

SONNETS OF A FRESHMAN

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Sonnets of a Freshman by Berton Braley

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BERTON BRALEY

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A FRESHMAN**

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BY
BERTON BRALEY
(*Wisconsin, '05*)

Illustrations by
C. R. FREEMAN
(*Wisconsin, '05*)

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TO
HORATIO WINSLOW
(Collegially known as "Bain.")

HUMORIST, WRITIST, DRAWIST, PLAYIST,
TRAMP ROYAL

AND
ALL ROUND GOOD FELLOW,

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS
RIOUSLY DEDICATED

("In Jestng Guise,
But Ye are Wise,
And Ye Know What the
Jest is
Worth.")

136784



SONNETS OF A FRESHMAN

I.

Valedictorian, quar-
ter on the team,
class president, and
holy smoke! what
wasn't I?—back at
high school.

It seems so strange to find myself down here,
Away from pa and ma and all the rest,
But then you see I was the very best
Of all the high school class I left last year ;
I used to cut a lot of ice, but dear,
Dear me—it makes me very much depressed
The way the Soph'mores treat me as a jest,
And at my aspirations merely jeer.

They do not know how great I was at home ;
Or how I won a big three dollar prize
For elocution. Yes, and for my size,
Folks said no better quarter trod the loam.
They scorn me now and mock my good intent,
But they'll be sorry when I'm president.

I tell you I was
proud, then.

They will be, too.



"I took a fall"

II.

I always go past on
Tuesdays and
Thursdays on my
way to laboratory.

Today when I was going past the Hall,
Away up at the top I saw a girl,
So pretty that my head began to whirl,
And I could hardly even think at all.
I waved my hand (for I'm just full of gall,
Yes, I'm an awful flirt) but such a pearl
She was. She gave her handkerchief a twirl,
I was so flustered that I took a fall,

That's where the
co-eds live, you
know.

"Pearl" is kind of
old but it fits here.

And spoiled my new two dollar pants. But she,
She only smiled and shook her pretty head.
I'll make these Soph'mores here feel mighty
dead,

'Taint every day the girls see men like me.
The Sophs laugh now—Gee! how they'll

"Fawn and whine"
is pretty nifty talk.
I've been reading
the poets.

fawn and whine
When every co-ed's heart is wholly mine.



"And shook my hand"