TOMAHAWK ALPHA SIGMA PHI ΑΣΦ Fall



Fall, 1930

Fall Contents 1930

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The Tomahawk



A. Vernon Bowen, Editor

ALL is now there, coming all of a sudden, as Fall usually does, bringing an end to all the pleasures and remorses, tasks and easy mo-ments of Summer. Fall at Tau Chapter at



creek below the house at Cornell. the roar of trafsurrounding the house at Columbia, and over the campuses of the country there will be rising the shouts of happy warriors returning from the

Leland Stanford appears gridiron, the gentle buzz to be a combination of that rises from brothers palm trees and Freshmen, sleeping in one o'clock as our cover design for classes, the clear sky, the this issue shows. The crisp air, and all of the brothers in the picture on thousand and one things

the cover are best describ-ed in the words of Jack Bohn. "The two fresh-that go to make school the most delightful place in the world to be in in Fall. men are pledges Bob de-Roos and George Zoffman; deRoos has on the brown hat and Zoffman the grav. glasses shaking hands the ground. Soon they with Zoffman is Brother will fling them, in handhind him is Brother Larry Fall over with and have Moore. The three fel- at Winter. Topcoats are lows on the steps in the appearing, derbies blosrear are: (reading from soming amid the drizzling left to right) Brothers rains. The theaters are Jim Brainard, Louis opening and the Tom Moore, and Bill Scott. Thumb courses are clospledge deRoos and stand- will be along before you have been going on the four hearts!" past two months, the brothers stepping spend one's days in rioting out with the old war in the kaleidoscope of col-cry, "Welcome, fresh-lege hours, or gravely man!" And now that all pondering the isness of that is over, there will be was in some ponderous cider jugs hanging outside session. No sophisticated the dormitory windows at Dartmouth, pine cones dropping placidly into the more pleasureable.

CTOBER is merging into November. The trees are casting their The man in leaves idly, one by one at Rumwell. Directly be- fuls, as if eager to get And shaking hands with ing, and Thanksgiving ing on the lowest step is know it. The gas logs Jack Bohn" himself. The will be lighted now and problem in the picture there will come the cosmic seems to be to find the murmur of the fraternity man in the brown derby. men who will spend their Ah well, scenes like these days indoors with "Double

What better than to

A cure for the blues!

THE N

brar

29,704 in New Who's Who; 73% Are College Graduates The sixteenth biennial issue of Who's Who in America will be published on Sept. 1, according to an-Fo nouncement by the A. N. Marquis Company of Chicago, its publishers. The 1930-31 edition is a complete revision of the last issue, that for 1928-29. Nearly 3,500 new sketches have been added and many others brought up to date. The total number of persons listed in the new volume is 29,704. Wo An analysis of the educations of those included in the reference work shows that almost 23,000, or

about 85 per cent, had some college

training and almost 20,000, or 73

per cent, are college graduates.

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Tourth encome to sched-

THIS isn't for freshmen. Freshmen needn't worry about getting jobs until sometime around the middle of May, 1934. That's a long time in which not to worry. Almost a moment, in fact.

This is for the graduate, the chap who has worked his way through college, and borrowed money to boot, who finds that the country has gone so far to the dogs that it can't afford to give him a job. This is for the boy who does get a job—at twenty-five dollars a week—and holds it for five years with infinitesimal raises added to his salary at clockwork intervals. This is for the brother who said, after six months out of school, that "paying off borrowed money after graduation is like buying a dead horse to pull your wagon to a star!" This is to show him that he was wrong.

College, in the long run, pays and pays and pays. It pays big dividends to the graduate. But it takes more than this clipping from The New York Times to prove that statement fully. Go to the manufacturer, the executive, and the financier, and ask them why they are turning almost exclusively to the college trained man, where a few years ago, anyone would have done. Read the new bulletin published by the New York Telephone Co., an organization that needs no references, and scan the charts and statistics



which prove that not only does the college man win higher positions than his less fortunate brothers, but that the scholar, the lousy little grind, if you will, wins a higher space on the world's roster than other fraternity brothers less studious.

Who's Who in America is only one sign-post. There are ten thousand others—men who have found that college paid—which will point the truth of this out to you. Perhaps you are tired and discouraged after four or five years out of school. Perhaps the breaks of life have not yet come your way. But give yourself time. The years will tell you that the time you spent in college was not in vain, and that you gained benefits and advantages in school and fraternity that will stand you in good stead in your battle with life.

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View down the Midway University of Chicago



Bruce Dickson,
Alpha '10
Univ. of Chicago

By courtesy of The Chicagoan and Donald C. Plant, Chi

An Ambassador at Home

by Lloyd Lewis

F THE press of America is still as mad at Secretary of State Stinson as William Hard, that sensitive correspondent, indicated while visiting Chicago recently it might get behind Bruce Dickson for the job. Stinson, according to the newspapermen, failed to come up to their ideal of diplomat while at the London conference where the Powers assembled to talk disarmament. There would be no such complaints about Dickson. That young man handles the most difficult diplomatic post in the midlands with urbanity and ease.



As the director of the International Group in Chicago, he shepherds some seven hundred forcign students through the maze of American civilization. All day and most evenings, he must be either entertaining them or advising them on the complexities of the life into which they have stumbled in their desire to become educated in America ways. He must know the whims, prejudices, taboos and the racial and



religious antipathies of some sixty different nations or dependencies; not only know them, but keep them from clashing. social gatherings of the foreign scholars he must be seeing to it that a Croat does not call a Greek a Turk, for there is nothing quite so disturbing to a Greek as to be mistaken for his hereditary enemy. Likewise it makes the Persian want to spill tears—or blood to be pointed out as a Turk. Turks, having been called everything for centuries, don't care much what you say of them.

Dickson's job is to blend all these alien, and anciently hostile races, into one social organization which will be so happy that the Armenian will lie down with the Arab. Dickson must represent these strange visitors, all colors and hues. in their struggles-perhaps squabbles—with boarding house keepers, college professors, railroad conductors, clothing salesmen, immigration authorities, and, occasionally, with marriage license clerks.

He lives in readiness for any situation that may arise.

For instance, a high-caste Hindu, whose blood is inherently as white as Lily Langtry's may be ousted from a restaurant on the supposition that he is a negro. He is outraged and wants to go right back to Bombay. Dickson visits the restau-

Mentor Magazine rateur, explains matters, brings the Hindu in to re-

receive apologies and, before long, the dark Easterner with his mouth full of apple pie figures that America is not such a bad place after all.

Or a Hungarian hailing from Transylvania may get wrothy when some well-meaning American refers to him as a Roumanian, and Dickson must square matters by informing the offender that Hungarians from Transylvania don't like to be reminded that the Treaty of Versailles handed them over to their ancient enemies the Roumanians.

About as dangerous a thing as can happen is for an affable Armenian to step up to an

Oriental at one of the Club sociables and ask him how his folks are getting on back in Japan this summer. As like as not the Yel-Japan this summer. As like as not the Yellow Man will draw himself up and glare at the questioner. Then it is that Dickson must be on hand to say, "Oh, Mr. Manganastrikan, you know Dr. Poo is not from Japan; he's from Korea." All of which may not mean much to Mr. Manganastrikan or you or me, but it means a lot to Dr. Poo, for all the mean things that you can call a Korean, nothing is so bad as to say that he is a Japanese, Also a Chinese has his and vice versa. pride deeply hurt when some blundering idiot says to him, "Ah, you Japanese are a wonderful little people." And all of them the Chinese Koreans and Japanese, will have their feelings lacerated when mistaken for a Filipino.

Incidentally, it is the Filipinos, alone, upon whom Dickson's genius for detecting nationalities, may sometimes err. Our little brown brothers are most difficult to place, at a glance. They may have a predominance of white, yellow or brown blood; they may be Spanish, Chinese, Malay or Japanese in appearance. Whereas one may pass for a Mexican, his first cousin will qualify as a mandarin from Pekin.

In the difficult task of distinguishing Japanese from Chinese, Dickson has a rare eye. The Japs are apt to be more elaborate in the manners and to have shorter legs and longer bodies than have their racial kinsman from the Asiatic mainland.

It takes a diplomat indeed, also a man of unusual memory, to move through hundreds of persons from sixty different nationalities remembering names which to the average American ear are both unpronounceable and un-Aside from serving as a sort rememberable. of dean for foreign students at the University of Chicago, Dickson must serve as pacifier and comforter to the parents of many of these students. The old folks, off in the native land, have seen American movies and learned from that mirror of life that young folks over here do nothing but drink gin and yell "Boop-boop-o-doop" at their elders from the windows of speeding sport cars, few days Dickson must assure such parents that young Olaf, or Yusouff, or Mirasaki is not going to the dogs in a Chevrolet.

One of Dickson's most effective methods of orienting these foreigners to American life is to arrange that they get to see the inside of the better Yankee homes. To this end he has interested many wealthy and cultured (sometime those terms are synonymous) citizens to entertain the newscomers. The custom is rapidly growing since it usually proves most interesting to both parties. The students are intellectuals, the majority being graduate students at the Midway, and prove diverting conversationalists.

Dickson, with Mrs. Dickson, has not only to organize the parties so that they will be as congenial as possible, but he has also to apprize the hostess of the dietetic eccentricities of her guests.

For example, if a Hindu spurns turkey at a Thanksgiving dinner, his hostess need take no offence. His religion does not permit him to eat anything that has been killed in the fashion which ended the gobbler's life. And if he gives the cold shoulder to the biscuits, he is not indicating that he regards them as too hard for his stomach to tackle; he is merely refraining from eating food prepared with lard. Dickson must advise the hostess before hand that she will cook with butter or oil something not derived from the impossible swine, if she wants to see her Hindu guests eat heartily. Also he must whisper to her that the Mohammedan doctor of laws will not be permitted by his religion to have at the pork chops with any particular gusto. Nor is it wise, Dickson has found, to let a hostess prepare a huge dish of chop suey for a Chinese student. If he is fresh from Cathay he will not know what in thunder chop suev is and will naturally shrink from so formidable a sight.

Religions, always the tenderest of subjects, must be understood clearly by the man who will handle the representatives of a round dozen faiths. For instance, it will not please a Russian Catholic to rush him off hospitably to a Roman Catholic Church on Sunday. He is a follower of the Greek Orthodox faith, a very different matter to the initiated. Likewise the followers of Buddha, Shinto and Confucius cannot by any device be brought

into the same religious service.

Yet, through all this labyrinth of age-old differences—subjects of countless wars—Dickson threads his way with success. He was, by ancestry and marriage, fitted for the job. He comes of slow-spoken, cool-headed Tennessee mountain-stock, and Mrs. Dickson has entertained so many hundred foreign students in their home, won the confidence of so many foreign girls, that she has learned the ins and outs of strange people fully as well as has her husband; and in addition she, as a woman, sees social fine points that no man could ever see. She keeps particular eye on the girl students, advising them as to what places they may properly visit in seeing Chicago's sights, how to buy clothing within their means and where to live.

To perform such tasks without paternalism or officiousness obviously requires the greatest tact, for at the slightest sign that they are being "managed" foreign youths, like young people nearer home, will bolt for the The directorship of such a group must be conducted in the most casual of manners. a technique which the Dicksons have perfected to the point where they seem neither like chaperones or teachers, yet are both in

Dickson learned his art by experience, developing it across a decade. As the son of hard-headed mountain-folk, never a people to be easily stampeded, he is equal to the job of hearing countless troubles without losing poise. He was graduated from Carson-Newman College in Tennessee and worked his way to a Master's degree at the University of Arkansas, then to a similar degree in sociology at the University of Chicago. Afterwards, he was in the executive force of Chicago's Y. M. C. A. until sent by that organization out to the Midway to see what could be done to smoothe the path for foreign students. He began this duty in 1920, and in 1923 was made advisor to the group. Three years later he left the Y. M. C. A. entirely and joined the university forces, and in 1926 started Sunday evening suppers for the foreign students in his home. Soon the attendance filled his house and the universtity invited him to transfer





There are National Nights held by the various constituencies, theater parties, organized tours of the city are held weekly with lecturers accompanying. Dances are frequent and New Year's Christmas celebrations are given, all religions sharing in the Christian holiday

festivities.

To consolidate further the work, Dickson holds cabinet meetings in which the students are allowed to decide matters affecting them as a whole. One representative is allowed



for each seven members in a single nationality. The Cabinet, in its turn, is split into committees, which serve as aides to Dickson in many matters. The diplomatic tasks, however, devolve mainly upon him. Many of the students,

while quite able to read English, speak it indifferently when they arrive and thus confusion arises. They may have difficulty in finding food that they can eat, or beds that they can sleep in; they may not be able to locate classrooms; their American professors may talk too fast for them to understand. Many need work to finance their studies. All such problems Dickson must iron out.

A pair of students may wish to marry, as for instance the recent union of a Bolivian man and a Danish girl, then there is counseling, indeed, for the couple may wish to be wed according to his national customs or hers—or perhaps by plain American customs. Such questions Mrs. Dickson sees to, as women do.

Mentor Magazine

So extensive has the International Club

become that a great club house is being erected on the site of the old Del Prado Hotel at Blackstone avenue and the Midway, and within another year the foreign students' affairs will be centered therein. The building is to

be as complete as that now devoted to a like purpose in New York.

By the time the new structure is completed, Dickson would—if there were intelligence in the world—be sitting in the League of Nations Council at Geneva, smoothing out the Montenegrian delegate who is mad because the Swiss delegate has him two down in the matter of six-inch cruisers. To solve that problem would be easy for the

man who teaches cultured Hindus to wear their turbans in public so that they will not be mistaken for Senegambians, and who shows coalblack Liberian Ph.D's how to get along in a nation which has incomprehensible prejudices against the pigments in a man's hide.



Observatory's New Head

ROM the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette comes the news that Dr. Haber D. Curtis, director of the Alleghenv observatory University of Pittsburgh, has resigned to take charge of the construction of a new observatory at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan, announced by Dr. John G. Bowman, chancellor of the university. Dr. Frank Craig Jordan, assistant director under Dr. Curtis has been made director. The accompanying picture shows Dr. Jordan at work, seated at the huge telescope in the observatory. Dr. Jordan is a member of Delta Chapter of the fraternity and was initiated in 1885. This appointment places Brother Jordan, who has been connected with astronomical work for some time, as head of one of the important observatories of the country and the members of his chapter and the fraternity join in wishing him more success and greater honors in his field of scientific activity.

The Nobility of the Campus



Fraternity Row

Presenting two thousand words from an article by the same title appearing in the October issue of "The American Mercury.". We do not know the name of the fraternity to which the author of this article belongs but we suspect that he must have been defeated in an election of chapter officers at one time or another, or else had some one steal all of his soap and shaving cream from him while he was an undergraduate living in a fraternity house. His article is made up of truths—half-truths, but truths nevertheless, and as such should be respected by those men at whom they are aimed. If you get too hot under the collar the address of "The American Mercury" is 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Reprinted by the courtesy of "The American Mercury."

THE GREEK letter fraternities in the American Colleges all make a great to-do about what they term fraternity material. One of them for example, will enter Stringtown College because, although 80% of its students are already fraternity men, it has in the remaining 20% an abundance of such material. It will stay out of Penguin University because Penguin, with only one-fourth of its students wearing gold-and-enameled pins, hasn't any more material available. The phrase is defined by the

brethren in terms of sportsmanship, loyalty, intellectual ability, character, and idealism, in the vague language employed by

politicians in nominating candidates for office.

Realistically, of course, it is something else. The eighty national college fraternities in the United States differ greatly, indeed, in their interpretation of fraternity material, else they would all be exactly alike. A number—chiefly younger organizations with an inferiority complex—rigidly exclude Jews. Several admit none but Jews to membership, and several only Negroes. At least one, Alpha Chi Rho, restricts its roster to "professing Christians," and as a matter of fact has strongly Anglican leanings. Phi Kappa is confined to Roman Catholics. The Masons are represented by Acacia, and the Order of De Molay by Delta Sigma Lambda. Even the Odd Fellows used to have a collegiate order, Phi Lambda Theta; in 1925, however, this fraternity cut loose from its papa and has since pursued an independent career, though with only six chapters. Alpha Gamma Rho refuses to admit anybody who is not a student of agriculture, and in true granger fashion carries a sheaf and sickle on its badge. A few of the older fraternities pride themselves on having small chapters, but many of the newer ones would rival the Eagles or the Knights of Pythias in size if they could. Sigma Alpha Epsilon boasts of one chapter containing 110 members.

Outside these differences, the fraternities in any large college set up about the same qualifications for membership. The foremost is cash. Some chapters definitely assure themselves of their prospects' solvency by demanding initiation fees of around \$1,000. Thirty years ago attractiveness to the girls stood first, and money second. A favorite fraternity

song of those days described the perfect pledge:

He was handsome and so was a pet with the girls,

And of cash his pa had a mint.

Today these qualifications are reversed, or rather the former is hardly considered at all. The boys know very well that any brother with ready money will get sufficient





Shadows

consideration from the beautiful coeds and

college widows.

It costs money to run a fraternity chap-According to the last reports, 5,910 houses are owned by such chapters. Some of these, of course, are small and unpretentious, but an increasing number are large and costly, and there is intense rivalry on many a campus as to which fraternity shall have the most expensive. Naturally, the younger organizations are most eager to make a showing, and they spend the most money. The average value of the houses of Kappa Alpha, which was founded in 1825 and occupies a leading position, is less than \$40,000, while Alpha Epsilon Pi, founded in 1913, has a group of chapter houses worth \$51,000 apiece. course, there are exceptions. Delta Psi, more than eighty years old, has the most costly houses of any fraternity. Two of these, however, were given outright by millionaire members of the fraternity, which represents the wealthiest and most fashionable membership among college organizations.

