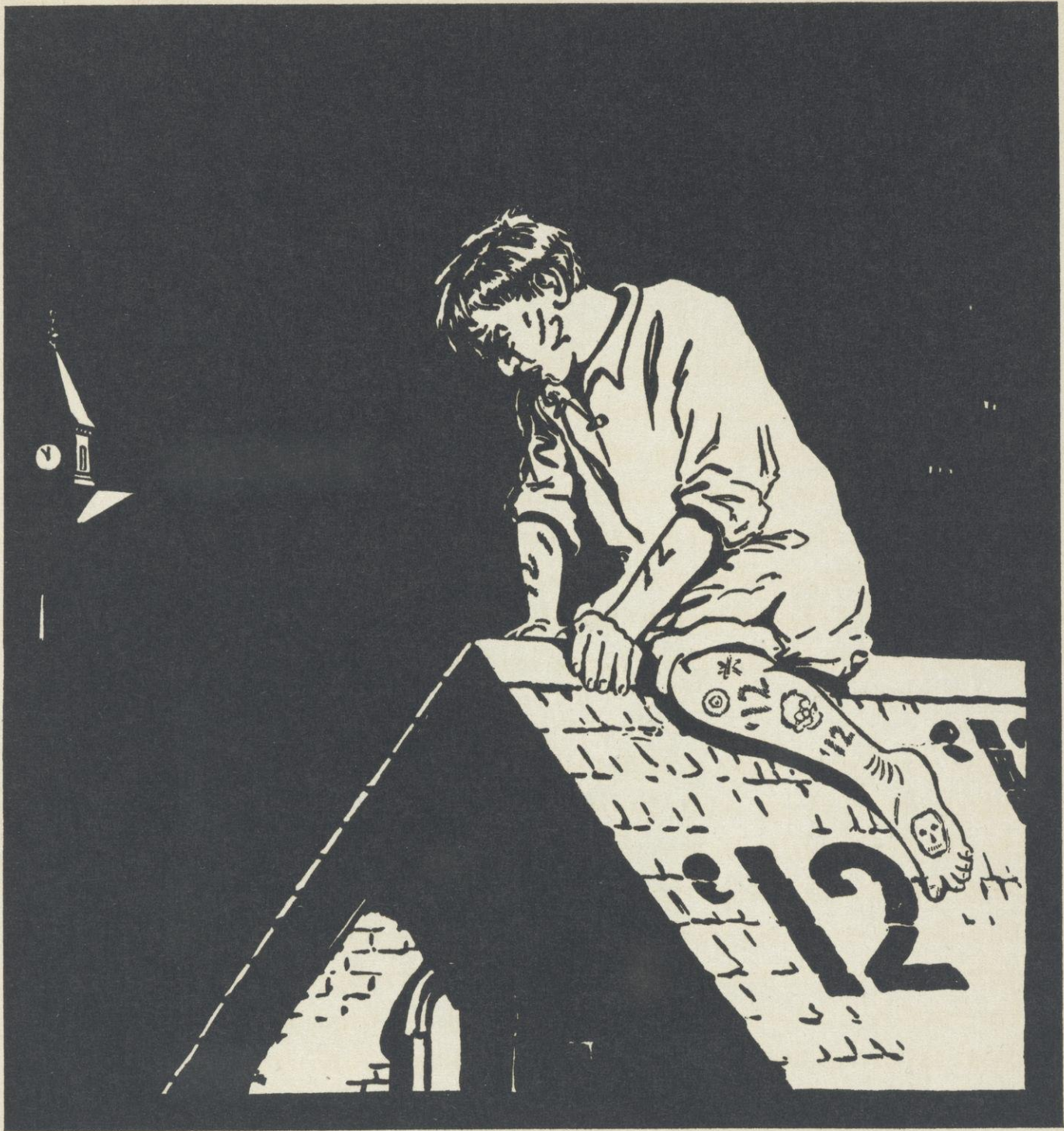
NOW is the season when thou must think twice before thou doest aught — yea think even three times — for this is the Spring Fever month and many a mad idea will come into thy bone head to make trouble if thou squelch it not.

