

Mr. Poufton Joins A Fraternity; Describes Reactions At Typical Meeting

Newark, Delaware,
April 19, 1929.

Dear Cuthbert,
It is with great pride that I write to tell you, that I, Cecil Pifflick Poufton, have been taken into a fraternity as an honorary member. The chance of a life-time has been given to me—I am now able to associate with the collegians on a mutual ground. I am better able to study the American type of college man, and at last, I'm sure I can put them in whatever category they may belong. Heretofore, my mind has been in a turmoil, and I have failed completely in analyzing these young gentlemen who attend the Blue Hen State University. Isn't that "Blue Hen" quaint?

I think fraternity meetings are intensely interesting. As of course you know, all the men while in the meeting room, are known as brothers. And indeed, at times, they do act as though there is some blood relationship. At our meeting last week, interest ran high, and blood, at times, boiled. The men had flocked into the room, and after the usual brawl over the overstuffed chairs, the Grand Kleagle rapped loudly with his mighty gavel and called the meeting to a semblance of order. The room was reeking with the smell of cigarette and pipe smoke, but everyone excepting me, seemed blissfully unaware of the obnoxious odor. The meeting getting underway, our treasurer arose to his feet and made the usual impassioned appeal for dues and house rent. He was completely squelched by "boos" and "cat-calls," which came from four delinquent brothers on the back row. Brother Smith next stood virtuously on his feet and in a high, piping voice vigorously protested against the spectacle which the brothers had so inadvertently made of themselves at the recent Spring Frolic. I gathered from his speech that quite a number of the brothers had been there while in an inebriated condition. While Brother Smith was in the midst of his harangue, one of the four seated in the back of the room, pulled a silver flask from his hip pocket, and after taking a long draught, passed the bottle down the row. Smith, finally observing this, burst into bitter tears, and was led consolingly out of the room by the Grand Kleagle, who, when he came back in, demanded coldly if there had been a drink left for him. The meeting, again getting underway, it was decided to take away the pledge pin of a man because he absolutely refused to bathe behind his ears. It was furthermore unanimously decided to pledge a transfer from Starford because of his beautiful raccoon coat, and his dazzling white teeth. The coat, said the brothers,

would come in so handy, when any of them had dates in Red Men's Grove. The teeth were not, again, mentioned. Hard feelings exist between the Kleagle and the chaplain because the reverend one has succeeded in stealing the affections of the Kleagle's girl. They glare at each other, almost all the time, and I have heard words coming from the chaplain's lips and addressed to the Kleagle, which should never issue from the mouth of one who leads his brothers in prayer.

The meeting ended with a solemn pact made by the brothers to punch the head of any fraternity men, other than our own, who park their cars in our driveway.

Oh, Cuthbert! These red-blooded, young, college men. They're so spontaneous, so thoughtless, and yet, how lovable.

Until next week, my Boy,

Cecil.

Campus Chatter

Prom-trotter Weiler has confidentially let it be known that his debut in black pearl studs will come off to-night. We saw that package from the Eagle Novelty Company yesterday and wondered what it was.

Jack Parkinson held a nickel-soliciting session the other night for the pay-as-you-play Vic at the Greek's. We distinctly saw him gather at least four nickels and only heard the damned thing play once—pretty bad, Jack, in other words, not so good.

The Giggle of the Week: Before the new theatre was named, the tale goes that Handloff père consulted Messrs. Noble and Byam with the idea of getting from them an appropriate Spanish name. After much weighty cogitation, they proposed "El Ciné Campeador." The ultimate decision may be seen by all comers: State.

The whisper presents Dick Rinard in a compromising situation in Old College last Friday night. Let there be light, and lo! there was no light.

The waning moon or the ebb tide or something has again struck the J. Hill amours. The whole thing, Jimmie, goes "To have and to hold."

We note with glee that the W. C. D. Junior Class song, which appeared on these pages last week, called for telephonic communication with the "Kappy Alph" house, and then satiric comment about "Boys don't like to kiss the gals." Boiling all this down to its component parts, the authoress is in no danger of preserving her anonymity.

June Hare is quoted as saying that, due to his unearthly beauty, there has been yet another broken heart, another wrecked home, and another body

of a beautiful, unidentified female found floating in the river. Yeah, we can understand that "unidentified" all right, but we saw the body and across the right shoulder blade was tattooed the words "Annual myth."