When the alumni buy the house, the active chapter is naturally not so hard pressed as when it has built on borrowed capital. In either event, however, it must keep the house going, for alumni, however rich and loyal, are seldom willing to contribute more than a supply of gin toward the running expenses of the chapter. Hence the necessity for rich freshmen—and plenty of them. If opulent young nobles can be snared who know how to eat soup noiselessly and dance without ruining every satin slipper on the floor, well and good. If not, the chapter will undertake to train them. Not a few of the less literate chapters have had to introduce systems of fines to promote manners and add to the treasury. For

instance:
Late at meals, 10 cents.
Spilling gravy, 5 cents.
Reaching for articles, 5 cents.
Dipping bread in coffee, 15 cents.
Wiping nose with napkin, 20 cents.
Eating with knife, 20 cents.
Whistling at table, 25 cents.

Singing at the table (except fraternity hymns in concert) 50 cents.

Drinking from saucer, 75 cents.

An occasional rich youth from the mining regions or the son of a newly arrived motion picture magnate is thus sometimes charged a couple of dollars a meal for several weeks in addition to his regular board.

In selecting members next to wealthy young men come the relatives—sons, grandsons, brothers, nephews, and first, second, third, and fourth cousins—of the alumni. These have to be considered, regardless of the feelings of the active chapter, because no chapter wants to offend the old grads, particularly if the latter are well supplied with cash. Some fraternities—mostly the older and more conservative ones—have a tradition that relatives recommended by relatives shall be elected to membership as a matter of course, unless they show some outstanding and easily demonstra-

ble disqualification. In some instances the candidate is notably *persona non grata*, but he is voted in anyhow, and accepted by the boys as a visitation of an inscrutable Providence.

Most chapters hesitate to turn down an immediate relative of an alumnus, particularly if the latter was a member of the same chapter.



Bent Twig

When they do not show that deference there is usually trouble. In one instance of which I know, a prominent lawyer, a charter member of a certain chapter, sent his son back to dear old alma mater. A letter to the fraternity chapter had preceded him. The boys did not even trouble to look the youth up.****

When wealth and alumni influence are disposed of, it is usually still necessary to elect a few more brethren to fill up the house and help pay expenses. The choice is customarily made, to begin with, from those who were prominent in "activities" in high school and therefore may be exected to follow the same lofty career in college. Activities comprise anything non-scholastic, from writing a class poem to being fullback on the football team, but naturally football and saxophone players are preferred to poets.

Scholarship is rarely considered. In most of the larger institutions the standing of the fraternity men is notoriously lower than the average of the student body. The national officers of almost all the fraternities have in late years made strenuous efforts to raise

the scholastic standing of their chapters and by dint of threats and ridicule have had some success. In not a few cases, however, the local chapters, when the national officers make things too warm, take care of the situation by electing to membership half a dozen nonfraternity seniors who seem sure to make Phi Beta Kappa, the honor fraternity. These men will raise the standard of the chapter to a glorious height, while they will not bother the other members by living in the house or taking any more active part in affairs than attending an occasional dance or business meeting. There are, it is true, notable exceptions —chapters which are made up of scholarly and cultivated young men. But they are not numerous.

Seldom do such chapters attain to any campus reputation. Several years ago, a secret vote was taken in one of the most eminent of American colleges as to the rank of the various chapters in the minds of the students themselves. The three chapters voted to be best were the three which ranked lowest in scholarship.****

Once a boy gets into a fraternity and puts on the pledge button, the brethren endeavor to mold him to what they consider their type. Not only do they regulate his feeding technique, but they teach him what clothes are smart, how to wear his hair, what risque stories are proper to tell the girls, and how to say "Yeah?" with the right inflection. The fraternity impresses upon him that certain professors are good eggs, while others are mere pains in the neck. It gives him access to the store of foreign language ponies kept in the house and also the supply of themes written by brothers in past years and given high grades by instructors. If it is in a coeducational institution, it points out to him that he should seldom date a girl who is not a sorority member and never a girl who is earning her way through college by stenography or any other useful trade. It insists on his taking part in college "activities." Certain chapters, indeed, require that each pledge participate in a specific number, usually from three to five.

The brothers also teach him the Greek alphabet and require him to commit to memory a mass of data about the fraternity and its chapters. They try to instruct him in bridge, but in this they ordinarily are unsuccessful, for they seldom know anything about it themselves. On a number of occasions I have been inveigled into games in fraternity houses and never have I encountered an undergraduate whose standard of play was higher than that of the less consequential women's card-clubs in towns of 2,000.

While all this intellectual instruction is being imparted, the freshmen are also taught proper subordination to the upper classmen. They must shine the latters' shoes, lend them clothes, answer the doorbell of the fraternity house, rake the lawn, shovel snow, and, in the rare instances in which they can write grammatical sentences, prepare papers for the older members to use in their classes. Failure to perform their duties properly results usually in a paddling with barrel staves. So important is this discipline that one chapter of my own fraternity holds annually a paddle dance in memory of the punishment undergone by the freshmen, who expect to inflict it with interest on succeeding pledges.

After a period ranging from three to eight months, the formal initiation takes place. As in the rowdier adult fraternal orders, the ceremonies usually begin with a mock initiation, consisting of horseplay; afterward comes the formal induction of the neophyte into the society. The fraternities used to hold their mock initiations in the streets of college towns. Usually they dressed the freshmen in women's clothes or made them impersonate babies. Another favorite stunt was to compel the candidate to bend over and roll a peanut with his snout for half a dozen blocks. Behind him marched the brethren with barrel staves, ready to swat him, or occasionally to turn the

privilege over to a coed whose sadistic impulses sought gratification. While all this was going on, the candidate was required to sing lustily:

I have no heart, I have no mind, I only know I'm sticking up behind.

So popular was this ceremony that it was finally adopted, to my knowledge, as part of the initiation ceremony of a religious society connected with a State university*****

A few of the older institutions, such as Princeton, prohibit fraternities, and some others, such as Harvard, give them no encouragement. Many denominational colleges bar them. So do most of the new experimental institutions, such as Reed and Antioch. The rest of the colleges admit them gladly, indifferently, or with thinly veiled hostility. No State now forbids them in its institutions, though anti-fraternity laws in Mississippi and South Carolina were only lately repealed.

South Carolina were only lately repealed. This story, like the old barroom ballad, has no moral. The preachers and sewing circle sisters who inveigh against the fraternities might as appropriately attack Rotary International or the Tall Cedars of Lebanon. Contrariwise, the enthusiastic boys who think they are doing noble work for education may be put down as suffering from wish-fantasies. A fraternity may harm an exceptionally talented boy by standardizing him—but so may a college. It may help a boy who is stupid or seclusive. For the rest, there is little effect one way or the other.

I have met thousands of college students. Unfortunately for my respect for American education, they are pretty much alike. Fraternity men tend to be a little less intellectual and a little more agreeable than the rest. But the same thing might be said of the Kiwanians or the Knights Templar.

Alabama Average Rockets

S a stirring example to other chapters who have been longer established than she, Alpha Iota, our newest chapter, at the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, announces that in scholastic rating on the Alabama campus, where at the beginning of last year she held fifteenth place, she now has advanced herself among the fraternities on the campus until in scholarship she stands second! This is a proud record. Others of our chapters, facing less hazardous odds than our baby group might well be proud of such an achievement. No better answer to the foregoing article could be found. This, it seems, would go to show that any organization or series of organizations that can cause men to achieve such brililant success as this, must have some worthwhile qualities.

OKLAHOMA

OM-TOMS throbbing. A pale blue ribbon of smoke unreeling from the twig fire. A yellow pancake sun sending its last horizontal rays across the prairies, three slender poplars a black-barred grid before it. Monotones of an alien litany filtering through the slanting hides of a painted tepee. Atmosphere, quotha! But an old Oklahoma custom.

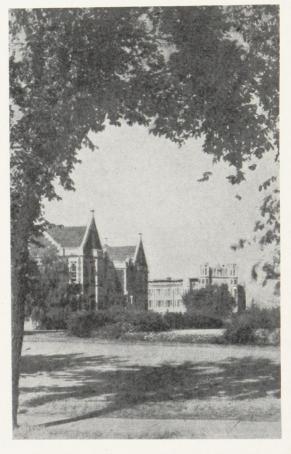
The solitary tepee is pitched on the University of Oklahoma campus. It is the evening before the Homecoming game, and the university's Indian Club is making big medicine for the coming day. After awhile Indian coeds mince around the tepee fire in a grotesque squaw dance. All night long the medicine man's ululations and the slow pulse of the tom-toms quiver through the ambient dark.

Indians are the blooded aristocrats at the University of Oklahoma. It is the one school in the

United States where they are accorded the homage of their pallid conquerors. Indians pledge the best fraternities, star and receive accolades for starring at athletic events, hold the highest positions of honor in campus organizations. It is true that the only man on the campus who knows how to erect a tepee is a pale-face English professor, an authority on plains Indians from whom the Indian Club must get expert advice every year when they are preparing for their Homecoming rites. It is also true that Indians have brought to the university none of those characteristics that may be expressed only in superlatives.

that may be expressed only in superlatives.

Youngest and funniest. Those two qualities distinguish the University of Oklahoma from its stodgier neighbors in the Middle West. It is the youngest state university in



The School of Painting and Design fosters a native art unequaled at any other university.

America, and it has repeatedly indicated that it is the funniest—a college comic college in a comic opera state.

There has always been some uncertainty as to the instigator of the comic tradition at Oklahoma. Perhaps the Katzenjammers were present at the first matriculation. In truth, anything that has attained the gouty dignity of a tradition at Oklahoma must have got an early start to have got any start at all within the scant thirty-seven years of the school's existence. My own conjecture is that the university's founder, none other, roused the first faint echoes of Oklahoma's humorous motif and started them winding, louder and funnier, down through the prosaic reverberations of day-to-day campus happenings.

Certainly this man must have pricked the latent risibilities of the original Sooners—that droll nickname given first to the lawless nondescripts

who squatted on Indian land before it was legally open to settlement—when they saw him descend from a south bound Sante Fé train one August afternoon in 1892. He was a young man with a bowler hat and a full beard and a Ph.D. from a small Ohio college. He had set his neat, button-top shoes down in the center of a howling, wide-open town on America's last frontier. Ox-teams, belly-deep in red dust, moved sluggishly down the shanty fringed street. Thirty green-slatted saloon doors oscillated in the thick, bright air. Beyond the town stretched mile on mile of buffalo grass, emanating heat waves as crinkly as the hair of a Rockwell Kent nude. a view unobstructed by a single fence or tree.

Yes, there must have been something decidedly humor-

ous in the way the university's first president pulled off his
of College Humor Magazine and is reproduced

The article above appeared in the October issue of College Humor Magazine and is reproduced herewith as it appeared there. It was the first page of the article which Brother John Murray of Alpha Alpha Chapter answers on the opposite page and is one of a series of articles which have been appearing in College Humor from issue to issue, descriptive of different schools the country over. It is reprinted by permission of College Humor.

As it is to me

An answer to the article from College Humor written by an Oklahoma b r o t h e r undergraduate.

JUST this moment finished reading the article about Oklahoma University in the October, 1930, issue of College Humor, and while reading I found some very interesting things that pertain to our chapter on the Oklahoma campus, and I thought that you, my brother Sigs, might like to know about them.

I found in the first three paragraphs perhaps the most interesting things, things that every Sig of Alpha Alpha Chapter is proud of. The "Old Oklahoma Custom," as stated there by the author, is the erection of a tepee on the campus, around which students of Indian descent sit all night before the annual homecoming game, beating tom toms that send quivering sounds through the darkness; uttering tribal cries such as

their ancestors made many years ago, the University's Indian Club making big medicine for

Campus Tree the coming day. Four of our brothers took part in last year's ceremony, but only three will be back for

it this year. I found of particular interest in the third paragraph where the author writes, "the only person on the campus who knows how to erect a tepee is a pale-face English professor," something that we Sigs at Oklahoma take great pride in. This so-called pale-face English professor, though he is not a full-blooded pale-face nor an English professor, is the proud possessor of blood of one of the five civilized Indian tribes, and is a French and Spanish professor. Todd Downing, a past H. S. P. of the chapter, is a Phi Beta Kappa and speaks and writes seven different languages

While on the subject of the Indian Club I might say that Alpha Alpha has been well represented in this club since its organization. For the past three years Roy Holbird has been chief of the club, which office is the same as that of president. The ruling in the club is that the chief hold office until his graduation. Holbird graduated last spring. Brother



The Path

Dawson, our great athlete, enacted the part of secretary-treasurer last year and Bill Gooding is a prominent member of the club.

Further down in the article in College Humor I note that the author writes of the ferocious and harsh initiations held by the now non-existing Ruf-Necks and Jazz Hounds, pep organizations of Oklahoma. He would leave the reader, who does not know the existing conditions that prevail at our school, believe that we are a bunch of blood-thirsty barbarians. Such is not true for those initiations, even though they were given strenuously and impressively with paddles and not barrel staves, never resulted in injuries that kept the one upon whom they were administered, in bed for weeks, nor did

they ever injure him permanently. It was such absurd writings and statements as this that caused the expulsion of our most useful and forceful organizations from the Oklahoma campus. It was not the will of the student body to disband these two pep clubs, for near-revolution prevailed for some time afterwards. Since the expulsion of these two clubs, the school spirit, such as was aroused by them in keeping freshmen in line with the school

traditions, has died an unnatural death, You might wonder how I know so much about these two organizations not ever having been a member. That is simple, for Alpha Alpha has had from two to four men in each of the said clubs, each year, ever since their beginning. From these members, we brothers have learned all about them, especially since their expulsion. In all of my four years on the campus, I have never seen or heard of any permanent injuries which resulted from these initiations.

I should like to discuss briefly one more paragraph in this article. The one in which is mentioned the D. D. M. C. This refers to the Deep Dark Mystery

Greensward

Club which was supposed to be extinct in 1926, yet which, at opportune times each year, especially in freshman meetings, returns at the most unexpected moments. It is not unusual for the lights to go out and the room to be cast in utter darkness, just as a new freshman queen is about to be chosen, or as the cheer leader yells, "Let's give, Yea Sooners."

However, the lights are again turned on, but not soon enough to catch the black-hooded figures who have strewn literature throughout the audience, bearing the admonition, "Freshman, Honor Your School's Traditions! D. D. M. C." In my estimation. if this club had been allowed to remain active on the campus, it would have kept and would have continued the old Sooner spirit alive to do the magnificent work as it had done while active on the campus in previous years. No member of this club is known outside its own circle, so it is impossible for me to state whether or not Alpha Alpha Chapter is represented in this group. However, since it is known that its membership consists of the very prominent scholars on Oklahoma's campus, I can say that we possibly have had or have members in the D. D. M. C.

Even though it is stated in this article that Oklahoma University is the youngest State university in America, and it has repeatedly indicated that it is the funniest—a college comic college in a comic opera State, we, the Sigs of Alpha Alpha, are proud of our representatives in these comic traditions and only regret that such organizations have been abolished from our campus. The entire student body, past and present, are wondering why all the old and worthy traditions are gradually being extinguished from their campus, thus killing the life and soul that at one time existed there.

Oklahoma News

ATEST news from Alpha Alpha, written by John Murray, '26, new correspondent of the chapter, announces that the chapter has more than gone into full swing at the time of the reading of final proof for the magazine.

Brother Murray says: "The annual rush banquet held in Oklahoma City, the night of first dates, started Alpha Alpha off on her seventh year with an enthusiastic crowd of supporters present, including alumni from all

over the Southwest who mixed with old members of the fraternity returning to school after inactivity lasting a year or more, and with the actives and their guests. Alpha Alpha pinned her colors on thirteen, (no hoodoo there!), and all of the men pledged have promising careers ahead of them. Of the pledges, Douglas Barham, Alex, Oklahoma, is perhaps one of the most

outstanding new men, in that he participated in all branches of activity while in high school. Among pledge Barham's high lights are included the winning of nine first place medals in the high jump. His best marks were 6 feet 2 inches in the dual meet, and 6 feet 6, which set a new mark for the annual Oklahoma Relays. Football and basketball were also included among his specialties. He was president of every class, editor of his school paper, leading man in the Junior and Senior plays, and even played in the orchestra while in high school.

Jack Clark, Pawhuska, is a track star on whom Alpha Alpha is banking to bestow more prestige and honor upon her already glamorous record in that sport. Norman Kroutil, Yukon, and John Strassberger, Purcell, won their numerals in basketball and

track respectively in their freshman year, while Kroutil, playing on the Varsity basket-ball squad last year but not lettering, stands a good chance of getting his letter this year.

good chance of getting his letter this year. Among other of the Alpha Alpha pledges there are some who are electing to become engineers. Allan Shaw, Henrietta, is a Junior A. S. M. E. and is also in Polo Riding Association; Orville Barnett, Oklahoma City, as well as Strassberger, mentioned above, is a member of the Engineers Club. The chapter has two pharmacists among the new men in Tom Donnell, Norman, and Gordon Richards, Shawnee; both are members of Phi Delta Chi, national pharmaceutical fraternity. Dramatists grace the fold in the form of Duane Woods, Oklahoma City, freshman, and Woodson, Dawson, Healdton. These lads took part in most of their high school's plays and promised to carry on along the same line while in the University. John Gregg, Okmul-gee, was Freshman yell leader last year and his work in that capacity was of such merit that he is being considered a leading candidate for Varsity yell leader. Jack Stenson, Tulsa, and John McKitrick, Norman, are the last of our pledges, and they intend to go out for a taste of everything while on the campus.