The Froshes' May Day

WELL the night was feeling faint when we roused the gang to paint
On the slanting roof our Freshman numer-als;
But we'd hardly started up when a Sophomoric pup
Came and took us for his own benighted pals.
Well, of course he raised a rumpus and at first he tried to thump us
But we bore him roofward with us like a packer handling eggs.
For we thought that it might rest him if we carefully undressed him
While we painted funny pictures on his legs—legs—legs.

Well, the roof was sure a sight when we finished for the night
Having mussed it up with twenty trade-marks plus.
Just to let the public know that the Universe and Co.
Was the Freshman Aggregation which is Us.
But the Soph seemed peevish very at our efforts to be merry
Though we tried to learn to like him yet he sort of held aloof;
But he couldn't have been sadder when we took away the ladder
And just left him in his Shirtie on the roof—roof—roof.





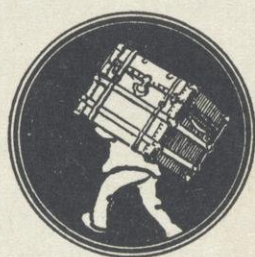
1909	MAY				1909
<i>Sunday</i>	2	9	16	23	30
<i>Monday</i>	3	10	17	24	31
<i>Tuesday</i>	4	11	18	25	
<i>Wednesday</i>	5	12	19	26	
<i>Thursday</i>	6	13	20	27	
<i>Friday</i>	7	14	21	28	
<i>Saturday</i>	1	8	15	22	29

The early bird gets the worm and occasionally vice versa.



J U N E

The
Say Good Bye Month



Golden Word for June

by our own little Astrologer

BEFORE this month shall have wended its way it were well to visit sundry Seniors and hint that the day is fine—yea exceeding fine and pleasant—in fact exactly the sort of day whereon a man might pay back the V he borrowed last December.

Last Night

Being a Commencement Ode

*The lights they shine along the shore—the ripples waver in
And from the far-away there comes the quavering mandolin:
Tomorrow we must choose for us the ways that we shall wend
For all our goodly Fellowship hath come unto an end.*

Now we must part with room-mate Jack—
Our more than brother he—
Who slapped us blithely on the back
Or cursed us gruesomely;
Who paid our debts, who wore our ties,
Who kissed our girls—deceiver!—
Who watched all night with unshut eyes
When we lay blind with fever.
So fare you well, dear Jack we knew
In days and nights delectable:
Two decades—Lord!—to think of you
Fat, Forty and Respectable.

Now must we part with dearest Nell,
The fairest of the fair,
Who lured us with the subtle spell
Of artless eyes and hair.
We billed and cooed and turtle-doved
Till lo—the Truth stole o'er us:
She was the girl our brothers loved
Some six good years before us.
So fare you well, whose heart was steel—
Yet things go so confoundedly
It well may chance our sons shall kneel
And pay you court unboundedly.

Now must we part with every life
Of these four years of years:
The campus torn by gallant strife—
The street of many beers:
With all good fellows everyone—
(God wot there be no better!)
With book and pen and task ill done
And cap and shoe and sweater
So fare you well who held us so—
Dead strings we may not strum again—
For time may come and time may go
But never you shall come again.

*O Laughter, Lights and Light-o-Loves and Talk of Friend to Friend—
But all our goodly Fellowship
Yea, all our goodly Fellowship
Our strangest, strongest Fellowship hath come unto an end.*





1909	JUNE				1909
<i>Sunday</i>		6	13	20	27
<i>Monday</i>		7	14	21	28
<i>Tuesday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Wednesday</i>	2	9	16	23	30
<i>Thursday</i>	3	10	17	24	
<i>Friday</i>	4	11	18	25	
<i>Saturday</i>	5	12	19	26	

*The best of friends must part.—Yes, of course,
but that doesn't make it any easier.*



JULY

The

Buckle Down Month



Golden Word for July

by our own little Astrologer

VERILY this will be a month full of laughter to many. They will rise early—even before the sixth hour—and betake them to a hard taskmaster under whom they will toil till six of the evening. Their wage will be a mere pittance and they will not be late mornings nor will they cut nor raise rough-house. And when they think of their hard and toilsome college days they will laugh.

