

The R. O. S. and S. P.

This college life sure is the "berries." A few wise "birds" in the senior Mechanical Department have just decided that things were sailing too smoothly, so they ups and decides to initiate some of their fellow students into the R. O. S. & S. P. Local No. 1 (That R. O. S. & S. P. is not some jerk water railroad but means Royal Order of Shoe and Sock Pullers.)

You see the way the royal order started was like this. One of the boys happened to have on a pair of dazzling white socks. These same pedal envelopes were quite inconspicuous until we hit our 9:30 lecture. Now this class usually has a decided lethargic effect on its members. However on this day all apathy was gone. Even the room seemed brighter. Of course, such a state of affairs was pretty bad as the boys in the back row could not concentrate on their hydraulics, while the boobs in the first row could not get interested in volts and amperes as they were dealt out without concern by the prof. The royal order must have started by spirits (not C_2H_5OH) because at the end of the hour there was a High Muck-a-Muck and a willing band of disciples.

The white socks with their owner inside them, following the schedule made for them by the deans, proceeded across the campus, which consists of 60 ft. of asphalt boarded on each side by twelve feet of sidewalk. No sooner did the socks gain entrance to Machinery Hall than did they meet the High Muck-a-Muck of the R. O. S. & S. P. along with his whole band. In the next few minutes the Royal Order of Shoe and Sock Pullers lived up to the title of their organization to the extent of one sock. This trophy was exhibited with pride on the radiator during the next lecture and afterward was allowed to return to its fold around its owner's left foot.

The next victim of the R. O. S. & S. P. was a tough Junior who during one of Chas. Goodman's celebrated assemblies in the Mission disregarded all the traditions of that hall by ensconcing himself in the Senior section.

Nothing was done until the close of the assembly when with a whoop and a yell the bloodthirsty, no, I mean sock thirsty, crew descended on the unsuspecting Junior and de-fested him of both shoes and socks and took them across the street. They were then exhibited with pride to the baseball cups. And to get back to our de-feated Junior the poor old thing had to go across our campus barefooted, and then proceed to the Dean's Office for His Shoes and Socks.

Moral: Go slow and easy, or the R. O. S. & S. P. will get you if you don't watch out.