The Council fire of the Indian Club at Oklahoma university, Brother Roy Holbird, chief, on the left, before the council flame. Bill Gooding wearing blanket, seated in front of tepee.



HERE does medicine come from? That question has probably interested most of us at one time or another, but it remained for one of our alumni brothers to give an answer to one part of it. He is James Upsher Smith, Rho '24, who is associated with his father in growing foxglove and producing digitalis. Our Rho brother's connection with the business is that of taking care of sales and advertising as Assistant Manager while his father takes charge of the technical side.

Brother Upsher Smith says, "After being actively engaged as Experimental Chemist, then Chief Chemist to three of the largest phar-maceutical houses, both here and abroad, my father, whose education was obtained in England, decided to start the manufacture of a high grade ethical prescription specialty. He decided on one-Digitalis.

He had always been interested in botanical drugs, being Herbarium Prizeman in 1896 and winner of the Pereira Medal-the Blue Ribbon of Pharmacy, as it is called in England-

for Materia Medica, in 1898.

The World War showed the folly of this country's dependence upon Europe for our supplies of important drugs. The College of Pharmacy at the University of Minnesota, as a result, supplied the War Department with quantities of Digitalis prepared from Minnesota grown plants.

Digitalis is comonly known as Foxglove, a biennial which is favored by many homeowners in the landscaping of their grounds. The plant in the first year somewhat resembles a tobacco plant, and in the second year a flowering spike shoots up through the center of the plant, thus explaining the reason why so many are familiar with the common garden

There are many medicinal varieties, especially Digitalis Purpurea. For our purposes the plants each year are started in January in a greenhouse from seeds. As the seedlings grow they are transplanted several times at the nursery. In May, when our last Minnesota frost has left the ground, the growing seedlings are finally planted into their final resting place, a rich, loamy soil-and for the balance of the growing season are cultivated, fertilized, and watered with greatest care.

Our Minnesota winters are too severe to allow the plants to live over for a second year. We do not attempt here to protect them during the winter, but, rather, find it economical

to start from seedlings each year.

However, at our farm on Victoria Island, British Columbia, Canada, the warm climate does not "winter-kill" the plants, and in the second year the spiked plants in bloom are a very beautiful sight.

Our farm in Minnesota is known as "Foxglove Farm." Here, as well as in Canada, we maintain our own hot-air drying cupboards so that the leaf may be dried the same day as cut, when it has reached its full physiologic

strength. We also maintain our own cleaning machines so that the leaf may be cleaned immediately following drying, and then be sealed to avoid dampness and consequently decomposition.

The cleaned dried leaf is then taken to our Minneapolis laboratory, where it is milled and

standardized for strength.

The leaf is finally prepared for the market in the form of Tincture, Capsules and Tablets.

Our products are sold only on prescriptions written for a patient by his doctor. Our work is to advertise our products direct to the doctor through personal contact at Medical meetings or by way of direct mail or Medical magazine advertisements. Our distribution is through the retail druggist, eventually, as he is the one who fills the prescription, but he obtains it through his wholesale druggist.

Our products are internationally known and used—a tribute to my father's belief that 'The Improvement of an old drug may prove of more value to medical science than the discov-

ery of a new one."



Arthur Fox
A Rambling Engineer

Kappa News Notes

From the Excuse

BUZZ TAYLOR

Now lives at 357 Summit Avenue, Milwaukee. Still labors for North American Power and light.

IKE FENDER

In Swift Company near Beatrice, in Nebraska. Is learning his calves and muttons.

FRANK BACON

Is professor of pharmacy at Western Reserve University. Visited Madison in August.

FOY MATTER

Is practicing dentistry with his father, at Freeport, Illinois. Recently graduated from the Chicago Dental College with high honors.

BOB THOMPSON

Is resident physician at the St. Croix Hosital. Recently returned from Ancun, Panama Canal Zone,

PAUL TYE

With American Gypsum Company, at Brookline, Mass.

BRUNO RHODE

Somewhere in Berlin, as local manager for Fleischman Yeast.

KEITH DEMON

Toils for National Carbon Company, at Clarksburg, W. Va., manufacturing carbon electrodes.

Who is this tough-looking customer? He is Arthur Fox, Nu '27, just off the ship, almost scraped off, in fact, who dropped into the office to see us on his way to M. I. T., where he is now studying electrical engineering. Here you see him 23 days from San Francisco on the S. S. San Pedro, gallant old freighter of the Quaker Line. Hay in the hold and lumber from Seattle on deck and between the decks. Page John Masefield! What a strong bunch of gents you run into on a ship like that! A tough and hard-bitten crew they were, with more than one interesting bloke aboard. Work from eight in the morning until five at night, with Saturday afternoons and Sundays off. Art started from San Francisco the 20th of August and docked with the San Pedro in the East River the morning of the 12th of September at five in the dawn. They missed the tide by ten minutes and had to wait hours before coming up the river. Art remembers rain that really rained, flying fish that skipped from wave to wave and back to wave again, the most gorgeous moon that ever was, the Southern Cross, and hard work and sweat in the awful heat at chipping rust from sizzling steel deck houses; marvelous food, with hot cakes, bacon and eggs and mush and bread and coffee for breakfast. The Panama Canal and the locks and the Lake. And all of this for the beautiful and stupendous wage given to a workaway to the amount of one cent a month. And finishing with such a pleasant series of days and nights, hot days on the smoking deck, and nights that found him with a bunk lashed to a stanchion, Art finished the vacation, if one wishes to call it that, by not collecting the one cent salary that was due him. A helluva' nengineer!

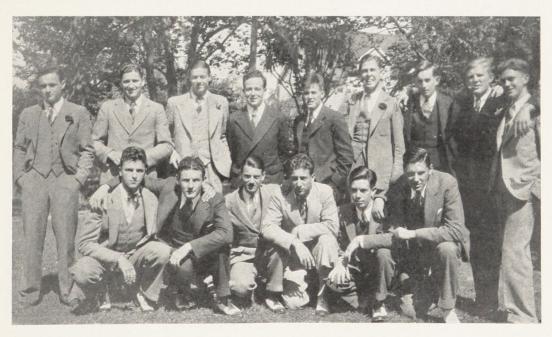


Stalwart sons of Leland Stanford playing Washington Crossing the Delaware are shown above. And below are the good brothers of Tau as they gathered for the chapter's quarterly meeting of Parents-Actives Club. In the back row reading from left to right are: Cooper, Scatena, Knox, Hurt, (H. .S. P.) Harvey, O'Brien, Richardson, Hibbard, Engquist. In the front row are: Kleinbach, Scott, Cutter, Coats, McFarlen, and Asquith.

SUMMER and FALL

With the Actives

ELL, here we go, a la Floyd Gibbons, with some rapid fire chatter on what all of the lads in the active chapters did during the Summer and what they have been doing this Fall. Although economic conditions the country over seemed to point to a very bad series of vacations and a high percentage of dull days for Fall, news from the



actives seems very heartening. So we'll be off on our trip around the Great Circle, to see just what has been happening during these months that have gone their way since the shy appearance of the last Tomahawk. We'll skip from place to place, hither and yon, from

Summer to Fall, and back to Summer again.

Phi Chapter graduated nine brothers at the close of the 1929-1930 season and sent out Clarence Bohan, who is beginning to practice veterinary medicine at Dunnell, Minnesota; Robert Buck, another vet., located at Howard, South Dakota;

Paul Oldsen, with a shingle hanging at Rockford, Iowa; Vic Cook, practicing medicine at Wynot, Nebraska; (well, why not), Kay Olsen, instruction in the Fort Dadge High Schools. ing in the Fort Dodge High Schools; Richard Valentine, chemistry, with the Kimberly Clark Company at Niagara Falls, New York; Maurice Aldrich, now in Detroit with the A. and P.; and Bill Dachtler, who is employed as a plant extension engineer by the Northwestern Bell Telephone

at Des Moines, Iowa.

All sorts of things appear to have happened at this time, one of the chief among which is that Edgar William Warren II., Alpha '29, was awarded the George Augustus Adee scholarship at the close of the school year. The New York Times very gracefully blasts the idea held by some of our midwestern brothers to the effect that men who go to Yale cannot work their way through school, in this manner, "Warren last year worked for his board and held the Boston Yale Club scholarship.

held the Boston He again holds the Boston Yale Club scholarship this year and has also received a part tuition scholarship from the University. This year he has again earned his board by waiting on table." Since Ed has found time to hold down the third sack on the Yale Nine while doing all this and keeping his scholarship average so high, it appears to this writer as if he should be entitled to take three bows. Four of the brothers at Yale, swimmers on the Eli team, made the Hawaiian trip, no light achievement, and one which undoubtedly was filled with excitement, although no snapshots of hula-hula maids have to date been received.

Omicron, we learn, finished up a busy season and discovered that three of her men had been elected to Sphinx Senior Society; they were Milton Decker, Clarence Briscoe, and Kenneth Webster. Howard Hale was chosen as the most outstanding man in the class of 1932 during his Freshman year and was elected to Phi Kappa Beta, Junior society. With Charles Marsh added to Hexagon Senior and

Ken Webster holding down the secretary's seat in Undergraduate Council, business manager and head columnist of the Pennsylvanian, six editorial and business keys, five Alpha Sigs on the Red and Blue, including editor-inchief, editor and art editor of the Triangle

and two additional keys, five men on the Punch Bowl boards, and one brother on the Record, Omicron still holds much strength on the Pennsylvania campus. In athletics, Fred Steiner has been breaking records in the discus throw, Howie Hale assisted the Varsity basketball team and Averill Adams, Omicron's hockey star, cut a lot of ice, way back in skating season; with the manager of the boxing teams, the associate manager, the Old Gal is still going strong at Penn. Moreover, Omicron is entering the University of Pennsylvania House Plan, which means that the chapter should have a good year in all ways, including finance.

The Boys at Delta gave good accounts of themselves and closed out the year with a final dance which was reported as bigger and better than ever. The boys went out on

vacation and did all sorts of things. the worst of which was going to Summer school, taking bird courses, doing icthylogy research, working with the Census Bureau in Washington, Lard Latimer studying rocks out in Colorado, serving groceries to the general public, busting tin in the iron mills around Wheeling, selling magazines, building

hospitals, coaching, carrying ice, and so on down to the guy, there must have been one of them, who had the noble job of doing nothing, which in your reporter's estimation is the sweetest job of them all.

Then school began. Ken Burley, entering his Junior year at Marietta came back to his end position on the football A three team. sport man at football, baseball, and basketball, Ken's scrappy spirit and elusive left hand will carry him on to another three letters this year. Har-

Bookie Bookwalter, half-pint

good scout of Delta Chapter,

who won himself the name

of "best basketball manager"

at Marietta last year, who

will manage Delta's house

this year.

Bill Scott, Tau, swinging a mean mashie on the chapter house lawn.



old "Dutch" Ward, and your reporter wonders if he has outgrown the cogomen of Art and Ernie's Little Bröther, who won his letters in football and basketball, is back to

win more letters. Rowing, which was re-established at Marietta after an absence of two decades, has drawn James Parke of Delta. While at this writing the Varsity crew has not been selected, Jim's chances are good, since he has been rowing No. 2 in the first boat where his long reach and powerful back have been showing to advantage. Victor Salisbury returned to take an active part on the Marietta campus and to gain new laurels for himself in baseball. E. Thorton Bookwalter, climaxing his college activities as Varsity basketball manager, won himself the title of "The Perfect Manager" because of his very sound judgment and willingness to work. A clog dancer of no mean ability, Bookie has been and will be an invaluable source of entertainment around the house.

Tau Chapter is now very much started on her school year and will carry on along the line where lies her main strength—in the field of publications. Edwin

Coates is business manager of Stanford Chaparral as well as being a member of Hammer and Coffin; Ray Winther, just elected to

Below, Dick O'Brien of is also on the manconvention fame, playing the Nineteenth hole. Chapparal Pledge





Owen Herrman of Rho and another horse out riding in the Northern Woods of Minnesota. Herrman is the one on top. Just a modern version of the shining knight, Sir Galahad.

Hammer and Coffin agerial staff Chaparral. Pledge deRoos, who has a great amount of talent, promises to gain recognition for Tau Chapter in the field of caricature; and pledge Enquist has started to follow the path of publications. And in athletics, Dick Asquith plays guard on the Eleven and Louis Moore is Junior manager of the team. Pledges Zoffman and deRoos are Sophomore managers and are regarded as having a good chance to receive Junior managerships. Golf has its followers. Bill Scott has brought many honors to Tau in golf in the past and promises to repeat this fall. Frank Knox, who came from Alpha Zeta, received his circle letter in golf from Stanford as well as U. C. L. A. Richard O'Brien is also a follower of golf. Kleinbach is a half miler and shows promises of giving great performances this year.

In other fields the house has several members of Scabbard and Blade prominent among whom are Dan Cutter and Fred Burlew. Both are members of several honorary engineering societies and Cutter ranks about third or fourth in the Engineering Department. Avery and Burlew are registered pilots and Hurt, H. S. P., has attained much recognition in the Political Science Deartment. Harvey, a pre-medical student, is a member of several honorary societies in that field, while Gilderasleeve, in the English Department, has won membership in several honorary societies there.

Vacation has long since been over at Chi

Chapter, too, and what a vacation it was for all of the gang there! The trek back to the Midway brought Alpha Sigs from halfway around the world and now each member of Chi Chapter is still trying to outdo the other in stories of vacation time, not only as to the number and size of fish he caught, but in the vast amount of miles traveled, and the different places visited. Wilton S. Clements, the chapter correspondent, hereinafter known to the party of the first part of the second Hunt and Harvey and any parties part as "Clem," of Tau, pausing reported that on only three of the chapter steps.



the boys remained in the city for vacation but that they traveled far. Andy Brislen, protege of Coach Stagg, traveled hundreds of miles across the stadium with a steel girder for company, actually getting paid to work on the football stands. "Pug" Rowan sold insurance and he added countless miles to the chapter total in his search for victims. The third member of the home guard, Bill Basil, did his tramping through Chicago looking for a job, but when he became tired the father's Packard, pressed into service, caused Bill to really walk less than any of the other members. McBean talked a professor at Summer school out of a Ph. B. and the chapter still wonders if "Dub" Ascher did his traveling on a honeymoon. Wally Finton did his traveling between Detroit and Chicago developing a moustache and a strong affection for a popular coed of the Midway campus between trips. Garen and Peterson traveled to Wisconsin where Garen was interned in the R. O. T. C. camp and Art worked his orchestra racket. Fred Heim went to Canada and claimed to have been fishing, but he put on 12 pounds while there. It is intimated that he was drinking Canada Dry. George Reed, Chi's house manager really traveled farthest and

house manager, really traveled farthest and longest on the least money. as house managers are supposed to do, and covered ten countries on most sides of the globe as well as hitch hiking halfway across United the States. His itinerary took him through France, Switz-Italy,

erland, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Holland, England. Canada. and Licthenstein (yes, it is a country in Europe and it is here spelled correctly). George wrote a series of articles for his home town paper, the Rensselaer Tageblatt (Indiana.), and now tells the boys in his capacity o f house manager

how lucky they

are to have

such excellent meals at the chapter house, since the people in Europe have so much less to eat. Vollertsen visited Brother Lee Tolman at Slingersland, New York, and the two of them then toured the New England States, getting to New York in time to meet Brother Reed, where they relieved him of some of his foreign atmosphere. While Clem, the humble reporter of this news, covered almost 3,000 miles in the interest of his hobby—magic. He spent a great deal of time among the Utes and Pawnee Indians of Oklahoma learning new

.360.

The insouciant Victor Salisbury

of Delta, standing on the thresh-

old of his Junior year, looking up

toward the Marietta College library. "Oh, yeah?" sez he.

Salisbury started the hitting spree

in the interfraternity baseball

tournament that gave Delta the

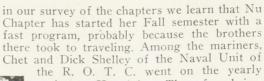
third and final leg on the baseball

cup. Vic's batting average was

magic tricks for his show, which has now opened its second season. One of the most outstanding events of his trip was a visit in the house of Pawnee Bill, former friend and associate of Buffalo Bill, who is now the most important surviving figure remaining from the Old West

Jumping back out to the Coast

Avery, registered pilot of Tau, carrying a book around for no good reason.



cruise to Honolulu. They found immediate help in getting along on the Islands as they ran into Nelson A. Young, Nu '24. The trip of the S. S. Idaho took a month and subsequent light on the Shelleys reveals that they spent the rest of the summer deep-sea fishing near Long Beach. Dick is now starting the intramural sports off with a flash in his position as Senior manager, and Chet is out to grab a sure position on the 145 pound basketball squad. The president of the chapter also took to the water. Last semester Fred Witzel received his "Big C" as crew manager and as a result he went to the Poughkeepsie regatta in June with the shells. After the races Witzel went on the big Naval R. O. T. C. cruise to the Azores, and then back to New York where he found a job on a freighter which took him down through Panama Canal and back up to San Francisco. He got to the chapter house not more than an hour before the rushing season started. And even rushing is over at Nu Chapter. The boys grabbed eleven out of the annual bloody welter and four of them, Tiny Hayward, Weldon Adams, Tory Bryant, and Al Watkins have been initiated. Two of the other Freshmen, pledge Hood and pledge Dundon, look promising in the Freshmen shell, but they still drag their feet as much after a stiff workout as does Roland York on the Freshman football squad. The chap-

ter is very well represented on the campus with Gruener on the new "no gravy" Rally Committee and Armstrong on the Reception Committee, while the *Daily Californian*, although taking up a good part of Bruce Payne's time with him on the promotion staff, allows him some space in which to wrestle, getting in condition for the new season.