The Engineers

There was an old lady and she had a wooden leg
So she couldn't travel inland easilee.
And she called her sons and said, "The walkin's dreadful so I beg
That you'll build a decent road or two for me."
She gave 'em books and papers and she set 'em hours of work
(And twenty hours was just their daily ration)
"And I'll make you rich and famous if you never loaf nor shirk"
Said Mrs. Civilization.

*And it's "Hey! Engineer! Engineer!
Just can all recreation
And buck that part
Till you've got it down by heart,"
Says Mrs. Civilization.*

They've gone and they've built 'em clear from Mex to Winnipeg
And they've fought their way through seven Injun wars.
And they've walked most of the going but the Lady with the Leg
Has come after in the softest parlor cars.
Sometimes they've slept in banks of snow and sometimes in a ditch—
And glad at that to hold a situation—
And she's made 'em fourth-class famous but she's never made 'em
rich—
Old Mrs. Civilization.

*But it's "Hey! Engineer! Engineer!
Just hike through all creation!
And don't you stop
Till you've tidied up the shop,"
Says Mrs. Civilization.*





1909	JULY				1909
<i>Sunday</i>		4	11	18	25
<i>Monday</i>		5	12	19	26
<i>Tuesday</i>		6	13	20	27
<i>Wednesday</i>		7	14	21	28
<i>Thursday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Friday</i>	2	9	16	23	30
<i>Saturday</i>	3	10	17	24	31

No cheers!
No beers!
Nothing but
Work for the
Engineers!



AUGUST

The
Moonshine Month



Golden Word for August

by our own little Astrologer

KEEP a tight hold on thy pocket-book, likewise thy heart; otherwise she whom thou didst never meet before last Monday will help thee spend the contents of the one and take away the other entire. At thy summer resort talk with the mammas and play golf with the papas but shun the light-hearted damsels as thou would'st the deadly Upas Tree.

*A different girl—new ways—a nod—a glance—
A passing word—a handshake and—romance!*

I

When first we met it must have been
Some thousand years or more **B. C.**
In dreams sometimes I see the scene
Where you touched hands first time with me.
It was a hill by **Babylon**
And there we saw them slay a maid
Within the **Temple of the Sun:—**
You caught my arm—you were afraid.

II

And then that's all till one fine day
After **X** hundred years or so
Again we came each other's way
In **Egypt—**(still some time ago).
All day we floated down the **Nile**
And watched as far as we could see
The **lazy-swimming crocodile—**
And you said one looked just like me.

III

Well, then there's dark once more until
It lifts again in **Caesar's Rome**
With houses crowded roof and sill
For **Caesar's** legions marching home.
With solemn song and sacrifice
They greeted him victorious;
But you called "**Ave Caesar!**" twice
And he looked up and smiled at us.

*So many times, you see, we've met;
So many times we've said good-bye;
That even this won't last— And yet
We might pretend so—you and I.*





1909	AUGUST				1909
<i>Sunday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Monday</i>	2	9	16	23	30
<i>Tuesday</i>	3	10	17	24	31
<i>Wednesday</i>	4	11	18	25	
<i>Thursday</i>	5	12	19	26	
<i>Friday</i>	6	13	20	27	
<i>Saturday</i>	7	14	21	28	

Make love while the moon shines.



SEPTEMBER

The
Hello Bill Month



Golden Word for September

by our own little Astrologer

REJOICE! Rejoice! Old feuds are forgotten. Vacation hath cleared the brain and thou art glad to see even one John Smith whom thou revilest last semester. Yet thou must walk warily for as thou steppest from the train thou mayest run plump into the arms of an oldtime creditor.