From the Lyrics

THE COWBOY'S RELIGION

Churches and preachin' and singin' of hymns.

Is fine for the city people, But ridin' the range on the mesa's rims

I never see nary a steeple.

I ain't been to church since old Leatherwood died,

But I ain't ashamed to admit it, Fer I've got religion deep under my hide, And this is the way I git it.

Just bein' a man and lopin' along Where the world is like God made it, And sometimes at night with a bit of a song, A-tryin' to serenade it.

The hills are my friends and the prairie's my pal, The stars are my next door neighbors,

My kind of believin' ain't schismatical, Nor somethin' apart from my labors.

Though out on the range of square shootin' men, Us boys never hears much preachin', I reckon God hears us a worshipin' when We follow His Nature's teachin'. "Otis."

Patty—How was that party last night?

Hatty—Nip and tuck all night long.

Patty—What do you mean, "nip and tuck?"

Hatty—Well, first I had one nip, and then I tuck another.

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Yale Reaches For A Cigarette

(Continued from Page 1.)

whose slogan is, "Smoke Harvard out!"

It was a grizzled collection of veterans that Yale trotted out with their eye bandages yesterday. Under the tutelage of Head Grizzle Coach McNutt, the boys went through a seige of grizzling that left them hard and dry and "set." Off cigarettes for two days prior to the contest, so as not to get stale, they plunged into the tilt in the very pink. The exhibition of the first few minutes was a spectacle rarely equaled in cigarette smoking since Miss Millicent Rogers, society belle; Herbert Bayard Swope, international journalist, and Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte reached for a ciggy instead of a Borzoi book.

The tale of the contest was told in those few minutes. Cigarettes flashed like tiny streaks of lightning. Matches fluttered. Smoke rings rose. While the bewildered John Harvards fumbled amateurishly for their coffin-tacks, the New Haven boys took a nice lead, smoking, choosing, discarding with a speed and brilliance that brought the stands to their feet time and again.

Later is was a little more even. Getting their second wind, the Cambridge boys began to smoke, nearer their normal speed, and from then on it was more of a contest.

Watch Harvard Next Year!

Immediately after the contest, a "pep" rally was held in the City Hall. Head Coach McNutt spoke at length, and four class presidents followed. The gist of their remarks may be summed up in a paragraph from an old grad's address:

"Smoke, fellows, smoke! Get the old ciggy habit! You big fellows who are too lazy to come out for the team—get a line on yourselves! Every man who smokes is needed! Fellows, it's the old school who calls, the old 'varsity' that needs you. Is Harvard to call in vain? Are you Harvard men at heart? No, I need no answer; Harvard men are still Harvard men—and watch Harvard in the big cigarette pentathlon next year! Look out, Yale!"

According to Coach McNutt, the prospects for next year are great. Two big cigarette smokers from Groton are entering, and the present freshman team contains no fewer than five men who are rated as four-goal handicap cigarette addicts.

"All we ask is co-operation," the grizzled old coach said. "We've got the men, we've got the cigarettes—if the old school will stand behind us, we've got Yale beaten to a frazzle, though I am against boasting."



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style conscious you'll
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The Shop Where the
University Men Comes

Book Review:

"The only good thing prohibition ever produced," said C. F. Coe, of Bert Green's LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR (Stokes). The author himself said that it was a piece for low-brows, so it ought to be popular with college fellows.

For those who like a little more meat on their reading we can recommend two new books of short stories not long off the press. The first is Louis Bromfield's AWAKE AND REHEARSE (Stokes). This young expatriate (better look that one up) is writing some mighty fine stories and in this volume are three prize stories. "The Scarlet Woman" won the O. Henry Award.

The second volume is ACTION, by C. E. Montague. Ask Doc Sypherd what he thinks of Montague as a writer. This book is published by Doubleday Doran.

Here's another blood curdler for those of us that like a chill now and then. THE GREEN TOAD, by Walter S. Masterman, starts off with a bang. A "bobby" shakes the occupant of a car which has parked too long on one of the main thoroughfares of London. He shakes to awaken him and tell him to move on. However, the man's head rolls off on to the floor of the car. From then on things keep up at such a rate that you had better read this story when the dorms are full and all the lights on full. This book from Dutton and Co.