Alpha Epsilon finished a most successful year in June and scattered her men into a great wide world. The summer found four Alpha Sigs from the chapter spending ten weeks of rugged existence in the North Woods of the Adirondacks as a part of their preliminary work required for obtaining a degree in Forestry. These boys, brothers Orcutt, Barry, Seely and Lameray were the four representing the Syracuse Chapter.

Beautifully situated on a 1,000 acre tract the camp at Cranberry Lake offered invaluable opportunities in surveying, timber cruising ecology, silviculture, and wood technology. Starting with the bugle call at 5:30 A. M. for the first three weeks, the days were usually spent in long hikes over the many trails carved





out by their older brothers of former years. During this entire time the boys were made acquainted with the different types of forest trees in each locality together with a brief study of the ecology of each type. Another week went by in studying how trees behave under certain conditions of climate, growth and temperature in order to know and under stand how to grow trees. The most practical work came in the last six weeks when surveying and timber mensuration occupied The entire tract of 1,000 acres was as thoroughly surveyed as if done by experts without a trail left unmaped.

As a wind-up of the summer the boys made an inspection tour of the important lumber mills and paper industries surrounding the Adirondack region. Just to show that they were not fatigued by their summer exertions everyone made the grueling climb up Mount Marcy just to say that they had all stood on the highest

James Parke of Delta, peak in New York. rowing No. 2 in the first boat of the Marietta crew, boys found time for taking part in an activity other which has not been open When the call for a at Marietta for two score baseball team was vears.

However, diversions. issued, Barry, Or-

cutt and Seely had no trouble in filling first place positions. Barry and Seely, both members of the crack frosh baseball team of 1927, proved themselves as mainstays of the team. Barry pitching for the home team had plenty of backing up with Seely at first and Orcutt behind the bat. The Alpha Sigs also played a big part in the annual field day with New York State Ranger School.

This yearly affair of the Ranger school, the training school for all of New York State's up and coming troopers is a big event in which gymnastics, athletics, and riding of picked policemen go to make up an exciting day. New York State is one of the few States which have adopted this system of having her highways and byways guarded at all times by the rangers, and the protection these soldier-policemen give to the up-state rural dweller is very great.

Brother Lameray, one of Tom Kean's cross country flashes, came in two minutes ahead of his nearest competitor in the three mile The brothers also gained numerous event. points for the forestry camp in the tennis events, tug of war, canoe races and swimming. Besides these activities, Brother Barry obtained further distinction by being chosen president of the student counsel and Brother Seeley was elected to the editorial staff of the class magazine. In all, the summer camp was a great success for the Alpha Sigs.

This fall Alpha Epsilon can justly be proud of the men who will wear the Varsity colors in several fields of sport. Prominent among these, and because of the interest centered in our football team, Al Kanya and Tom Lombardi share the spotlight. Al, with his greater fund of Varsity experience, this being his fourth year on the Hill, is at present holding down a regular tackle position, and by the way he is going, can be expected to keep it. Tom, our towering Sophomore, is occupying a guard position, and is playing with the assurance and ease of a veteran. These two boys promise to be mainstays of this year's Syracuse line. Lombardi is also to be congratulated on the stirring race he rowed in the Poughkeepsie regatta, when he stroked the

Frosh crew to an unexpected, but much merited victory. This result, we feel sure, was largely because of the shift made in the boat the day before the race, when Coach Ten Eyck pulled Tom up from number six to stroke. Ken Kimmerlin is also out for an end berth for the first time in three years, and is sure of seeing service in some of the games. Unforseen difficulties in the past have robbed Kimmie of many of the honors due him since the days when he was a mainstay on the Fresh-

man Team



This shows one of the brothers who really got in some strenuous play during his summer vacation. This is Roy Schlappi, sterling brother from Pi, who spent the frigid months of July and August at Nu Chapter (California). This view shows him skiing on the roof of the chapter house in Berkelev. The white patch in the foreground is, of course, snow. This charming and solemn view was sent and is used by special permission of two of Brother Schlappi's boon campanions at Nu, Edward Dudman and Roland Fontana. Jr. Brothers Dudman and Fontana hoped to see instituted in the Tomahawk a section entitled "Alpha Sigs at Work and Play" and they should be proud to know that their picture of Brother Schlappi made the grade.

and his Brother Sigs hope this year will prove an exception. Kimmerlin was recently initiated into Beta Alpha Psi, honorary accounting fraternity.

Ken Beagle, one of this year's outstanding Seniors, is captain-elect of basketball, regular first baseman on the Varsity Nine, senator from the College of Business Administration, and recipient of the Monx Head Junior Society trophy, emblematic of the most promising member of the Junior Class. Ken was also initiated into Phi Kappa Alpha, a fraternity foremost among Senior societies.

Howard Hinck, besides starring on the piano, is also manager of the Varsity swimming team. Howie has already arranged for an attractive schedule this year that will take him to many of the leading Universities

of the East.

Joe Barry, recently elected captain of this year's Varsity wrestling team and last year's runner-up for the championship of the 135 pound class, is working out daily

in preparation for the opening season. Joe was also a member of Monx Head, honorary

Junior society.

Jean Lameray has started training for cross country in expectation of repeating the honors

he won last year.

Carl Welte, upon his return from the R. O. T. C. Camp at Plattsburg, New York, was appointed Cadet-Major of the Second Battalion of the Hill Regiment. Carl is also Captainelect of the rifle team, member of Scabbard and Blade, Robin Hood, Alpha Xi Sigma, and Beta Chi Sigma.

Pledge Harry Wagner is striving for recognition in the Fall Dramatic try-outs. Alpha Epsilon lost two good active brothers when Joe Novek, for two years regular tackle on the football team, and Herb Diaso, member of the University band, were accepted into the Syracuse Medical School. These boys have the material of which great doctors are made, and we wish them success.

Bob Cockrell is working for his master's degree, and his activities will be missed. For three years Bob was a member of the Varsity crew, in addition to his many other honors.

At Harvard, this reporter reads in the newspapers, that two of the Harkness Units were opened in late September and the new student



Two of the Rho brothers hobnobbing around with nobility way down in Houston, Texas. They are Brothers Hedding and Wilson, shown with the Count de Kurds of Paris, France, on the left.

housing plan became a President Lowell reality. signalized the occasion by breaking a precedent of 21 years' standing when, for the first time since 1909 he granted a newspaper audience to a corps of re-The new Harporters. vard House Plan, to which President Lowell has devoted years of study, is designed in part to eliminate cliques which in the past have often come to Harvard intact from Preparatory Schools, and will bring students from all classes and all walks of life together under the same roof. No comment has been received from Beta Chapter on the probable effect that this new system will have on fraternities on the Harvard campus, and only time can tell what the final word will be.

Jumping all the way from Cambridge to Minneapolis we discover that following Rho Chapter's disbanding for the Summer vacation season a number of the August personalities of that chapter migrated to the Northern shores of Lake Mille Lac in an attempt to

escape the prophesized and fulfilled sweltering heat of June, July and August. These men served as leaders in the Minneapolis Optimist's Summer Camp for Boys. Rho always furnishes more leaders for this camp than any other fraternity on the Minnesota campus; there are seven cabins at Mille Lac and Alpha Sig leaders manage to take care of five of them. The camp is under the direction of Terance L. Webster, Rho '20, and Brother Webster is ably assisted by Douglas A. Hopper, Rho '27. The camp played host to some 250 needy boys who were unable to afford the expense of a vacation, and who were indebted to the Minneapolis optimists for a grand Summer along the cool lake shore of Mille Lac. Rho men who acted as leaders in the camp were: Doug Hopper, Allan Sponberg, Jerry Moore, Tommy Thompson, and Bill Wilson. Hopper, besides being a leader, was assistant camp director; Doug has one of the highest scholastic averages ever attained by a Rho man at Minnesota and he will graduate from the School of Business in 1931. Sponberg was director of athletics at the camp and he has now returned to school to defend his 155 pound wrestling championship at the University. Moore put in his second summer at camp. Jerry was in charge of the camp's boating excursions, and had the extra heavy duty of acting as custodian of the leader's yo-yos. Pledge Thompson, spending his first year at the camp, was given the huge undertaking of constructing an arch at the entrance to the camp. Under his direction the boys at Mille Lac constructed one most magnificent arches in that part of the North Woods. Bill Wilson had charge of all campfire programs, and he also supervised the editing and publishing of the camp newspaper. Although he was threatened many times by libel suits from various leaders and campers he managed to finish the summer without serious injury and return to school in good shape.

After camp was over for the Summer Hed-

ding and Wilson traveled to Houston, Texas, via auto, to spend a few weeks at Wilson's home before returning to school. En route to Houston these boys hit many and varied parts of the United States, to say nothing of a trip to Windsor, Canada. They went to Chicago from Minneapolis and then on to Detroit. While in Detroit the boys made a hurried trip over to Windsor; from Detroit they continued to Ann Arbor, Cleveland, Columbus, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, and on down into Texas. During the trip Hedding and Wilson stopped at the Chicago, Michigan and Ohio Chapters, where they were cordially entertained. While in Houston these boys had the distinction of meeting Count de Kurds of Paris, France, who was visiting in Houston.

Among other vacationists, Ryder and Pledge Roemer took a canoe trip through the border lakes and over the portages and trails of Minnesota on the amazing sum of Twenty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents. The biggest expense was from developing some 200 photographs. At least 26 men will live at the Rho Chapter house this Fall in a place which has been redecorated and made very livable and the boys are well started now on the school year. By this time Koski will probably be holding down the center position on this year's Gopher machine, and Pierard and Pledge Kroll will be working line positions on the Minnesota Eleven.

Rushing has long since been over at Eta Chapter and the gang there has settled down to a regular if not quiet routine. One of the major happenings of the Summer was that fifteen of the brothers did not receive Tomahawks and bawled about it, their comment causing the editor of the magazine no end of pleasure, for he now knows that the magazine is read. The boys at Eta now have been in their new house for a little over three years



Clem, of Chi, magician of ability and student of Indian lore and magic is seen here shaking hands with Pawnee Bill, one of the last surviving figures of the Old West, while on his vacation, during which he toured and studied at his hobby.

and are finding that they like their home better every year. Bob Hessler and Burr Harper, captain of the basketball team, had a swell Summer together working in Yellowstone Park. They met several Alpha Sigs in the course of the season; the entire list of employes on the Park payroll are college people and Harper and Hessler found the place to be a famous summer rendezvous for many more of the tribe. The school year at present writing has not much more than started at Illinois but the chapter believes that it will have great things about those fifteen new lads on whom they have put the buttons already.

Another of the chapters that has put rushing behind it is Iota. Ten men have been pledged so far and the boys at Rockledge held a

boys at Rockledge held a smoker for them in September. Professor Shmidt, Iota's "Master of Languages," dressed the Freshmen and kept the boys of '34 deeply engrossed with his interesting tales of a trip around the Dead Sea and other of his adventures. Nicky Bawlf, versatile coach of Cornell, addressed the yearlings next and fired over an inspiring fight talk to move the future athletes of Iota on the Hill. The frosh also had the pleasure of listening to the ever popular Professor Browne, who changed from the usual talk of Chemistry to subjects more fitting to a smoker. Incidental music was supplied by two of the boys and the evening was finally weighed down with sinkers and cider. The new men are: Pete Meisters, Dave Johnson, John Verier, John Bishop, Ed LaDue, Bill Conner, Joe Gerhart, Ted Slocum, Dick Russ, and El Spencer.

Three of Iota's stalwart sons, Al Quinn, Bob Booth, and Merle Bartley, entered the marriage institution during the summer, while Dick Murdock, who graduated last year from Architecture, won the Prix de Rome about the time everyone else was going on vacation. Dick did a whale of a good job in his work and it landed him over in Rome for three years to continue his study of Art. The value

of the prize is \$8,000. Not bad!

Iota has started its Hill work again and Bill Agnew has survived several cuts in the track competition and still remains to share with two other boys three assistant managerships which become managerial positions next year. Jimmy Burke has also survived several cuts in his climb to become manager of Student Launderies. The athletes are all working into form and by the time the Winter issue of the Tomahawk appears on the news stands Iota hopes to have some news about her "C" men.

The Alpha Alpha Chapter at Oklahoma has been working very hard at the beginning



Ed Coats, on the left, H. J. P. of Tau Chapter, member of Hammer and Coffin, honorary publishing society and manager of the Chaparral. And on the right, Richard Asquith, "The Duke," 200 lb. tackle on the Stanford Varsity, a big man on the campus.

of this new season, everyone in swing, One correspondent from the chapter writes that three small toads, estimated by J. B. Thoburn, curator of the State Historical Society, to have been buried in an Indian mound for at least three hundred to four hundred years, have been excavated alive near Gate, Northwestern Oklahoma. Each of the creatures was found in a dormant condition with eyes and lips sealed shut, in a small cavity in the midst of compact earth. But within a brief space of a few moments, however, the eyes opened and the small amphibians recovered their long-lost ability to hop about with all of the agility of toads which always lived in the open. And while this, on the surface, apparently has no connection whatever with chapters of the fraternity, it is this reporter's deep hope that some of our hibernating chapter correspondents will come out of their sleepy fastnesses in order to give us all more news of what things have been going on in our own little world.

Paul L. Wilton '28, in Newark, N. J., is an accountant with Haskins & Sells in the Federal Trust building. He has a small son, Junior, aged five months, and lives in East Orange at 124 North Grove Street.

George R. Wheeler '23 is president and treasurer of the Bushnell Pump Co., Bushnell, Ill., where he is adviser of the chapter there of DeMolay. He has a six months old

son. Thomas.

Lee V. McCabe '11, according to reports received, should be in Portsmouth, O., with the leading contracting and engineering firm, Mc-Cabe & Proctor Co. Both J. F. "Silvers" Kohout '13 (Commercial Testing & Engineering Co., Chicago) and Art Juergens '11 (7338 Dorchester avenue, Chicago) have kindly sent us his address. We hope to hear from him

Robert N. Warren '26 practices dentistry in Mawood, Ill., and lives there at 1008 North 2d avenue. He received his D. D. S. from Chicago college in 1928.

Albert E. Russell '25 is on his own, doing advertising, in Chicago at 75 East Wacker drive. He lives with his parents in La Grange,

Ill., at 140 South Waiola.

Robert J. Quinn '12, in New York, is assistant manager of sales for the Mathieson Alkali Works, Inc., 250 Park avenue. He has an 11 year old son, Robert M., and has his home in New Poschelle in Fact Cl. his home in New Rochelle in East Chester road, No. 30.

Charles C. Smith Jr. '13, is managing the Chicago sales office (210 North Michigan avenue) of the Shaw-Walker Co. (office furniture). He has two children, Robert, 10,

and Shirley, 6.

Wm. H. Monsson '23 is pulp-mill superintendent for the Munising Paper Co., Munising, Mich., where he has his home. "I am up here where the north begins," Bill writes: "We have only two seasons: eight months of winter and four months of summer. We're on the shores of Lake Superior." Bill is coinventor of a new pulping (reducing logs to pulp) process used by the Munising Co. He

has a small daughter, Anna May, aged four. Dallas L. Donnan '23 deals in hardwood lumber in Seattle, Wash., with the Ehrlich-Harrison Co., 35 Hanford street. Dal, who was married in 1927, has his home at 733 Seventeenth street north.



Front, Asquith and Winther and in back of them Kleinbach and Gildersleeve, all of Tau, sitting on the front steps of the house, taking a rest between classes.



Clem of Chi standing somewhere out where the West really remains, with a brace of Indian maidens.

John Murray has most of his notes appearing earlier in the magazine, but he adds that the Alpha Alpha house has about seven good golfers among the gang who will be trying to uphold the honor of the "Old Gal" on the links this year. They are: Jack Stone, Bill Gooding, Cliff Martin, Tom Ashton, Bob Barbour, Ed Tate, and your correspondent, John Murray. Murray, by the way, might have a chance to play one more year of baseball, but the chances for doing so seem mighty, mighty, slim at this writing.

Among other cohorts the chapter has two men in college orchestras, although neither plays the saxaphone; Ed Tate is a drummer and Garvin Sacket holds down a busy point in the orchestra with the bass horn. Even the army is represented with Bob Morrison as a captain, Charles Lenau and John Strassberger, lieutenants, and Carl Fleet, hardboiled sergeant, all of the R. O. T. C. The chapter has two faculty representatives, Dr. Wright, law professor, and Dr Hassler, professor in astronomy and mathematics.

Mother McKnight, Alpha Alpha's housemother, who has been with the chapter for three years, has mothered the whole gang at the chapter to the point where most of the chapter believes that there is less homesickness in *Alpha Alpha* than in any other house on the campus.

The newspapers in Norman are already writing things about pledge Douglas Barham of *Alpha Alpha* in that Barham, high-jumper, is copying the style of Parker Shelby, greatest high-jumper that Oklahoma ever had.