Back Again

I

Yes. Train's late—
So he said.
Guess we'll wait.
Gee! There's Ed!
Y'know that's right
'Bout old Jack?
Wrote last night,
Can't come back.
She'll miss him—
You know—Ann.
Hi! There's Jim!
Hello, Old Man!

II

How's the bo?
On the bum?
Jack here? No.
Jack can't come.
Sure's a shame.
Say, who's that
Foxy dame
With the hat?
Kind of sweet—
All that tan—
Why here's Pete—
Hello, Old Man!

III

Have you heard
News we got?
Jack's a bird
Ain't he—not.
Honest he
Makes me sore.
Who's that—see—
By the door?
There in black—
See—by Ann?
Why it's Jack!
HELLO! OLD MAN!!





1909 SEPTEMBER 1909

<i>Sunday</i>		5	12	19	26
<i>Monday</i>		6	13	20	27
<i>Tuesday</i>		7	14	21	28
<i>Wednesday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Thursday</i>	2	9	16	23	30
<i>Friday</i>	3	10	17	24	
<i>Saturday</i>	4	11	18	25	

*There're no friends like old friends — except
college friends.*



OCTOBER

The
Hazy Month



Golden Word for October

by our own little Astrologer

A WORD to the newly-come: Stay in the house by night; act in a seemly fashion when in public; cast down thy eyes in the presence of thy betters. For I tell thee great dangers await thee, especially if thou art a Fresh Kid. Nay laugh not at the sage sayings of the aged Wise One. I tell thee the Sophomores long for nothing more than such as thou art, and when they catch thee behold thou wilt entertain them for hours.

The Hazing

They said we shouldn't do it so of course we went and did it.

Anyhow that year the Freshmen were a measly bunch and chesty:
So we coralled 'em one evening in the open—never hid it—

And we started out to do things like in college stories. Well—
We had 'em singing chorals and we had 'em running races.

And we dumped 'em in the water when they bucked or got too
testy.

And in different ways we tried 'em and we put 'em through their paces
Until most of 'em were throatsore just from hollering our yell.

They say we broke the record and I guess that's right:— We broke it.

Anyhow down at Headquarters it was called unprecedented.

And they fined just *forty* fellows (put that in your pipe and smoke it!)

For Disorderly And So Forth—after which the bunch was fired....

Maybe sometime in the future other classes will excell us.

But they'll have to hurry Harry, and I think we'll be contented
To lean back and read about 'em for they'll never get us jealous

And it's my idea the best they do will only make us tired.





1909	OCTOBER					1909
<i>Sunday</i>		3	10	17	24	31
<i>Monday</i>		4	11	18	25	
<i>Tuesday</i>		5	12	19	26	
<i>Wednesday</i>		6	13	20	27	
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<i>Friday</i>	1	8	15	22	29	
<i>Saturday</i>	2	9	16	23	30	

*A haze in time saves the victim's friends a lot
of wear and tear later on.*

really all there
is to it. Of course
it's only a question
of time before the
faculty lets us back,
but there doesn't seem to
be any use staying
around now, so you
may expect me home
Friday. Your affectionate son
Jack

P.S. Anyhow it did the
Freshman a lot of good

NOVEMBER

The
Big Game Month



Golden Word for November

by our own little Astrologer

LISTEN to the ever-correct prophecy of the Arabian Star Doctor. In this month keep thy temperature down. Bet not thy coin on a contest of twenty-two men, eleven of whom chance to come from thy college. For often and often the team thou did'st *not* bet on will walk away with the game, and a coarse, unfeeling person with thy money.

The End of the Big Game

TWO MINUTES MORE! A touchdown and we win.

And if the touchdown isn't—then we're stuck.

HOLD 'EM! I tell you, Bill, this game's a sin!

HOLD 'EM! Great Scott! I never saw such luck.

Lord—let us win; at least if it's the same

To you! HOLD 'EM! One more and it's our ball.

For, Lord, you know that if we lose this game

I can't cash up for room and board at all.

OUR BALL! And now there's just a minute left!

Get **BUSY!** **PLAY** the **GAME.** *Lord, be their friend!*

Don't let 'em plunge: they haven't got the heft!

