

# CHIRPING CHERUBS

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Master Huey Long cogitates! He had just read "THE BAREFOOT BOY" and, quite heavy with his newly discovered importance, is ruminating over that stroke of Fate which left him so utterly necessary to the progress of civilization.



Winsome, petit, cuddly, Harold T. Bailey! We cannot say more than: "Migawd, what a difference a few years make!"



Disappointed young love!—and a hangover. Cynicism is apparent in our dear Cramer even as a boy. We sometimes see this look today, as he bewails a quiz grade less than 95. Humor him boys!



Puckett doing his ture of tender infancy. bing pain stabs our hear this study in purity—to to be Russi's roommate.



We hate to be trite, BUT was Darwin right? Our assistant yell-leader, Schott, here does his first gurgling. They were just before muffling the bright-eyed chap in his father's suitcase



Little Jackie Roach on his first Arbor Day. He was quite husky, it appears—from the size of the tree. He had just come from the last round-up, which explains the hat.



This, our dear, dear reader, is none tender age of 3. Notice that—EVEN T but that delectable smile. Would, oh WO!