The lads of the sunny South crash through with a chapter letter which just makes the grade in time to go to press. Luke Wallin, H. C. S. of the chapter, sent photographs of the two golfers of Alpha Iota, and the three bandmen of the chapter which cannot be reproduced in this issue. Alpha Iota has been coming along with a rush since her installation, as can be judged from the fact that they pulled up from fifteenth to second place in scholastic standing on the Alabama campus. The old Alpha Sig spirit is in there working and the boys of Alpha Iota aver that it has gained a hold on them that will grow stronger with the passing of time.



Sponberg and Moore of Rho at the Minneapolis Optimist's camp on the shores of Lake Mille Lac, where they acted as camp leaders for a group of lucky boys.

Pavement Portraits

by Burke Boyce

Four of a series of sixty poems by Brother Boyce printed in that magazine.

BUS CONDUCTOR

Secure upon his rearward perch, He sees the traffic surge and lurch— The taxis' leaps, the trucks' careens, The snorts of haughty limousines.

He's threatened by the churning throng, And those who get their corners wrong, And matrons who, with giddy airs, Precariously mount the stairs.

Yet howsoever mad the scene, The bus conductor rides serene— Galvanic only when it's time To come around and get the dime.

THE BUS BARKER

"Coney! Coney Island!
Bus is leaving!
Few seats in it!
And as I was sayin', Fred . . .
Sure, lady, staring any minute."

"Bus here! Bus to Coney!
Fastest service!
Listen, Freddie,
Out at Aqueduct, tomorrow
Sit still, lady, we're all ready."

"Coney! Bus is leaving! Starting out! Yeah, that's his showing, An' I tell you, Fred, that horse is . . . Sure thing, lady, we'll be going."

"Coney! Coney Island!
What's that, lady?
Sure! To Coney!
Fred, the lady wants her fare back!
What she think this is—boloney?"

MOTORMAN

He peers from his alitant window, Persuasively banging his bell, And trekking a trail through the tangle In the shade of the chequerboard "L."

And transit may roar and may rumble, And traffic may ebb and may flow— The motorman moves on his mission, Serene and insistent and slow.

The taxis go swooping around him, The truckmen cut under his nose— He's cluttered with crowds at the crossings; It's really a wonder he goes.

He doesn't pretend to be speedy, He doesn't do tricks with a wheel; He simply rides uptown and downtown On a stately and uniform keel.

STREET DIGGER

With pointed pick and dancing drill, And duly roped enclosure, He sets about his handiwork Of thoroughfare exposure.

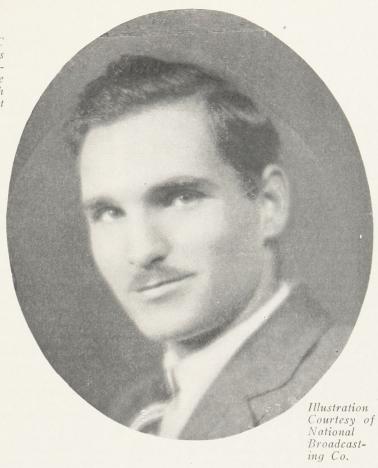
Precisely where it's busiest He rips the street asunder, And opens to the canyoned sky The awesome works thereunder.

The traffic squirms around his fence, All tangled up, and stewing— Pedestrains go dodging by, And wonder what he's doing.

He excavates his little plot Composedly—and then, Just when he's got it nicely dug, He fills it up again!

Reprinted permission The New York

As his desk in the NBC offices Burke Boyce sits and directs and supervises script for the words sent out through the air by that great company.



Afternoon Interview

On reading which Mr. Boyce said: "I found it amusing. I didn"t know I had green eyes, and to be called sardonic makes me think of the *American Magazine*. And my secretary objects to "harried"—she considers herself well poised and I am inclined to agree with her." So there you are!

THE voice from the telephone was pleasant, subdued.

"To interview me?" it said. "Suppose you drop in Monday at three."

"Okay," I said.

The elevator at 711 Fifth Avenue was crowded. It must be crowded always. There

were all sorts of people in the elevator and most of them got out at the same floor. National Broadcasting Company, it said downstairs. There was a long corridor there, facing the row of elevators, and an unsmiling girl sat at the desk. "Mr. Boyce? You wish to see Mr. Boyce? Would you mind sitting down and waiting a moment?"

There was a pleasant-faced man with a Phi Bete key dangling from his watch chain waiting on the stuffed bench in the corridor. The linoleum floor was polished until it glistened. I didn't want to cast cigarette ashes on it. "What good is radio advertising, anyway?" said the man with the Phi Beta Kappa

key. I told him that I didn't know. A musician with a viola case came out of the elevator and stalked off somewhere. Two vaudeville-like people talked in harsh whispers. One had written something. They were waiting to see someone, too. They had something to sell. I was glad all of a sudden that I didn't have anything to sell.

A page called my name and a young lady with a harried look came up to me as I

"Mr. Boyce is reading script," she said. "He

will see you in ten minutes.

All sorts of people came in from the elevators or the doors, and they either waited or went away. Two people, a woman with beautiful eyes and a gentleman with striped afternoon trousers, got to go right in. The man looked well fed.

Perhaps they were radio stars. Or stage

stars. Or moving picture people.

"Mr. Boyce will see you now." There she was again, looking just as harried as ever.

I followed her through a room filled with girls clicking away like mad on fifty type-writers. CONTINUITY DEPARTMENT it said on the door. And then another door with the name BURKE BOYCE on it.

"How do you do," we said.

He sat at his desk and neither of us said

anything for a moment or two.

"Can I have five minutes?" I asked him. "Oh surely," he said. "I must interview a man soon, but you can go right ahead."

He wasn't brusque or crisp. Pleasant. At ease. Relaxed. Halfway amused at my single sheet of notepaper and my serious mien.

"You are the head of the Continuity Department of National Broadcasting Comany? Writing the Iodent programs?"

"Yes," he said.

"How long have you been in radio?" I asked.

"About two and one-half years now. Will you smoke?"

"No, I have some. You were graduated from Harvard in 1925?" I asked.

"1922" he said.

Someone came in at the door and presented

several sheets of manuscript.

"I wouldn't do it just like that," said Boyce. "I should like it so!" The pencil made a few swift lines.

"The advertiser is calling for script," said

the secretary.

"A boy can rush it to them tomorrow morning, first thing," he said. "It can be typed and run off tonight. What were you saying?"

"Do you supervise all script and continuity that is broadcast?" I asked.

"Practically," he replied.

"And you write continuity, too," I said.

"Yes."

"And what besides Iodent?"

"Biblical drama; the Wayside Inn Program, which is now revived and being broadcast again, some special programs that are broadcast from time to time. The dramatic continuity for the commemoration of Marconi's Transatlantic wireless reception, at which time President Sarnoff of R. C. A. will speak with Senatore Marconi across the Atlantic; the Durant 'Heroes of the World,' the Rapid Transit program.'

"My God," I said, "and you keep up this

terrible pace every day?"

"No," he said as the telephone bell rang again and he lifted the receiver from the hook, "I don't. I just do this to impress visitors." His green eyes smiled, faintly sardonic.

I sat and stared at a very greyish sort of brick in the wall of the opposite building.

"How many poems have you had appear in the New Yorker?" I asked, as the telephone conversation was over. "About ten or twelve?"

"Some sixty or more," he said.

"Did you sell the first one you sent to them?" I said.
"Yes. Yes, I sent them one about two years

ago and they took it and asked me if I had more like it.

"How long have you been writing poems?"

I asked.

"Oh, God," he said, "ever since I was in college.

"O. K." I said. 'I don't want to take any more of your time. I'm awfully glad to have met you. And thanks for the interview."

"Not at all," he said, reaching for a new batch of script, "I'm glad you called."

I took my hat up off the desk. "One thing more," I said. "Do you find time to do some broadcasting before the mike, too?"
"No, not much," he said. "Very little. I

read some of my Downtown Lyrics twice, but that's about all."

My God, about all.

The two vaudeville-looking people were still waiting on the bench by the Information Desk. I put on my hat and rode down in the elevator and walked out on Fifth Avenue and walked back to the office. There was a puddle of perfume in the air now and then as women passed me and the sun was warm and bright and mellow. I stopped and looked in a window at some radio sets. But I didn't have much to say when I got back to the office.

How Old Are You Financially?

Of more than passing interest to all members of the fraternity should be this question. Current economic events, following national crises of all sorts, including a super saturation of production, a frenzy of advance buying on installment or other plan, and the culminating result to America should give pause to each reader and make him ask himself the questiton the book propounds.

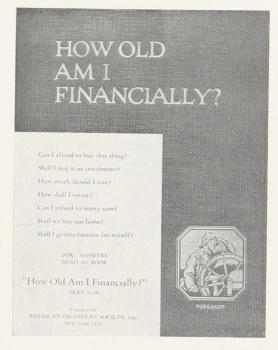
OW old am I financially? The American Provident Society of New York, in its book by that title attempts to assist you in discovering the answer for yourself. Brother Ward N. Madison, Alpha '23, Assistant Managing Director of the Company, explains his work so: "To assist people, by selling them our book, to a firm financial standing whereby they can save and place in reserve, out of salaries, a sufficient amount of money to support them after they pass the peak of their earning power. In the past year or so, since the readjustment of American production of all stuffs began, conditions have never been more conducive toward making people save. The American Provident Society and How Old Am I Financially, writ-

ten by Charles Mill de-Forest, serve as life guides in personal economics. My work, in connection with the company, is to assist in making more of the people in this country thrift-conscious. many people know what their financial age is,—how much they should be earning, all things taken into consideration, and how much they should be saving, no matter what salary is earned.

How Old Am I Financially should appeal to those who wish to use their money in the way that will bring them the most happiness. To quote from the book itself: 'After character, health, and education, the earning and accumulating of



Ward Madison



money to the extent of his needs and willingness to serve is rightly man's chief concern. But it is amazing what indefinite financial plans most of us have for our lives. Physicians examine a man to determine his physical age, but each man must examine himself to determine his financial age.'

The book continues through chapters devoted to earning power, kinds of work, retirement, dependency, opportunity, confidence, luxuries and so forth until it comes to define its classification of reserves, Junior, Minimum, Middling, Master and Super-Master Reserves. Comound interest and time are explained.

Banks and Budgeting, What to Include in Your Reserve, Choosing Investments, Speculation Analyzed, Excuses of the Improvement, Can I Afford to Marry Now?, Shall We Buy Our Home?, Shall I go into Business for Myself?, How Old Am I Financially?, are other chapters in the book that lead one to a clear analysis of his own case.

A very valuable book to have and read. It will teach the young man who is starting out in life a thing or two that he will have to learn sooner or later, all too often at the price of bitter experience. It will assist the man who has started to save consistently. It should be of interest to ever brother of Alpha Sigma Phi interested in putting aside a surplus of funds to make him financially independent at the age of 65."



Al Ulbrickson, Mu'23, coach of the Washington crews, who brought his oarsmen to Poughkeepsie in June for the big regatta. Although he brought two Alpha Sig members of the crew with him, and though the boys were in there fighting, Al had to go back home without the victory. He is here shown as pictured by Feg Murray of the New York Times. Cornell won the big event.

ROM the rock-ribbed heights of dear old Cornell and Rockledge on the Hill to sun-kissed paper mills of Washington was the jump that A. S. Quinn, Iota '27 made after his graduation from the school that makes a bicycle a necessary part of every student's equipment. Brother Quinn is now located at 707 White Building, Seattle, Washington, where he is a big shot in charge of the Pacific Coast operations of the Stebbins Engineering and Manufacturing Company. He has a bigger boss now, however, since he was married in June. Quinn oversees a territory that takes in British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California. With such a vast space of operation it is only natural that he should turn to midget golf for relaxation.

The Rho Chapter Alumni Association has been a going concern for some years, as witness Larry Clark's whisper to the effect that at the last election of officers of the Association, Ray Kenyon, who has been President of the organization since its beginning in

SUMMER and FALL

with the Alumni

1921, was elected President Emeritus, and a resolution thanking him for his noble efforts, according to Larry, "was spread on the books." The newly-elected officers' names may be found listed in our directory section.

Another Cornell brother, mentioned elsewhere in these stark pages, rated an eight thousand iron-men fellowship by winning the *Prix de Rome* this year for landscape architecture. He is Richard C. Murdock, *Iota* '25, and he held a flock of offices and honors while in school. Murdock could do noble work in telling chapters of the fraternity how to landscape their back yards—as well

as front yards.

In a little bulletin published by the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce, entitled modestly enough, Chamber Contacts, one discovered that Linwood B. Law, Alpha Delta '25, has just finished compiling a survey listing all the multiple, or chain stores, operating in the city of Buffalo. The list includes such lines of trade as auto accessory stores, bakeries, banks, cigar and clothing stores, on down through the alphabetical order to packers, restaurants, and shoe stores. Brother Law is manager of the Members' Service Department of the Chamber of Commerce. This department, under the Law, maintains an information service that is complete and comprehensive, and pretty well covers all phases of activity having to do with Buffalo.

From Ralph C. Hawkins, Lambda '16, came the information about Brother Howard W. Palmer, Lambda '14. Brother Palmer took over the Greenwich Press, of Greenwich, Connecticut, four years ago. And in the time that he has been Editor and Manager the paper has made such marked improvements that it is now regarded and ranked as the best weekly newspaper in the United States, as may be attested by the letter from President Hoover and the facts that it contains. Brother Hawkins said that he had the pleasure of visiting Palmer while on his vacation and of seeing for himself how this gifted brother had wrought material improvements in the printing establishment and in

connection with his newspaper.

Lambda has a host of other men engaged in publishing, editing, or other pursuits. Ned Thompson, Lambda '15, is associated with a company producing some of the most beautiful work obtainable in printing. He visited National Headquarters one morning and while there exhibited some of the work his company had produced, true works of the art of printing.

Away out Phillipine Islands way, writes Frank Kislingbury of Alpha Zeta, news came of the marriage of Ralph L. Reynolds, Alpha Zeta '26, to Miss Jennie A. Moss at San Sebastian Church, Manila, P. I. Another alumnus of the U. C. L. A. Chapter also accepted the yoke in June, Richard A. Gould, Alpha Zeta '26. From a D. G. of U. S. C.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Cruse, Lambda '15, on June 29, a girl, Nancy Jane. Nancy's poppa is a general attorney for the Western Electric Company, 195 Broadway, New York City. You can have a sister pin, anyway, Nancy, even though you won't rate a paddling and a badge. But you might get a badge, at that!

The Richard P. Peters (*Omicron* '21), are still living in Cleveland, Ohio, but they have removed to 3134 Meadowbrook Boulvard, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Florida draws one of the brothers and

loses a n o t h e r. L a u r a n c e A. Schroeder, Jr., of Alpha can now be reached at P. O. Box 7044, Miami, and Carl Franklin Stith of Sigma, formerly of Miami, is now living in Falmouth, Kentucky.

Joseph C. Novotny, Alpha Delta '26, one of the many Alpha Delta brothers hailing from the upper reaches of Wisconsin, is now at 505 Herman Street, Milwaukee.

Lee McFadden of S i g m a has done left Memphis. He is with t h e Equitable Life, 1320 Healy Building, Atlanta, Georgia, and can be reached through the Equitable.

W. A. McCulloch, one of our Scots, just out of Dartmouth, now lives at 8 Minot Street, Neponset, Massachusetts.

Dr. John Franklin Huber of Theta has re-

moved from 505 N. Division, Ann Arbor, to 1509 Shadford Road, Ann Arbour, Michigan. Thomas Daigle, also *Theta*, is now located at 1336 Elm Street, Detroit, Michigan. Charles F. Bunker of the same chapter is now to be found at 617 W. LaSalle Avenue, South Bend, Indiana.

Charles DeB. Haseltine of Nu, is now located at 1260 Masonic Avenue, San Francisco,

California.

Malcolm Dresser of Gamma returned from honeymooning out in California to the new home of the Dressers, 328 East 34th Street, New York City. Mac is now in training for work in the Bureau of Adjustments at Macy's, a job with no end of telephone contacts with sweet things calling up and asking why such and such hasn't been delivered as promised, etc., etc. But he should worry, for what that lad doesn't know about psirology 'aint in the books.

L. V. Chaney of Alpha Alpha has left Michigan and is now with the Research Department of the Phillips Petroleum Company,

Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

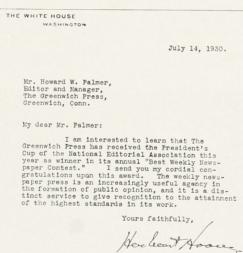
Art Bissell of Alpha Gamma, having worked three years for the National Fireproofing Corporation of Pittsburgh as a commercial artist in their advertising department, finished his work with them July 15, after receiving his Bachelor of Architecture degree

Architecture degree from Carnegie Tech, in June. His new address is 161 South Main Street, Franklin, New Hampshire, and if he doesn't get architectural work in Boston, he will migrate to Washington, there to work in the Government Architects' office. Art motored through all New England during vacation, spent three weeks at Booth-Harbor, Maine, and a hectic moment or two in good old Montreal, the haven of suffering Americans.

Loren Bane of Alpha Beta is Superintendent of Schools at Bayard, Iowa, and can be reached by addressing him that way.

Byron C. Moore, Mu, '22, sent a shirt to the laundry. And thereby hangs a tale. For Brother Moore's badge was on the shirt, and he didn't get it

back. He had to write National Headquarters for a new badge, and he consequently sent his address, which is 2126 Pennsylvania Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, Apartment 5.



