



THE NOON DAY SESSION

12:00 M.—To all appearances, the Faculty Club rooms are wrapped in an atmosphere of frigid decorum and professorial stiffness. But appearances, my children, are deceiving. From a corner comes the hoarse chuckle of wicked enjoyment where John Snow gloats over the illicit pages of a stolen College Humor. The form of Joe Finnegan steals up to the cigar container and, with a quick glance at the assembled members, sneaks a choice 10 cent Havana. Bro. Perry's voice can be heard arguing with Benny Freud over the respective merits of two rival claimants for the title of the "Dumbest Stude".

From some unknown corner of the suite, someone insists that "You can't do that, Mister, you can't do that. Watch out for that. . . .". From the billiard room comes the click of the ivories where Pete, whose usual line of instruction is the proper handling of a "schkew chisel", is teaching Pa Phillips a few of the pointers. Pa has a penchant for collegiate neckwear and his sartorial triumphs are both the despair and admiration of his Seniors.

On the settee, an eager group of devotees of the art of word slinging are grouped around the gesticulating form of James Rinaldo Griffith. With a cold and glassy eye, he carries them through one horror after another, each defying all competition. "When I was in Portland, normally," and so on through a harrowing experience in which it hailed tennis balls or rained mud. Ed Libby sulks in a corner, devoid of audience, and consumed with the gnawing jealousy of a foiled raconteur. Ah, if he only had an audience, what stories he could tell. That Griffith guy,

John C. has Claude cornered and is delivering some ultimatum relating to the Dean's office. "Can't do it, huh? We have to do it, that's all there is to it!" Danny Roesch puts in an appearance, trailing along an unmistakable stench of a member of the Gas House Gang. With fell purpose, he hies himself to the magazine rack, picks out the latest copy of Popular Mechanics, and turns to the article entitled, "How to be a Mechanic in Two Months."

It is the noonday session, when inconceivably dumb and totally blank students are forgotten in the banter and chat of professorial second-childhood. The hair isn't so gray as one might expect, and the bald spot doesn't show if the part is in the right place. "Dave, what's this I hear. And the darn fool kid thought that he could. . . . Just heard a rip-snorter. . . . But you can't do that, you can't do that. . . ."

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