A Friend Died
Last Week

By

The other night a friend of mine
died. He was a young fellow I had
met in high school when I had
come to know and like. High school
class rooms are full of such
associations. Five years ago he was
just a little kid. Maybe he weighed
25 pounds. He had an older brother,
whom I knew also. He had gone
East to school, there he became a
fraternity man, later a fraternity
president. I can only guess how
much the kid must have treasured
his brother's accomplishments and
acceptance into collegiate life.

The older brother was as big as
his younger was small. He must
have approached six feet and 200
pounds. He had a hand-brusque
and a big "ham" for a hand, which
felt warm when he slapped
you on the back.

The younger kid, spent four
years in bed, the result of...
KENNY COLLEGE

With Eye and Ear

Friday, May 13
Kenny Men Treated to First Sound Movies in Roscoe Hall
May 1, 1942. The students of Ken- nedy College were shown the prom- oted movies for the first time since they have been printed. After the acoustical experts had a con- test in 1938, it was decided to re- move the basketball floor and place it outdoors. The Kenny men were en- thusiastic about the new feature.

Kenny Grad Rector
Of Ne W York Church

Kenny college graduated, the Rev. Charles A. W. Brookbank, was installed Sunday Feb 6, as the rector of the Episcopal Church of Saint Marks-in-the-Booth, New York City. Friends here learned to

Dear Reclurant:
I'll call you dear anyway. I am writing this column the way I do because I think that it will do something. I hope you notice that I pick the weaknesses of the school and satire them. In this way I hope to get action to correct these weaknesses. If the things I write I happen to point out, you just remem- ber that I am writing of the general operation of the college as a whole, and not of just myself. As

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There you know just how I feel of course. And how do you feel? I see, says Pau- diss, like a marly. How can any- one be so rare as to be uninterested when he gets up at five-thirty in the morning to wash and dress and take him. Well, what's the different, replies Puss, it might just as well for Francis. How do they expect you to get any studying done?

Well, I suggest, if they had a football plowed, then you could get your studying done and have breakfast before going to class.

I got a better idea, says Puss, why couldn't they leave semi- and some fruit around until ten o'clock for the guys who can't make breakfast? There probably are some good reasons why they don't, but these probably are some reasons.

It wouldn't make any more work for the cooks. You see there is a way when you pay for breakfast to be able to get it without paying for breakfast. Well Puss, I say, you've got a good thing here. Why not copyright it, or patent it, or some- thing. Yeah, says Puss, yeah, it will get us rich. Exhausted. Later I find out that Puss has gone through his seven Velocite cases. What a price to pay for getting to breakfast.

Woo Whoo.

Things we don't have, but need:
A menu of meals in the Com- mons posted weekly.
A good five-cent hot dog in the Commons.
A woman's auxiliary to the Coll- ege proper.
A spring vacation in Bermuda.

Odd's and ends: Several days ago a southern gentleman celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday. At that time he made the statement that he had ridden: only two years of his life he had lived in the south. Since he had worked. I wanted to discov- er the name of the college he went through, but, well, don't get me started. Maybe he never went to college.

The Red & White Store
On the Hill
The COLLEGE SHOP

The Most Popular Shoe on the Hill

Why Yes, Pangu!

I breeze into my study after my afternoon session, my mind wearying at the sound like a truck backing down a "Danger— Go Into Second Gear" hill. I immediately ring up a number on the telegraph, and ask him to send me a photograph of any one of the students. I mean to see if we are in the middle of an edge- and come face to face with the student of the middle of an edge- I mean to see if we are in the middle of an early morning. Boy Pangu, I say joking him in the rite so that he can open one eye, what's he doing, says Pangu thoroughly, nothing. I think he is into the best pass over it. I mean, I contain, why are you sleeping away the best hours of the day.

I'm a sucker, confessed Pangu, I let that darned warm-up set me down. Now how did that happen? I sat, I cant understand it, says Pangu, and anyway we ought to have a boy against allowing freshmen to wake us up. Yeah, I say remembering back to my sophomore year, that happened the night after the game.

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(Continued from Page 1) concerned, when the kid died, I lost all my respect for fraternity men, creeds, and rituals in the light of their having a real honest-to-goodness purpose. It's enjoyable enough with a bunch of fellows called brothers, but what do we stand for?

The kid dropped out two weeks after school had begun and fraternity rushing was over. Of the 114 men who entered with him, he needed a fraternity must. We thought we couldn't use him. We didn't concern ourselves with whether he needed us, even though we try to be proud of ourselves for serving what is a praiseworthy function.

"We maintain our self-respect, bring about a happy life, love our fellow men, serve our country, and obey our God." The Kid died the other night.

Q. E. D.

(Continued from Page 2) for turning this column into a dirt short. I think that it would make just as many dirty creaks about people as I am making now, while trying to remedy some of the defects that the school has. Do not know if my words are doing any good or not, but I hope so.

Q. E. D.

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**REG CARRINGTON ASKS COMMANDER ELLSBERG:**

"Can you tell a Real Difference between Camels and other cigarettes?"

**COMMANDER ELLSBERG:** "You're dead wrong, Reg. The life of a deep-sea diver is tougher on a man than most work. Most of the divers I know are steady Camel smokers and believe me, they know there's a difference. Take my own case, for example, I trick to Camels—have smoked them for ten years. They never get on my nerves. Smoking Camels, I feel that I enjoy life more. Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me."