The letter received by Brother Howard W. Palmer, Lambda' '14, complimenting him on his work as Editor of the Greenwich Press, rated the best newspaper in the United States, receiving the President's cup of the National Editorial Association this year. Brother Palmer took over the Greenwich Press four years ago and in the time that he has been Editor and Manager the newspaper has made marvelously brilliant strides.

Now what Brother Moore should have done, was to have written a letter to another brother, Lloyd A. Peck of *Rho*. Peck is Assistant General Manager of the Laundryowners' National Association, Joliet Illinois. But we'd wager that it would have taken a peck of Pecks to get Moore's badge back, at that. Oscar C. Blade of *Pi* is now with the U.

Oscar C. Blade of Pi is now with the U. S. Bureau of Mines at Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Larry Clark of Rho says that Bill McGillivray, a number of years in Venezuela, is now back in the States, located at Schenectady, New York. Whatcha doin' up there, Bill, and what's the dope on Senor Gomez' little coun-

trv?

Bill Scheick, another of these architectural whizzes from Alpha Gamma, at Carnegie Tech, put on a one man exhibit of his stuff in his home town at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, during the summer. Last year he was in Oklahoma, instructing in architecture at A. and M. College, and this year he is at the University of Illinois, on the Architectural faculty. Have you Eta men met Bill yet?

Went Gantt of Alpha, recently a salesman with a Massachusetts territory, is back in New York, now with the Consolidated Merchandising Corporation, manufacturers of machines that take pennies away from you, and you, and you! The Gantts are living at Stewart Court, Flushing, Long Island. So are the Kimes living in Flushing; so is Newt Embree of Lambda; so are the A. Vernon Bowens. No need to list addresses. Call up one and you can get the addresses and telephones of the others.

Taking on a few tall ones in Greenwich

Village and looking through a magazine called the Carrier Courier or the Courier Carrier, one or the other, in the Fourth of July issue, one of our reporters discovered a write-up about John deB. Shepard of Iota. Shep was graduated from Cornell in '29 and went to work for the Carrier Engine Corporation of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and points West. Shep is assistant to one of the executives of the Carrier Company.

Leslie L. Schroeder, *Rho*, has been named as business manager in the University of Minnesota athletic department, in immediate charge of the sale of football and other athle-

tic tickets.

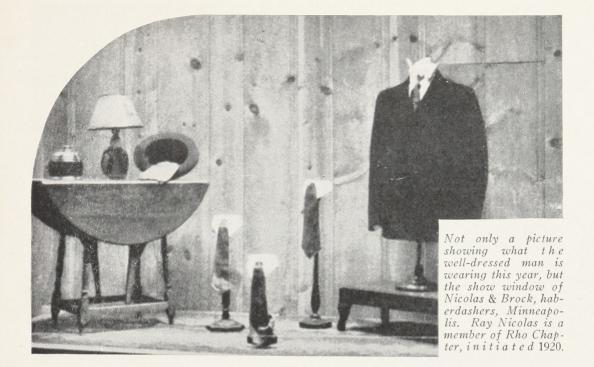
George McDonald is engaged! "Mrs. E. A. K. Hackett of Beverly Hills, California, and Winona, Indiana, announces the engagement and approaching marriage of her daughter, Catherine Reid, to George Hobard McDonald, son of Postmaster and Mrs. H. S. J. McDonald of 412 Twenty-third Street, Rock Island, Ill." There. Read it for yourself. Well, George, all of us join in saying "Here's how!", in handing out our congratulations, and wishing you happiness!

Pat Kearney is back in New York. Home from Hollywood and the movie game he has sub-leased an apartment consisting of seven rooms and three baths, at 912 Fifth Avenue. It is the former suite of Arnold Rothstein!

Boo!

One of the most interesting items gathered by reporters is one that was sent from Monmouth, Illinois. *The Daily Review Atlas* of that town puts it: "Father and son were hon-





ored yesterday when Judge J. W. Clendenin and Robert J. Clendenin of Monmouth received their LL. B. degrees from the law school of the University of Michigan.

Leaving the law school in his senior year, in 1898, just a few weeks before commencement, in order to go to the Spanish American war with Company H of the old Sixth Illinois Infantry, Mr. Clendenin did not receive his formal degree. Returning from service with his regiment, he passed the Illinois state bar examination and began the practice of his profession here.

A few weeks ago, however, the board of regents of the Michigan University took up the matter and decided that Judge Clendenin should be awarded his degree of bachelor of law, despite the fact that he did not return after the Spanish American War to take his final examinations.

Robert Clendenin, the son, graduated from Leland Stanford University in 1926 and entered Michigan law school in the fall of 1927, where he achieved signal honors in competitions. He will return to Monmouth today with his father and will remain here part of the summer. In October he will enter the law office of Cooke, Sullivan and Ricks in Chicago. The senior partner of this firm is George Cooke, former Aledo man, who retired from the Illinois Supreme Court to re-enter law business. Mr. Clendenin will spend eight weeks at Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind., where he has been an instructor at summer schools for a number of years." Rob is

a member of Tau Chapter, initiated in 1923. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Moore Owens, Alpha Alpha '27, a daughter, Anne, Dorset, June 20.

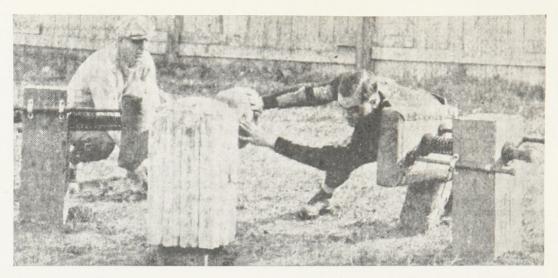
Eddie Schissel of *Omicron* is now assistant sales manager for Claude Neon Light Company, and you know what that means! Al Bennett, of the same chapter, is at Kelly field, studying the ups and downs of army piloting. Paul Cupp of Omicron, so 'tis said, opened up a vast string of midget golf courses, twenty-four of them, no less, throughout Pennsylvania and Southern New York State.

Ralph Potter of *Alpha*, living at 119 West Street, Leominster, Massachusetts, is working as an illuminating engineer for the Gas and Electric Improvement Company at 77 Franklin Street, Boston.

Wayne Kakela of Rho will be Line and Freshman Coach at Hamline University, in St. Paul. Wayne is also playing with the Minneapolis Red Jackets, a member of the national professional football league. In his spare time he is selling insurance and working for his Master's degree. Bert Oja, another three year veteran of the Gophers, is assistant football coach, and intramural sports director at Louisville Manual High School. Married, September 20, Curtis Brabec of

Married, September 20, Curtis Brabec of *Rho*, and Miss Shirley Adams, charming Alpha Delta Pi. Affeld and Hopper were ushers, and Brother Roy Hollander was soloist.

Kappa Chapter has graduated a great number of doctors in past years. It is to be hoped that Lyle Hance and Bill Sullivan.



Bunny Oakes, Bernard Francis Oakes, Eta '20, head line coach at the University of Nebraska, is shown above demonstrating his new invention, a line-charging machine for the development of stonewall lines such as have made Husker Elevens famous. The machine, which has been patented and accepted for sale by a nationally-known sporting goods firm, is solidly built of steel, wood and padding, and in action closely resembles the play of opposing linemen—photograph and clipping from the Omaha Morning Bee by courtesy of Hugh Rhea, Xi '29, husky member of the Nebraska football team who is playing football under Oakes. Oakes is married, is freshman basketball coach, and author of a book on line plays. This rounds out the activities of this versatile member of Alpha Sigma Phi.

editors of the swell sheet the chapter publishes, called *The Excuse*, will some day get all the dope, together with photos of the medicos, and wish the article on *The Tomahawk* as a splendid gift.

According to an announcement just made by the California State Bar Association, Robert H. Gillmore, *Theta*, loyal alumnus of the Old Gal, resident of Whittier, California, and widely known in business and social circles, successfully took the bar examination in August. Of the 682 entrants in the bar test, less than half were successful. So here's to you, Bob Gillmore!

J. Owen Jones of Sigma, 4824 N. Hoyne Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Bryan C. Doolen of Eta now at 715 Merrit Street, Miami, Arizona; Paul L. Raish of Alpha now employed in the Legal Department of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, living

at the University Club of Akron.

The Reverend Dwight L. Learned, Alpha '70, but recently living in Kyoto, Japan, has returned to the United States and is now residing at 520 Mayflower Road, Claremont, California. We should be delighted to hear more from Brother Learned. A member at Yale in the early years of the history of the fraternity, he must know many stories of the fraternity as it was when he was initiated, and the whole fraternity world would be delighted to have some word from him comparing a college fraternities are today, grown from the beginning of them all, not so very many years ago. Or we should enjoy learn-

ing the similarities existing between the American and Japanese educational systems, or the difference between the students of the two nations. Brother Learned, the pages of *The Tomahawk* are yours, sir, if you will.

Max Taylor of Eta, formerly an executive with the Tidewater Oil Company, New York City, is now located with the Security Savings and Trust Company of Portland, Oregon. Max writes that things are going well with him, that he has become acquainted with two or three Sigs there and has attended one alumni luncheon held by the boys from Psi at Oregon State at Corvallis, which is about eighty miles from Portland. Max is living at 490 East 45th Street, North Portland. And we hope he is getting his copy of The Tomahawk.

Carl Diemer of Alpha Theta, the chapter at Missouri installed last year, writes that the Sigs in and around St. Louis have organized themselves an Alumni Council and are open

for business now.

Craig Collins of Alpha, brothers will note, is now located at 1430 Midland Avenue, Bronxville, New York. Willard D. Dover of Xi is now living in Chicago and may be reached at 117 Livestock Exchange, Chicago. Thomas E. McDonough, Lambda '24, is now located at Richmond, Kentucky, as head of the Department of Physical Education at Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College.

To a delegation of foreign students re-

To a delegation of foreign students received by President Hoover, William John Cooper, Nu '13, United States Commissioner of Education, said in part: "The educators

of this country are desirous of receiving from you better understanding of the cultures which your nations represent and because we possess a yearning to be better understood ourselves."

Bill Bryans, Xi '19, spent most of the summer in California, meeting a number of the brothers at Palo Alto, attending a Sig luncheon at Los Angeles, missing Stanley Hall, Xi

'18, and finding him laid up in the hospital with appendicitis. On June 3rd Bill was married to Miss Mary Louise Watles of Hollywood, California, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gurdon W. Watles, formerly of Omaha, Nebraska. Brother and Mrs. Bryans are now making their temporary home with the groom's parents in Omaha.

Another Alpha Sig marriage that took place during the summer was that of Reginald Foster French, Alpha Eta, '28, of West Lebanon, New Hampshire, and Miss Rachel Evangeline Clapp, August 12th. Mrs. French was grad-

uated from the Turners Falls high school in 1925, and from the Massachusetts School of Art in 1929. Brother French was graduated from Dartmouth in 1927, spent two years in Harvard graduate School and studied in Italy last year. The Frenches are now living in Columbia, Missouri, where Brother French is occupying a position in the department of Romance languages at the University of Missouri.

Brother Sumner R. Parker, Gamma '16, at the close of the school year in June, resigned as secretary of the Associate Alumni of Massachusetts Agricultural College, closing ten years of efficient service. This is the longest that anyone has served the alumni in this capacity. The Alumni News of Massachusetts Agricultural College says, "His most difficult task was the follow-up of the Memorial Building campaign. For seven years this matter needed personal attention, requiring judgment and tact at all times. Only those who served on the Executive Committee and carefully went over the accounts month by month will ever realize the amount of work and care that went into the raising of the fund for the building.

The most spectacular of all the various

things accomplished was the raising of funds for the new Physical Education Building. To this Secretary Parker put his whole heart.

this Secretary Parker put his whole heart. Through Mr. Parker's efforts the Associate Alumni of M. A. C. became affiliated with the American Alumni Council, an organization comprised of the alumni groups of the largest colleges and universities throughout the country. Through its membership in the Council

the Associate Alumni of M. A. C. has come to have nation-wide recognition as a group.

If Sumner Parker were asked what he considered the most worth while of all his activities I imagine he would say, 'The wide acquaintance with the alumni and the knowledge that so many graduates love the college and appreciate its work.'

David R. Lewis, Delta '76, died at the age of eighty-eight at his residence at Fort Madison, Iowa, July 14, 1930. Brother Lewis was born June 25, 1842, at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, but as a small child moved with his family to Pomeroy, Ohio, where he spent the greater part of his life. He was graduated from Marietta College, taking a Civil engineering course, taught

years and was a mine inspector for several terms in Ohio. He affiliated himself with the salt business and was connected with the Glendale and German Salt Company. Some fifteen years ago Brother Lewis and his family moved to Fort Madison, Iowa, from Clinton, Indiana, where he was employed as City Clerk. He was a member of the A. F. & A. M. lodge, the Redmens lodge, and Alpha Sigma Phi. A masonic funeral was held at

his grave. Of peculiar interest to all Upsilon men are the alumni notes concerning the members of that chapter, gathered by Al Kime, Upsilon '21. Al came in to National Headquarters. wishing to get the correct addresses of the thirty-six men active in Upsilon Chapter in 1924, '25, '26, and '27. Brother Kime compiled a questionnaire in which he asked thirtysix of the brothers whether they were married or single, whether they have any children, what work they are engaged in or what work they had been engaged in over the years since graduation, and what fraternity brothers each man wished to hear from. Kime's results, compiled from the questionnaire answers, follow:

Russy Widenor, 721 Wheeler Avenue, Scran-



Courtesy Life and Gardner Rea

ton, Pennsylvania—single, works at the Electrical Research Products, Inc., Scranton. One year with Scranton Electric—two summers with orchestra—nine months with General Electric and two years with Electrical Research Products, Inc. Saw Jenkin's wife this summer. Vought was in town (Scranton) and left for the West.

Barney MacDougal, 575 South Braddock Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—single, employed with Spencer Kamer Company, selling bonds all the time. Would like to hear from everyone and would like to have a meeting of the Panthers soon.

Don Titus, 492 Stuyvesant Avenue, Irvington, New Jersey—married to Marion Yoder from Overbrook, Philadelphia, no children, works with Lincoln Electric Company's New York office, would like to hear from anybody and everybody.

Charley Megargel, (the only Scranton boy ever known to leave home), 1241 Consolidated Building, Indianapolis, Indiana—married to Mildred Von Bergen, from Scranton, Pennsylvania, no children, assistant Branch Manager of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland. Spent one year in Insurance Business then with Fidelity and Deposit Company in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Indianapolis.

Wants to hear about everybody. Glad to know Pete Donovan is around yet. Thinks we ought to have a chapter at Indiana.

The one and only M. R. Vought, Armstrong Manor, Lancaster, Pennsylvania—single, but not for long—two children (both in institutions), has been doing missionary work in China since leaving State. Would like to hear about Boney Phillips. Charley is so good looking now that they are using him for ads. If you can get hold of a copy of Coca-Cola Bottler, National Bottlers Gazette, Carborator and Bottler, or Beverage Journal for September, 1930, look up the Armstrong Cork ad; it's worth while. Ben Heim sent me a copy of it and I wish I had one to send to all of you.

Long, lost Jack Vorhees, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania—single, and proud of it. Working with father like the devil since leaving school. Would like to hear from Bast, Jenkins, Phillips and all the gang and would like to hold a conclave this Fall.

This ought to be written up for the American Magazine. Paul Boone Rankin, 419 State Street, Bridgeville, Pennsylvania—married to Elnora A. Wise of Bridgeville, Pennsylvania. No children, works for James B.

Sipe and Company, worked with dad for awhile then had to find a job. Started with Sipe as a clerk, now assistant superintendent (some stepping, boy, congratulations, that comes from looking at Mac Hall through a telescope). Would like to hear from all the gang; expects to be at State this Fall.

Frank Dawson, 130 West 57th Street, New York City—married to M. C. Carlough of Nutley, New Jersey, no children, practicing dentistry for three years. Wants to know about Naegeley, if he isn't a hermit by now and if Vought ever graduated and what he is doing and where. Has plenty he would like to tell some of the fellows who promised to keep in touch with him.

Rudy Kistler, 719 Hamilton Street, Allentown, Pennsylvania—single (too mean to get married). Works at Allentown Trade Securities, Inc., would like to hear from anybody.

Expects to be at State, Alumni Day.

Ben Heim, 1917 Daily News Building, Chicago, Illinois, (he ought to make a good target). Single with strings, travels with Armstrong Cork in Indiana and Illinois. Has seen Megargel and Johnny Jones out there, both of whom show the usual signs of Western prosperity. Would like to hear from or about Dyer, Howell, Jenkins and the whole gang. Open house in his apartment in Chicago for any of the gang. Call Superior 1391—good time guaranteed (I'll remember that).

A. P. Apgar, Box 30, Bisbee, Arizona, (did you Scranton boys ever hear of that place—

look it up on the map). Married to Genevieve M. Clayton, Denver, Colorado, no children. Works for Copper Queen branch of Phelps Dodge Corporation. Would like to hear from Hal Wion and Fred Hilburn. Writes a note for Hilburn and I'll forward it if I ever locate Freddy, says he never sees any Sigs down there - they're all S. A. E.

Robert L. Jones, 837 Short Street, New Orleans, Louisiana—single, employed with R. P. Fansworth & Company, contractors. After schooleighteen months with Anthracite Bridge Company. Since then with above engineer in charge of concrete form work. At present building U. S. Marine hospital at New Orleans. Wants to know about or

from Charles Brinton. Congratulates Titus and expects to be North Christmas time. Another Scranton boy gone wrong from looking at maps.