Dutton is putting out re-issues of some of the best novels at a dollar. This is a good line with which to get acquainted. Some of the newest titles added to their list are:

THE DRIVER, by Garret Garrett.
THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN, by Sheila Kaye-Smith.

J. C. F. S.

FOOTPRINTS, by Cleaver Strahan.

Here is a mystery story which you will finish with regret. All the essential elements are here: a murder (always handy to have in a mystery) that's been unsolved for 28 years, a lady crime detector, (calls herself a crime analyst) lots of suspicion and not enough about love to distract your attention. If you've ever read "Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche, you will find a resemblance to that family in the Quilter tribe.

The story unfolds by means of letters from Neal and Lucy Quilter, offsprings of the murdered man, to their sister, Judy.

The Master enjoyed it greatly, though his unsophisticated mind was a bit puzzled at times by Neal Quilter's inhibitions or whatever-you-call-'em. Read it and see if you can figure out why Neal thought that he had killed his own father.

The ending proves the murderer to be the one least suspected, (as is usual in such cases) but really the only one who could have done it. You won't suspect who it is until the last word. (That is, I hope you won't. My reputation must be maintained.) It is recommended by Mr. Cecil Pike Pouton, Mr. Glair and The Master. Need more be said? —The Master.

Things the Seniors Will Miss:

Dr. Crooks and his catarrh,
Moon-light rides in a motor-car.
Mr. Blair's great philosophy,
Little slips marked with "E."
Dates at library, smokes there too,
A Certain Co-ed with eyes so blue,
Major Glassburn's dress parades,
Doctor Rhodes' pin lemonades,
The road to Chester, and up the creek,
Helping girls in, who have to sneak,
Because even the very best of men
Fail to get loving done by ten,
Cussing Harrington for a thrill,
But most of all, please keep cool.
We Seniors will miss the dear Old School.

Things the Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors Will Miss:

The long, long lashes of that guy Max,
Eastburn and his undisputed facts,
Burton's good looks, and Street's ease
In handling each phase of "Q's" and "P's",
Long and his "Walla, Walla" yell,
Williams and his "Oh, Hell,"
Hayes the dancing fool divine,
Lou's way of "making them mine,"
The line of Owens, the hair of Hitch
The ears of Joe's that always twitch,
The above is all just mere bluff,
We can't get rid of them soon enough.

CAMPUS CLIPS

A Lafayette professor recently established a precedent when, finding out that the entire class had "cut," he proceeded to search them out in their fraternity houses and dormitories, and to hold the class anyway.

Men in Southwestern College dormitories were not overly careful about drawing their shades while disrobing so the college authorities had the windows covered with white paint. This drastic measure might have been avoided if the Southwestern dorm men had adopted the method of the inhabitants of our dorms who yell "FIRE" whenever any feminine pulchritude approaches the vicinity of Harter Hall.

Cornell University, with the slogan "Get There on Your Feet," has sponsored a walking contest "to encourage the walking habit among students, to develop stamina, and perhaps turn out better material for athletics." We of Delaware can smile amusedly at this attempt which has such a worthy purpose.

Somewhere in Texas a jaded collegian attended a spooning party and later in the evening—probably earlier in the morning—hung himself, thus completing a real job of necking.

Rule-breaking Freshmen at a certain North Carolina college are punished by being made to go about the campus clothed in dresses, which seems to be a poor way of developing young manhood.

One's heart does bleed for the poor, sat-down-upon Freshmen. A notice appeared in the W. C. T. U. stating that all students of the University of Omaha, under age, found on the streets after the curfew tolls, will be arrested.

The ineligible swimmers of Bowdoin College recently defeated the eligible team members 42 to 23 in a swimming meet. The ineligible team was comprised of Freshmen and those men who were on pro.

Said a biology student glum,
"Whatever did man descend from?"
"I know," said another. "Monkeys."
"Remarkably clever," said stude number one,
"But whence came they if you please?"
Said stude number two,
"I know that too,
Monkeys descended from trees."

I went to three balls in one day once.
That's nothing. I've pawned lots of things.

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike,
Yet different somehow.
What difference?
Oh, yes, I see it all now,
It's the thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

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