AROUND THE END, YOU CHUMP, AROUND THE END!

Stopped in his tracks! **DON'T WAIT AROUND ALL DAY!**

There's just a minute left! Look there! They've wheeled

The backs across. Some trick! Now watch him!.....**SAY!**

HE'S BROKEN LOOSE! HE'S GOING DOWN THE FIELD.

GO ON you! **RUN,** you Indian! **RUN!** I say!

DODGE him! **LOOK OUT NOW!** **HARD** there! **HI!** He's through!

GO ON! They've got him! **NO!** *I want to pray:*

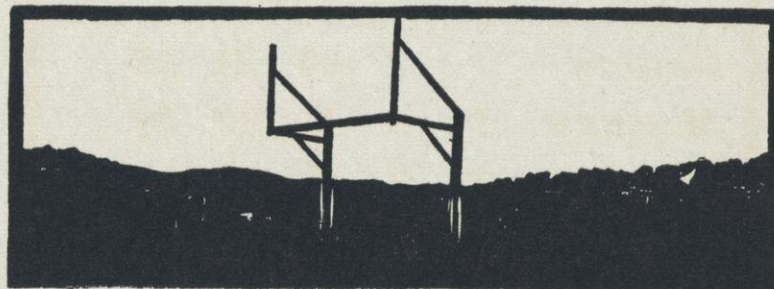
I lay me down to sleep.—GO ON THERE, YOU!

KEEP OFF THAT HALF! **GO ON,** you Bigfoot—**GO!**

You Chinese Idol—**RUN—I** tell you! **RUN!**

Only ten yards! He'll never make it! **O**

Lord, now I lay me down to—YAH! WE'VE WON!!!





1909	NOVEMBER				1909
<i>Sunday</i>		7	14	21	28
<i>Monday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
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<i>Saturday</i>	6	13	20	27	

*Betting is a curse from beginning to end, that's
why it improves your vocabulary.*



DECEMBER

The
Indoors Month



Golden Word for December

by our own little Astrologer

IN this month the voice of the True Sport will be heard in the land and he will say "Drink up—be Game". Then thou must decide, whether to drink more than thou wouldst or to endure the ignominy of being Not Game. If thou shouldst ask the advice of Arabia's Favorite Astrologer he would tell thee—but shucks thou wilt find out by experience like the rest.

Stein Song

Now here's a toast to Old Prof Time
Who took us right in tow
From our Paleozoic Freshman slime
To teach us all we know.

"And it's laugh," he said, "and be glad," he said.

"Like the bunch that went before;

For it's *pouf!*" he said, "and you're gone," he said.

"And you never come back any more."

(Worse luck!

We'll never come back any more!)

Said Old Prof Time, "They've all had fun
And liked their little flings,

But they're gone an' everyone dead and done.

And now you're running things.

And they laughed," he said, "and they roused," he said.

"Till the cop kicked at the door;

And they sang," he said, "and were glad," he said.

"But they've never come back any more."

(Poor guys!

They'll never come back any more!)

So all you Freshmen lift your ears
And hark to Old Prof Time:

You're a Used-To-Waser in just four years

But now you're in your prime.

"So laugh!" he says, "and be glad!" he says.

"For there's Time to pay the score.

Just a bit," he says, "And you land," he says.

"Where you never come back any more."

(That's right!

You'll never come back any more!)

Drink her down! Drink her down! Drink her down—down—down!

There's a wall without a door.

And we can't get by when we're A-lum-ni

So we never come back any more—

more—more—

No, never come back any more!





1909 DECEMBER 1909					
<i>Sunday</i>		5	12	19	26
<i>Monday</i>		6	13	20	27
<i>Tuesday</i>		7	14	21	28
<i>Wednesday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Thursday</i>	2	9	16	23	30
<i>Friday</i>	3	10	17	24	31
<i>Saturday</i>	4	11	18	25	

It makes good fellows of some but it turns most of us into plain goats and a pretty ordinary breed at that. Freshmen, take notice.