Baseball is the most dangerous popular form of recreation and ping pong the least dangerous, according to an analysis of about 4,400 claims for vacation injuries made by the statistical department of the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York.

Baseball was blamed for 807, or 18 per cent, of the injuries

Baseball was blamed for 80%, or 18 per cent, of the injuries reported, while swimming came next with 562 cases and wrestling and "friendly scuffling" third with 287. Bowling caused 269 of the accidents, skating 231, tennis 211, fireworks 194, hunting 177 and golf 164. Eighty-nine of the injuries were caused in playing with children, while ping pong was blamed for only three mishabs.

New York Times

Jim Hitchcock, 18 Channey Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts,-married to Margaret Jawer of Springfield, Ohio, no children. Employed with the Boston Better Business Bureau since school; three years in Columbus, one year in Cambridge. Wants to know about all the gang, especially if Barney Google is married (again) yet. Would like to see any of the gang when they are in Boston. Look up Dougby Baker with B. & M. R. R., Jim.

Alex Clark, 745 North Irving Avenue. Scranton, Pennsylvania-single, works with Bushwell & Clark, general insurance, Scranton. Played with orchestra at Delaware Water Gap for awhile, went around the World with orchestra on the SS. President Polk, along with Widenor and McClure. then in insurance game. Has plenty to tell the boys and would like to hear from them. Wants to have a reunion at State either this Fall or next. Good idea, Alex.

"Here's one." Boney Phillips, Mt. Carmel's Vicinity,-single, I guess, children yes, but don't know how many. Pennsylvania Department Forest and Waters. "Waters" is good, loafed six months and then got present job and is still there. Like to hear about any of the gang, tells all the boys not to drink any more than they can stand-teaspoon-

Bill Bast, 307 Sixteenth Street, Allentown, Pennsylvania,-married to Marion Bartho from Mt. Carmel, one child, a real boy. Works with Fuller Company, Catosauqua Pennsylvania. Wants to know what became of me and if Harp is still with Ingersoll. Open invitation for any of the gang to stop and see him. Davis, Kistler, Sam and Scrub Henry and Bast educating the Allentown

Dr. John Holmes, Jr., 965 Pennsylvania Avenue, Tyrone, Pennsylvania, — single, in for self. Studied optometry in Philadelphia, finished, has been practising one year. Would like to hear from anyone. For those who remember his mania for speed he wants to say he has taken up flying.

Charles S. Davis, 122 South 13th Street. Allentown, Pennsylvania,-single, works for Elkins-Morris Company, bankers in Allentown office. Too hard to sketch career and would like to hear from everyone.

There are a few others I know about but who seem to be too busy to answer. Donovan has just completed a Law Course at Fordham and passed his State Boards,—is now working on the politicians for a job. Doesn't know where he will land. Told me he was better than ever on the cornet. He is single but seems to have connections. Harp Schimpff is single yet but seems to be worked on. He is still with Ingersoll Rand in their Newark office. Had a summer home at Rainbow Lakes, Danville, New Jersey, which was enjoyed by the writer and a couple of the brothers. He also is sporting a flashy Buick roadster and I understand he is burning up

by JAMES, J. LONG

Mosolf to Be Pitcher. Old Grid Names Return. All-Star Team by Cross. Losing Cue Streaks. McLarnin Beats Champs. Dukes Not Disgraced.

BUCS TO SHIFT GARDNER TO MOUND

THE ACTION OF Manager Jewel Ens in sending Jim Mosolf against the Phillies as an emergency pitcher the other day caused not a little surprise in baseball circles. Though used as a flinger for a few innings in



some exhibition games, Mosolf had not been considered as even a remote possibility for slab duty in a championship contest. He had been looked upon by the fans solely as an outfielder and pinch-hitter. However, that recent mound appearance in Philadelphia, instead of being merely a bit of relief work, may have marked the starting point of a major league pitching career, Mosolf may figure in the box scores regularly in the years to come as a hurler, An attempt will be made, at least,

That is the present intention of the Pittsburgh club management. The Pi-Jim Mosolf rate chiefs have a notion that Mosolf can be made into a winning moundsman, and he will be listed as an experiment in that department when the Buccaneers start out on their annual training trip in 1931. A preliminary tryout is scheduled for next Monday, an open date for the Rovers, when Jim will be sent in to pitch an exhibition game for the Bucs at Huntingdon, Pa., against the Pennsylvania Railroad Club, of Altoona.

IT WAS AS a pitcher that Mosolf began his baseball career while at college. After he broke into the professional ranks, however, he was shifted to the outfield on account of his hitting ability. He has continued to show that same batting power since he came to the Pirates from Wichita in the Western League, as his batting of 340 for the present season attests. But as an outfielder the youngster has not been overly impressive, and the management figures that he will be more valuable as a pitcher.

So Jim is slated to give up flychasing for pitching next spring, and will try to emulate Bob Smith, and others who made good in the box after being shifted from other positions. Mosolf, a right-hand thrower though a left-hand hitter is well constructed for pitching duty, standing 5 feet 10 inches, in height and weighing 186 pounds. He is said to have enough pitching stuff to make him a good prospect, at least a better prospect than he is as an outfielder, and he will be a handy man to have around besides by reason of his hitting strength. With Mosolf added to Ervin Brame the Bucs would have two of the best hitting pitchers in the business. best hitting pitchers in the business.

Jim Mosolf, Mu '27, outfielder for the Pirates, is shifted to the box as an emergency hurler, to the surprise of followers of base-ball. This clipping comes to you through H. H. Wilson, Alpha Gamma '25, who clipped it from the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.

the roads between Newark and points in Maryland for no good purpose. Freddy Hilburn is evidently somewhere in the far West judging from Apgar's letter. I was in Lewistown lately and stopped to inquire for McClure but he had just left town about an hour before. He evidently is working with his father.

Didn't hear from Jenks but understand he is still in Pittsburgh. Saw Barney while on my vacation. He has a new Dodge Eight which makes me wonder why I ever thought I'd make an engineer. Would like to report something on Cornish, Bordner, Campbell



William L. deAquinos, Omicron '24, snapped on the rooftop at 270 Madison avenue, where he called in time to see his old friend Roy Campbell go over the fraternity books. Bill spent some time working in the South, following his graduation, but now is located in New York, living in Brooklyn.

and Stroud, who I think is in Fairmount, West Virginia, and all the rest of them but got no returns.

As for me, at present I'm living at 11 Franklin Place, Flushing, Long Island. Got married this summer to Virginia Eyster of Emitsburg, Maryland. No children, as you can figure. Work for Lincoln Electric Company in New York, but don't know for how long, as I expect to be moved soon, maybe to Chicago. Telephone Independent 0265. Give

me a ring when in the city.

These returns have certainly been interesting to me and I hope they are to you. It looks as if Eaton, Pennsylvania, at the time of the game, would be a good time for quite a number of the boys to get together as I've heard several say that they expect to be there. I'll appoint the Allentown bunch to make arrangements if they see fit and will ask everyone who is there to meet at Hotel Eaton after the game. We will all have to eat, so why not eat together someplace? There will be a bunch there who are not receiving this letter so get in tough with everyone you know and tell them all about it.

This game and Alumni Day ought to afford a chance for nearly everyone to get news of everyone else. In closing I want to say that Johnnny Holmes told me he is M. D. specializing in obsteterics and I passed on that information to several people, so if you begin getting calls in the middle of the night, John, blame it on me.

Fraternally,

AL. KIME.

A number of alumni have been heard from just in time to get into this issue. One, not yet an alumnus, but Sig material good and true. We don't know his name, but he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wilson, Alpha Gamma '25, who came blessed eventing into this world at the beginning of last year.

J. LeRoy Berry, Alpha Alpha '27, (that's way down in Oklahoma) is now married and living in Altus, Oklahoma. He is employed

by the State Highway Department.

Another Middlebury man has been located. He is John H. "Jack" Prescott, Alpha Delta '22, who wrote to Headquarters, using one of those newspaper typewriters that write nothing but capitals, to say that his new business address is: The Associated Press, Box 626, Newark, New Jersey; his home address is 162 Belleville avenue, Bloomfield, New Jersey. Leaving Henry E. Miller, Los Angeles, advertising agency, where he was an account executive for over a year, he has affiliated himself with Newark bureau of the AP but recently. Tack went the way of all good men recently as follows: "Word was received of the marriage of John H. Prescott, former reorter for the Stamford Advocate, and son of Mrs. E. L. Prescott of Stamford, local director of the Girl Scouts, to Miss Elizabeth Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Thomas of The wedding, a Bloomfield, New Jersey. surprise to friends of both, took place in California where Mr. Prescott has been living for the past three years. The bride was graduated from Simmons in '24; has sung over the radio at WEAF in New York and KNX in Los Angeles. She has also written a number of articles for magazines."

Chalk up another one. If one had a complete record of all the Alpha Sigs who have been married since the first birdies started twittering in April and May he could start a sizeable mail order business, selling all the things that newly mated people do need, from frying pans to—well, finish the sentence your-

self.

George McClellan of Dartmouth, initiated in '28, writes on business stationery that bears his name, and he is no more than out of school, too! Says George: "Now I am an assistant in the Department of Principles of Ed. at O. S. U., and am hard at work on my Master's. Teach two or three hours a day and study for three classes. Besides, I'm assistant at Northmaster Presbyterian Church, almost a full time job and Saturday's I'm headwaiter at the Barn. With all of it I make enough to live—if I have time. No dates, few shows, only one book a week—that to review for the University daily. Envy me? No. Neither do I." But you're wrong, George. Lots of us envy you, you big red-You'll envy yourself, five years away. head. from it. But maybe you'll think that slobbering. Cheero!

LAST LOOK

THE flight of time is a fascinating if mournful thing to contemplate. Only this morning we paused aghast on remembering that the article, The Alpha Sigs at Michigan, appeared in the September, 1928, issue of College Humor! And here we had been trying to convince ourselves that it surely appeared in 1929. Certainly we grow old with Tommy. And now we run another piece of an article from College Humor again in this issue. Only this time it is about Oklahoma! We are running an answer to that article, you will have noticed. So many things pertinent to the fraternity have been appearing in Harold Swanson's magazine that we are considering discontinuing Banta's Greek Exchange and subscribing to College Humor instead!

Speaking of *Banta's*. George Niedert, one of the Banta executives, who is now quite an old friend, drops in occasionally. George was married not long ago, and as two henpecked (hope Els doesn't see this) benedicts, he and I are prone to exchange domestic pleasantries. George has admitted that he has decided to allow his wife to purchase another soap box to go with the kitchen table, now that he has reached the affluent stage of having an assistant to work with him. Well, all we need is an office boy. We are thinking of asking Lambda chapter to supply a pledge during their hell week to run our errands for us, but we haven't bolstered our courage to the ask-

This appears to be largely composed of vacains appears to be largely composed of vacation anecdotes and experiences, and we are just lousy with vacation news. Was it hot in Ohio!—"Said the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of S. C......" And we have a little clipping before us now, cut from the morning's *Times*, to the effect that a certain good lady here in Manhattan "held thirteen spades in one hand yesterday, bid six spades, was doubled by her husband, and scored 704 points on the hand. She said that she had been playing bridge for thirty years but had never seen such a hand before." Well, we did. Thirteen spades were held by Shotgun Marshall, Delta '24, in a game three years ago in the Marietta house, sitting in a bridge spasm with Hezz Meacham and a coupla other guys. Hezz, by the way, if you gentle readers of Delta and Epsilon and Zeta and Xi and points West don't know it, is connected with the Trust Department of the Bank of America, and has just returned from the balmiest of Canadian cities where he went on business and remained to take the Vichy cure. But what we started to say was that when Popgun drew the thirteen spades he simply spread them on the table with words which we

By The
Editor
Himself
never shall forget,

never shall forget, words eloquent in their beautiful simplicity: "By God, fellers, there they are!" He didn't even bid. It is pointed out by bridge mathematicians that under the law of probabilities one would have to play eight rubbers a day for 11,024,541 years

before getting another hand like that. A pack of cards can be dealt into 53,644,737,765,-488,792,839,237 different combinations, and one! Please mention *Tomahawk* when quoting this

What we are leading up to is that if we held one of those damned hands that carries the name of some English lord, (you know the kind, where you have only *one* high card over a nine,) we held a hundred in the two weeks we played bridge and sweltered during vacation. We took our rest cure in July!

We'll be able to tell our grandchildren in a hushed, senile falsetto: "Yes, sir, during the great Drought of 1930 the corn, even in the bottom lands, looked as if it had been blasted by a terrible flaming wind; the breezes from woodlands felt like the scorching breath of a Bessemer. The rivers and creeks sickened and died; the poor trees drooped under a sun that was pitiless and a wind that was like the hot hands of a fever-stricken victim bringing the plague. The land sweltered and smoked and baked into a dead, even brown lifelessness where no birds sang, and only the cicadas kept up their senseless reiteration that all was death, death, death!"

We still wonder if the awful summer will be affecting the welfare of the chapters greatly and if our schools will lose many from their rolls as a result of stricken farm lands. Certainly we saw enough on our vacation to realize that it might. But enough. Nature always has a way of curing herself of her ills. The poor, dying trees and grass have, they say, come out since then with the cool blessing of late Summer showers, and next

ing point, as yet.

year will bring a new earth to the Midwest, an earth as green, if not greener than ever before. If Winter comes.....

Coming back from Ohio we had a delightful experience. It has to do with coincidence, which we regard with an almost reverent eye since so many interesting coincidences have happened in our young life. We were sitting in the rear observation car of the Cincinnati Limited, stopping at Port Columbus, the airport at Columbus, Ohio, to take on a few passengers from the big T. A. T. liner which had just swooped down on airport, arriving from St. Louis. We remarked upon the wonder of it all, and what a marvelous age we are When into living in.

the car came a chap that we knew we had seen before. We had. It was Ellsworth MacLeod, our "Flying Professor" from Missouri! MacLeod said that he had flown from Columbia to St. Louis, where he caught the liner, and then had been wafted from St. Louis (which the natives pronounce St. Louis, and not St. Louie, by the way!) to Columbus, Ohio, where he caught the Pennsy. Prof. said that it cost just six dollars more by air than it does by rail all the way, that hot as it was on earth that day, the temperature in the air fell as low as 54. And he didn't

wear a topcoat!

Other vacationists bothered us considerably. First there was Morgan Churchman of Alpha who came down from Southhampton to tell us that he was going to do Europe all summer, the lucky stiff! He sailed at noon one day and we haven't heard how he made out, but we hope that this column finds him safe and well at New Haven, where he is to pilot Alpha Chapter this year. The boys at Yale are in more activities than you can shake a stick at, and with building this swell house they are putting up they are going to have quite a year of it. Then, not long ago, in came Dave Harmon of Iota with the perfectly pitiful tale of winning enough at ship's pool to pay for we don't know what. As if those two gentlemen of leisure



Chrysler. Pinnacle of shining steel that reaches to the sky. Our newest neighbor, in the mists of morning it is an inspiring thing, poking a finger up into the air, emblematic of the city's yearning to be growing upward, to be going onward without taking time to leave landmarks or to reflect upon what she has so far created. Chrysler is a sight for youth.

weren't enough to heat our wanderlust to the smelting point, should come in but Leonard Drake of Lambda with a tale of woe about being commissioned to go to London to do a bit of writing and to study the undergraduate situation at Sorbonne, U. of Barcelona, and a half dozen other European places of learning. Hard to take, feller, hard to take! He said that he would expect to see us in London at this time next year. Uh Maybe on a huh? snapshot, Drake, old kid. But we hope you have the grandest time a gent ever had! You can reach him, if you flunk out at midyears and decide that Europe and the Left Bank calls, in care of the American Express, 11 Rue Scribe,

Paris, France. Hell, that Drake boy can't help but become a big-shot in the writing field, getting his mail at a Rue Scribe.

Then Malcolm Dresser. We simply can't keep that boy out of these pages, somehow! Europe? No. Married. We told you in the last issue of *Tommy*. He and the wife drove to California on a long honeymoon. They sold one car and bought another enroute, and to hear Mac tell it, it was one swell trip. Mac got the job with Macy's that he wanted, and is now to be found working his way toward the personnel department of that vast and very efficient department store, where, by the way, we dearly love to prowl around and shop. Turn us loose in Macy's, on any day except Saturday afternoon, and we are in Seventh Heaven. And with Mac there, shopping ought to be a personally conducted tour from now on. We'll bet that we can show Mac a lot of things in that store that even he won't know are there after six months of association with merchandise, running all the way from a salted peanut to a rag carpet at twenty-seven dollars a vard.

The aforementioned Churchman knows of our secret lust for shopping. He volunteered to go with us one afternoon and hunt toys for a couple of nephews. That was for vacation, too. We got into Lord and Taylor's toy department and it was a task get-

ting Churchman out of there. So obsessed was he with Alpha's new house that he in-

sisted on playing with blocks!

But the kid nephews were more in love with the two walking penguins we got at Mr. Woolworth's Red and Gold Gift Shoppe than they were with the treasurers we had prowled around so long to find for them. And so it goes.

