



"SMOKER SNAP"

The Freshman Smoker, November 20, 1914

That my readers may more fully comprehend the extent of the dire calamity which befalls every college each fall, it is necessary that I give a description of the horde of barbarians entering college in September. A certain race of young imps being very much given to indulge their own opinions on all manner of subjects (a presumption extremely offensive to your free government in college) do most presumptuously dare to think for themselves in matters of personal conduct, exercising what they consider a natural and unextinguishable right: viz. the liberty of conscience. As, however, they possess that ingenious habit of mind which always thinks aloud, which rides cock-a-loop on the tongue and is forever galloping into other people's ears and not giving their own any chance, it naturally follows that liberty of conscience leads to liberty of speech which being exercised soon puts the college in a hubbub and invokes the wrath of President and Dean. The usual methods are adopted to reclaim them, which are considered efficacious in bringing back stray sheep—they are coaxed, admonished, menaced and they are buffeted, line upon line, precept upon precept, lash upon lash, here a little, there a great deal, but, however, without success. But it seems no one thing can subdue that invincible spirit of independence which ever distinguishes this strange type, so rather than submit to such horrible tyranny they annually embark to the smoker, where by fistic combat they hope to persevere in order that they might enjoy unmolested the inestimable luxury of talking and associating with their fellow students on an equal footing.

It is early in the year and immediately after the arrival of a bounteous check from home that the final arrangements are made for the smoker. The smoker itself is typical of such affairs; humdrum, dry poor pipers and tobacco along with poorer entertainment. But it is not of the smoker I am to write, it is of the Rush which takes place in the hideous glare of arc lights and in the less frequented parks. And in this I shall be guided by the spirit of truth and impartiality and a regard to immortal fame, for I would not dishonor my work with a single falsehood, prejudice or misrepresentation though it gained for all students for all time the unmolested privilege of fighting out their grievances.