



AND THAT'S WHY CUTHBERT WENT PHI KAP

Little Cuthbert was only a very, very, little boy and he had never been away from his mother before, or his father before, or his sisters before, or his brothers (no, I won't say it). So when it came time to go away to the big city to college, his mother called him aside and said, "Cuthbert. When you get to the naughty city, you must be prepared to resist all kinds of temptations that you have never known about. Don't join any wicked frat in which they drink!" And Cuthbert promised. And by and by Cuthbert's father called him into his study (he was a small-town preacher) and said very solemnly, "Cuthbert. You must promise me that you won't join any loose crowd that runs around with women."

And Cuthbert promised. And after a little while, Cuthbert's sisters called him aside and said, "Cuthbert. Promise us that you'll never join a frat in which they chew tobacco, or we won't knit you woolen socks or darn your B.V.D.'s." And Cuthbert, having a holy horror of cotton socks and two-piece underwear, swore on a stack of Bibles (he was religious) that so help him, Jehosopha, he wouldn't. And finally Cuthbert's brothers called him into their den and said, "Cuthbert. We once had a lot of trouble with women out at the University of Chicago and you must swear never to join a frat whose members date at the University. If you do, we'll tell mama that we saw you smoking corn-silk cigarettes in the barn. Anyway, they're a bad lot and you better steer clear of them." So Cuthbert swore a mighty oath (cross his heart, hope to die) that he never, never, would.

So Cuthbert came to Armour, and he went to the Delt House (that was before they became particular), but he smelt liquor on their breaths. So he went to the Triangle House (they were very anxious to get men), but they were a wicked lot who displayed girls' pictures on their dressers and talked about women. Then he went to the Phi Pi House (they thought that he might make a broadjumper), but gaboons were in every corner and the stench of tobacco juice nearly overpowered him. Nothing daunted, he was invited down to the T. X. House (I forget what reason it was, probably curiosity), but horrors, he found men dating at the U. of C. In despair, he accepted a bid down to the Phi Kap House, where he found a perfect set of gentlemen who didn't drink, who didn't talk about women, who didn't chew tobacco, and who didn't date at U. of C. So he lived there happily ever after. Yes he did—likell, likell.