Powley of *Iota* dropped in to see us. He is reminded that the next time he comes to town he has a dinner engagement with us out at our new citadel in Flushing. No more Manhattan for us. Trees poking their fingers in at our windows, robins singing on a lawn of a morning, October's leaves scuffling past the bedroom casement. Of course, none of them are ours. But they help. They help.

them are ours. But they help. They help. And Roy Campbell, Omicron, '19, came in to audit the books. That has been very recently. This made the fourth time he audited the fraternity's accounts, but he hasn't audited the streets and turnings of New York yet. He insisted upon turning right when he was supposed to turn left, left when the proper way to go was right. He finally hit upon some sort of system on the last day he was here and so did away with the necessity of purchasing a compass and a binnacle.

Speaking of binnacles, Fred Witzel of Alpha Zeta came in to see us and tell us

about his cruise to the Azores on the warship on which some two hundred seventy-nine other members of the Naval unit of the R. O. T. C. embarked. We have spoken of this before elsewhere in the magazine, but you should have heard Fred tell about the beauties of that little island and the way the flowers grow there.

We have purchased a camera with which we have taken snapshots to embellish this our pride and joy, and although we paid the magnificent sum of just sixty-seven cents for it, we think that it is a priceless appurtenance for our collection of odds and ends which help to lighten an editor's heavy burden, a collection that includes scissors, s c r o 1 1 s, T squares, sextants, quadrants, hydrants and what-

nots—all from the ten cent store around the corner.

And speaking of around the corner, we generally eat lunch at a little sandwich shop on 40th street, called The Vanderbilt. We are generally out from one until two, and, Porter Kuykendall, we are awfully sorry we missed you! Porter, came in while during a few weeks' stay in New York, doing work

at the Custom House, downtown. He is still a United States Consul, located at Oslo, but he's married now. You can see a note to that effect if you'll look at the insert. Here's how, Kuykendall! But about this luncheon business. If you should happen to come calling and find us out, (no dirty cracks at that!) why not look at the Vanderbilt. Even if you don't find us, the ham and scrambled eggs there are swell.

Al Kime. There's a great lad for you! But we threw him down. Flat. We were supposed to assist him in getting out his letter to members of his class of *Upsilon* brothers at Penn State, and when the time came for us to help him we were on our way to the hills for a week-end. Yet Al presents the findings of his research in this issue, and very thankful we are to him for the news, too.

We had a *Delta* visitor. Bookie Book-walter from Marietta came to town, and we talked and talked and talked. Then we went right next door to the office, to try to see Pete Gilman of Marietta, who is located at 280 Madison, engaged in the window ventilator business. But Pete was out, and Bookie had to leave for school right away, and there we were.

Then Art Fox of Nu came to town, right off the ship—almost jumped off, in fact. We had a long discussion with Art on the joys

of chipping paint off the deckhouse of a freighter, b u t you probably have read the story long before you got to these last pages, anyway. Art and I were lifted to the observation tower of the Chrysler Building by a very smooth elevator, but the view wasn't so over powering, because of heavy blankets of fog that were rolling ing in off the Atlantic and swathing everything o n Manhattan with a blanket that the could not

Dear Brown:

an very sorry than hurse seemform. am a tour for few days befor soiling book to howay.

and at the humin our drug trade confirme with out the Business of the house, an airling on the Business of the house areas. an airling on the Years manual on June 15th to Mu. Kathrine

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Porter Kuykendall is still Consul of the United States at Oslo, Norway. He was in the United States recently and left this letter for us, telling of his marriage. He has since returned to Oslo and we hope to see him the next time he comes to America.

pierce. But on a cloudless, clear October day the view should be something to write home about. They have picture postals right there in the Tower, too.

A brace of Alpha Delta men were in. Ralph Coates, Alpha Delta, '25, came looking for Louis Donnelly, and we learned that Louis is still with Lanborn-Hutchins here in town. We always thought that he was with



A hole in the ground right below our office window where the riveting hammers make a noise like ten million woodpeckers in a forest of tin pans. Visitors are warned to talk in shrieks when they come to the office.

Tucker-Anthony Company, but two calls to Jack Lancaster and Lyle Shepherd put us right. Then Dave Howe dropped in, and we talked of various things. We haven't heard from Dave since then, and we wonder if his mission was successful.

New York is a growing place, no matter what the writers say about it being limited by the Hudson and East and Harlem Rivers, and by the lower Bay. The town grows up instead of spreading out, and we don't care for this reaching for the sky business. There's Chrysler, of course. And it is lovely in the early morning, with the mists swirling about its shiny spire. But at other times it simply appears to be a Bronxite's dream of heaven. And there's Chanin, dwarfed by its taller neighbor. And there's the Empire State, which Al Smith heads. They all are all right. But what irks us is that on the corner directly below our window they are erecting another mammouth structure. Long before we took vacation they were tearing down three old brown-stone fronted houses on the corner, and four air compressors, hitched tandem, made our working hours a hell of noise. Then we came back, and they started to excavate.

Now the riveters are at it, and we cannot even hear the keys of the typewriter click-ing above the bedlam. At lunch time there is a sudden hush as workmen drop their tools, and the whole town seems to grow dead and cold, so unexpected is the quiet, and we automatically wonder if anything has happened. It is like missing an old hat that you had meant to throw away for months, and finally succeed in getting rid of only to find that you were fond of the thing, after all. But visitors must come prepared to talk in shrieks in order to be heard above the din. We are convinced that we can pass successful tests as a train caller when the building is finally reared to its full height of a hundred stories, a thousand stories, a million stories, a billion stories, or however high it will be when finished, in all its pristine magnificence, with much moderne decoration, gilt, monel metal, tin foil and the few other materials that New York builders are using nowadays to achieve what has sometimes been known as beauty.

Ho hum! It is pretty hard getting worked into a lather over anything in this weather. We try. But we sit here thinking that we ought to be hearing leather on pigskin, cleats on sod, grunts and curses and imprecations from a coach.—Smelling sweat on damp jersey, liniment, alcohol rubbing fluid, adhesive tape, and the faint, musty odor that comes from football pants after they have gathered just the right amount of dirt. Oh, well.

But that for you! You may touch us when next you come to New York. We have achieved the utmost in blase cosmopolitan sophistication with the receipt of a letter from one of the brothers addressed in simple grandeur to Vernon Bowen, New York City. But don't anyone else try it, for Pete's sake, because it might have been an accidental delivery, after all.

Let's take a last look at dear old Tommy

before we ship the final material off to Ned Waterbury and his staff. What do you think of the lead article on Bruce Dickson, Tsk, tsk, tsk! These Alpha men! And didn't the reprint from the Merk burn you up? We thought it would, anyway. Then there is the reply to the article in college humor, the story about medicine, which we think darned interesting, all the chapter news and the alumni notes, thanks to various brothers, and Burke Boyce. What a busy man he is! But you will have read all of that by this time and will be looking forward to your winter issue of



The good old rattletrap mill with the first sheet of Last Look halfway through it. When better words are made we'll pick them out with the same one finger.

Tommy: We don't know now what we will have in that issue, but we hope to collect several stray articles which have become mislaid by our absent-minded correspondents and to have them ready to breast the November 10 deadline. Our hell-raising, hair-raising Manual for Chapter Correspondents is now seem out and you can hope to hear from a few more actives in December if the weather is bad enough in between times to keep some of them indoors.

Football will be occupying all thoughts until Thanksgiving, and the Winter Tommy will probably carry a review of all that will have happened between this time and that. Scattered newspaper reports go to show that Alpha Sigs are playing on a goodly number of teams over the country, although far Western news sheets seldom, if ever, come to the National office. It is our hope that some kind Alpha Sig on the Coast will be good enough to gather all the dope on the boys for us, that we can relay it to you all. Or you-all, as you prefer.

Porter Kuykendall is the hardest man to keep in one place! Here we have him still located at Oslo, and married, and then comes a note on one of the little blanks we leave in *The Tomahawk*: "I have just been transferred to Naples and expect to start for my new post in about a fortnight." Well, well, well, we take it that you are to be congratulated again, Brother Kuykendall! Or else we don't know our diplomacy.

Sometimes we do not, we are sure. For just the other day, when we swaggered through all the marble aloofness of the Chase Bank at 45th Street, where the fraternity does its banking—a place we have been visiting every week off and on for the past three years —we noticed that we were receiving what is known as the glassy eye from one of the guards that stand around in the lobby. He

has seen us just about ten score times, so we wondered why he followed us around. "What company are you with?" he asked us, and when we told him, rather frigidly, he exclaimedl, "Oh, and here I was all the time, thinkin' you was a cop!"

As a final bit of exciting news: Rex Budd, Omicron '21, who is an advertising man, doing things for the Campbell Soup Company, and who has been promising us another article in our series of advertising stories, has crashed through! Look for his story in the Winter Tommy.

We hope that by the



Roy Campbell, Omicron '19, who came and audited the books. He's a swell auditor but he needs a guide whenever he comes to New York. We went shopping with him.

time our next issue is ready for press this incessant din, din, din, din, dinning of the riveting hammers outside our windows will have ceased, leaving us to the practically tomb-like silence, by comparison, a silence

that shrieks up from the streets and pavements of Manhattan on any ordinary busy day. As it is, what with the second battle of the Marne going on across the street, if any casual visitor should chance to find us wearing an old football headgear stuffed with cotton, or a deep-sea diving helmet snuggling lightly 'round our neck, he need not turn and flee to the nearest telephone box and scream into the transmittor for Joe and the wagon to get t'hell up to 270 Madison Avenue. We can assure him that it will be a mere matter of self-preservation.

So now you have read this issue of the magazine. Sometimes we like to read it over, too, feeling almost proud of ourself at times. But then, again, there are moments like these when we think the quality of mercy never so strained, the milk of human kindness so diluted, the pale cast of thought more sickened o'er, in that our readers

still let us live.



Miss Jagocki, our assistant, giving Last Look the O.O., before retyping the hash that comes from our trusty typewriter. Approval?

DIRECTORY

ALPHA SIGMA PHI FRATERNITY, founded at Yale College. December 4, 1845, by Louis Manigault, S. Ormsby Rhea, and Horace Spangler Weiser. Executive office and National Headquarters, 270 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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the month at 12:15.
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Meetings at the coronada day, 6:30.

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ALPHA SIGMA PHI FRATERNITY 270 Madison Ave. New York

An Address for Tomahawk

Pale hands that used to steal my only clean shirt on date night, where are you now? And where are them big brown eyes that used to drive to distraction those Kappa and Pi Phi maidens? Doing dishes now, those hands, probably; and reading the evening paper by their own fireside, them big brown eyes, now domesticated. But where are you, anyhow, and what are you doing? Tommy would like to hear from you and the little blank below is placed there so that you can give Tommy the dope. Are you in business for yourself or are you still taking someone else's money? Do you still wander from fair face to fairer, or have you gone wrong, too? A two cent stamp will give us that which we wish to know.

National Headquarters Alpha Sigma Phi 270 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y.

Please change my address to:
Street and number
City State
My old address was:
Street and number
City State
Name
Chapter

The Chapters

- ALPHA—(Yale, 1845). Address: 100 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn. Send all mail to 1845 Yale Station. Alumni Secretary: Cleveland J. Rice, 129 Church St., New Haven, Conn. Meeting night: Thursday at eight.
- BETA—(Harvard, 1850). Address, 54 Dunster St., Cambridge, Mass. Alumni Secretary: Robert H. J. Holden, Shirley Center, Mass. Meeting night: Tuesday at six-thirty.
- DELTA—(Marietta, 1860). Address: 205 Fourth St., Marietta, Ohio. Alumni Secretary: Joseph C. Brenan, Marietta, Ohio. Meeting night: Monday at seven.
- EPSILON—(Ohio, Wesleyan, 1863). Address: 121 N. Washington St., Delaware, Ohio. Alumni Secretary: H. H. Yoder, 5701 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Meeting night: Monday at seven.
- ZETA—(Ohio State, 1908). Address: 130 East Woodruff Ave., Columbus, Ohio. Alumni Secretary: Burton H. Bostwick, 130 E. Woodruff Ave., Columbus, Ohio. Meeting night: Monday at six-thirty.
- ETA—(Illinois, 1908). Address: 211 E. Armory St., Champaign, Ill. Alumni Secretary: Milton T. Swenson, 8247 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, Ill. Meeting night, Monday at seven-thirty.
- THETA—Michigan, 1908). Address, 1315 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich. Alumni Secretary: Herbert L. Dunham, 2252 Edison Ave., Detroit, Mich. Meeting night: Monday at six.
- IOTA—(Cornell, 1909). Address, Rockledge, Ithaca, N. Y. Alumni Secretary: Robert L. Riedel, Rockledge, Ithaca, N. Y. Meeting night: Monday at 6:45.
- KAPPA—(Wisconsin, 1909). Address: 244
 Lake Lawn Place, Madison, Wis.
 Alumni Secretary: John T. Harrington, 244 Lake Lawn Place, Madison, Wisc. Meeting night: Monday at sixforty-five.
- LAMBDA—(Columbia, 1910). Address: 524 W. 114th St., New York, N. Y. Alumni Secretary: Charles E. Hall, 524 W. 114th St., New York, N. Y. Meeting night: Monday at seven-thirty.
- MU—(Washington, 1912). Address: 4554 19th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash. Alumni Secretary: Warren P. Sheedy, Seattle, Wash. Meeting night: Monday at seven-fifteen.
- NU—(California, 1913). Address: 2739 Channing Way, Berkeley, Calif. Alumni Secretary: Robert M. Green, 2739 Channing Way, Berkeley, Calif. Meeting night: Monday at seven-fifteen.
- GAMMA—(Mass. A. C., 1913). Address: 85 Pleasant St., Amherst, Mass. Alumni Secretary: Earle S. Carpenter, 33 Fearing St., Amherst, Mass. Meeting night: Monday at seven-fifteen.
- XI—(Nebraska, 1913). Address: 1845 D. St., Lincoln, Nebr. Alumni Secretary: Warren E. Ogden, 1305 H. St., Lincoln, Nebr. Meeting night: Monday, at seven.
- OMICRON—(Pennsylvania, 1914). Address:
 3903 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Alumni Secretary: Norman H. Ash,
 3903 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Meeting night: Tuesday at seven.
- PI—(Colorado, 1915). Address: 1100 Pennsylvania Ave., Boulder, Colo. Alumni Secretary: Frank M. Russell, 1100 Pennsylvania Ave., Boulder, Colo. Meeting night: Monday at seven.

- RHO—(Minnesota, 1916). Address: 925 6th St., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn. Alumni Secretary: Bill Wilson. Meeting night: Monday at seven.
- SIGMA—(Kentucky, 1917). Address, 433 E. Maxwell St., Lexington, Ky. Alumni Secretary: Prof. L. S. O'Bannon, 342 Aylesford Place, Lexington, Ky. Meeting night: Wednesday at seven-thirty.
- TAU—(Stanford, 1917). Address, 534 Salvatierra St., Stanford University, Calif.
 Alumni Secretary: H. K. Hotchkiss,
 6 Salvatierra St., Stanford Univ., Calif.
 Meeting night: Monday at seven.
- UPSILON—(Penn State, 1918). Address: 238 E. Prospect Ave., State College, Pa. Alumni Secretary: Charles E. Megargel, 745 N. Irving Ave., Scranton, Pa. Meeting night: Monday at nine.
- PHI—(Iowa State, 1920). Address: 2138 Sunset Dr., Ames, Ia. Alumni Secretary: William H. Stacy, 522 Fifth Avenue, Ames, Ia. Meeting night: Monday at seven-thirty.
- CHI—(Chicago, 1920). Address: 5635 University Ave., Chicago, Ill. Alumni Secretary: Francis C. Edler, 5429 Winthrop Ave., Chicago, Ill. Meeting night: Monday at seven-fifteen.
- PSI—(Oregon State, 1920). Address: 957
 Jefferson St., Corvallis, Ore. Alumni
 Secretary: William Gemmel, E. 20th
 and Stark Sts., Portland, Ore. Meeting
 night: First and third Monday at
 seven.
- ALPHA ALPHA—(Oklahoma, 1923). Address:
 435 W. Boyd St., Norman, Okla.
 Alumni Secretary: Leon M. Willits, 602
 Insurance Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.
 Meeting night: Monday at seven.
- ALPHA BETA—(Iowa, 1924). Address: 109 River St., Iowa City, Iowa. Alumni Secretary: Reid Ray, 817 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn. Meeting night: Monday at seven.
- ALPHA GAMMA—(Carnegie Tech., 1925). Address: 5601 Wilkins Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Alumni Secretary: Arthur H. Bissell, 5601 Wilkins Ave., Meeting night: Monday at seven.
- ALPHA DELTA—(Middlebury, 1925). Address: Middlebury, Vt. Alumni Secretary: Scott A. Babcock, care Alpha Sigma Phi, Middlebury, Vt. Meeting: Monday at seven.
- ALPHA EPSILON—(Syracuse, 1925). Address: 202 Walnut Place, Syracuse, N. Y. Alumni Secretary: L. J. Porter, 1018 Madison St., Syracuse, N. Y. Meeting night: Monday at seven.
- ALPHA ZETA—(University California at L. A., 1926). Address: 626 Landfair Ave., Westwood Station, Los Angeles, Cal. Alumni Secretary: J. H. Vaughan, Meeting night, Monday at seven.
- ALPHA ETA—(Dartmouth, 1928.) Address E. T. McCutcheon. Meeting night: Wednesday at seven-fifteen.
- ALPHA THETA—(Missouri, 1929)—Address: 713 Hitt St., Columbia, Mo. Meeting night, Monday at seven.
- ALPHA IOTA—(Alabama, 1930.) Address: 220 Reed St., Tuscaloosa, Ala. Meeting night, Monday at seven.

