

**JOHNNIE'S LETTERS
HOME: THE RECORD OF
A COLLEGE FRESHMAN**

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Johnnie's Letters Home: The Record of a College Freshman by Franklin Cummings

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FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

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HOME: THE RECORD OF
A COLLEGE FRESHMAN**



" She sed at fullest hite,
'I do not care to danse to-nite.'"

JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

THE RECORD
OF A COLLEGE
FRESHMAN

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



By FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. D. BILLS

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1918

TO BIRD
ABBOTTLIN

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Gift of
Mary E. Stockle

To
Merlin C. Hooper
Johnxie's Best Friend.

M 8966

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JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

FRESHMAN RUBS

Dere fokes, I got here all O. K.
 But wisht I mite go back today,
 For Kollidge don't agree wth me,
 This fact alreddy I can see.
 Nobuddy waz with awe struck dumm,
 That I into their midst had cum.
 They only laff when I go by,
 And sum of the fellers seem to lie
 In wait to make me oft perform
 For them. I seem to have took by
 storm

The Soffymores who are kwite proud
 To show me off before the crowd.
 And so whenever I step out,
 They swoop upon me with a shout,
 And lead me where the world mite see,
 And poke my ribs with feendish glee.
 When I got here I wore that hat
 Of Granpa Sizer's, and just for that,
 They pounced on me and hollered,
 "Who

Let this escape from out the Zoo?"
 With dignity I sed, "Be off,"
 Whereby the leader did mildly coff
 In apology but sed, "On, on,
 With the merriment." This wazz the
 dawn

Of my kollidge life. They led me
 where
 Five thousand peeple with eagre air
 Awaited my advent, kruel, grim,
 Reddy to tear me Ymm from limm.
 Then the leader sed, "Remove your
 cote,

And we'll do our best ts get you
 gote."

I had on the blowze you made me,
 maw,
 And the sleevelets that I got from
 paw,

The purple wuns with the ribbins at-
 tached,

The goods that waz used when your
 garters waz patched.

This luminary site did fill

My captors wth desire to kill,
 They turned my cote sleeves wrong-
 side in.

The way they abuzed me waz a sin.
 My shirt tales in the air hung loose,
 I flapped them gently like a goose.
 And then they nabbed anuther guy,
 Whooze jurney in their path did lie,
 A little feller, short and fat,
 Who buzzed aroun' just like a nst,
 They put xs on a line together
 And sed, "Now, Butter Ball and
 Fether,

Deside by racing which shall go
 Into the Kem. Pond's slimy floe."
 So eagre waz I, I lost my hed,
 And started before the weed waz sed,
 Whereby they giv' me a handycapp,
 Az well az a harsh reproovin' rap.
 But just the same I set the pace,
 Determint that I shud win the race.
 The fellers formed a dubble line,
 Which waz to me a ominnus sine.
 And when we run the gantlet throo,
 A ringin stinging feeling grew,
 Where they had paddled az we passed
 To make us cut the wind more fast.

Six times we lapped the oval plot,
 And now I gasped and feł kwite hot,
 My kolleegue waz two laps behind,
 And grinned az if he didn't mind.

Fin'ly I stopped for want of breth,
 And felt that twud be certin deth,
 But then a Frosh with a cap on came,
 And saved the honner of my name.

I slunk away ix the cheering throng,
 Feeling that I waz did a wrong.
 And now I brethless live for fear
 Sich eppisoads all throo the year
 Will happen. O I wisht that I
 Back in my attick cot cud lie.
 I'll write ts you agen next week,
 When of futchur events like these I'll
 speak.

Good by, my family, ev'ry wun,
 I am Your Ever Effectshunat Son,

JOHNNIE.

THE FRESHMAN RALLY

Dere Pa and Ma and Sister Sue,
 And Uncle Tad and Heinie, too,
 I wisht that you waz here last nite,
 There cum nere becin' a pitch-in fite,
 Those ornery Sophs. thot they wuz
 smart,
 But we had dun our durndest part,
 And when they yelled, "Bring on
 more wood,"
 By blud just biled, I cud hav stood
 And nocked their heds cleen off their
 nex,
 And Heinie noze I'm hard to vex.
 It cum about in the Greek Theeayter,
 The fire wuz wuss than any equayter,
 And, God, ma, how I biled and swet,
 My underwear wuz ringing wet.
 Those durned fool Sophs. kept holler-
 ing "More,"
 And that sure made us Freshmen sore.
 We cud have fott and licked them, too,
 We all waz in just sich a stew.
 But we done rite and let 'em be,
 But next time, jist you wait and see.
 An ole man with a beard spoke,
 And all my patritizm awoke,
 I wisht that you had bin there, paw,
 To hear him tell about the "wab."

When he had dun, he made us rize,
 And sing our anthem to the skies,
 My throte with feelin' seemed to
 choke,
 And as I sung, my durned voice broke,
 And then a lot of banjoes played,
 My feelin's now with joy wuz swayed.
 I cud have hollered rite out lowd,
 But there wuz sich a durned big
 crowd,
 I wisht my clarinets wud cum,
 I'd show them how to make things
 hum.
 The fire wuz low and all wuz dun,
 We sure had had a heap of fun,
 And then we did the serpent green,
 It wuz a site wurth becin' seen.
 And when we'd sung "All Fail," we
 lef'
 And marched away to muffed step.
 I'm feelin' fine and lookin' pert,
 I wisht you'd send me my other shirt,
 And an extry sute of underwear,
 Just so I'll hav it round to spare.
 Goodby, my family, ev'ry wun,
 It's aite o'clock and I must run,
 I am your ever effectshunate son,
 JOHNNIE.