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# DIG THIS . . .

By Mary McClure

Back in 1872 the first campus magazine, *THE STUDENT*, was published. In looking through its first "glorious" issues, this is what we found:

"Some of the students who seem to have but little work to do have formed inter-collegiate chess, baseball, and billiard associations. Certainly the good sense of the young men of this campus will prevent such tournaments. Students should have a higher aim in life than to emulate the traveling ball players of the country."

Chapel attendance, we found out, was compulsory, but the students decided it was not sinful to study on Sunday because, after all—"If the Lord justifies man for helping the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more will He justify the ass for trying to help himself out."

And, then, there was this fascinating bit from an editorial: "In this manner, Inquiry is the Ariadne, that presents to the searcher for truth the clue that enables him to penetrate and unravel the worse than Cretan labyrinth, in which lurks the Hydra-headed Minotaur, Error."

Crowded in between essays on "Beau Ahademie," "Spirituality," "Insectivorous Plants," "Agriculture in Asia Minor," etc., we found one "short story" in which, after a long treatise on the evil effects of nicotine, a plot was found—a young student makes his New Year's resolution, "I will give up this health-harming habit."

Another short story found in a later issue was about a beautiful, wealthy girl who wanted to be happy but didn't know how. Did she get a date, chug-a-lug, or sleep through her eight o'clocks for a week? Oh, no. She went for a

walk, sobbing over her miseries. Then a little fairy appeared, and danced around singing, "Be Happy!" and finally got to the point which was "I Am Industry. My time and talent I spend in making others happy." The dear girl then decided to immitate the fairy. The final line went like this—"The breezes were sighing and the leaves were nodding, and they said, 'Find happiness in work'."

"Baachus has drowned more men than Neptune," the magazine pointed out. But we found that even in 1878 a few students had an imagination. Someone wanted to know—"Who was the student who inebriated himself Saturday on brandy peaches?"

Occasionally "jokes" were printed:

Letter to a college professor: "Sure as you are a man of noledge, I will enter my son in your skull."

And there was this one:

"Say nothing uttered in whispers. See nothing covered with whiskers."

In the October issue of 1873 someone asked *THE STUDENT* to publish "Incidents which happen in chapel, library recitation and society rooms." The answer was: "Do we want to take up a University paper and see recorded there in black and white that some sublime specimen of manhood tied Miss B's apron strings to her chair, etc.? Let the paper be filled with the *best* productions of the students."

A fashion note of the same year was that the women students began the fad of wearing pencils on long strings attached to their belts.

Let's give the class of '80 a triple Oskee-Wow-Wow for their farsightedness. That year they began petitioning the trustees to build new student dormitories.

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the late Signal school—an excellent artist. For the last two terms, this pennant has been awarded to the company ranking highest in scholarship, track, swimming, strength test, and "extra duty." This present term other events such as basketball, baseball, rifle shooting, etc., will be included.

Company C has had sole proprietorship of the Cock-o' the Walk since it originated. They won it the first time by an exhibition of marching before the Captain and the Signal school. The second term win was based on swimming, strength test, grades, track, and "extra duty."

Who will get it next is a question disputed by the entire battalion. Quien sabe?

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