

Just a few of the boys picking their teeth after a hearty meal of hamburgers and spuds. There is one thing about the Triangle Lunch Club that cannot be refuted by any organization on the campus. They do give you quantity. Under the expert guidance of Stew Krieger, the highways and byways are culled for cheap and satisfying food, and it is no unusual sight to see Harry tearing down the Boul Mich with half a bushel of spuds under one arm and a cut of beef, purchased at some Cash and Carry Market.



THE TRIANGLE BOARDING HOUSE AND LUNCH CLUB

Many years ago when the Freshman class was small and fraternity materia very scarce, a group of fellows decided that the existing manner of conducting a fraternity was all wrong. With pure logic they reasoned that although a lot of rot was spouted concerning fraternalism and brotherly affection, most men were lured to a house by the prospect of clean beds and good, solid, food in quantity lots. Why then, they argued, not appeal to the man directly on that basis? If "the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach", why not make use of this well-established axiom? Why not establish a good, first-class, boarding-house with food in abundance and clean, airy, bedrooms? Why not hang a plaque out in front and start in the Greek trade?

No sooner said than did, and a house was leased for the purpose. The Triangle Boarding House and Lunch Room opened its doors. For the benefit of men living in the city, yet who desired a good meal at noon, the Lunch Room feature was added, and its popularity soon justified its existence. The house was soon crowded with sleek, well-fed members, who ordered their existence to conform to the rising and setting of the cook. And so this boarding house has prospered through the years. It is true that this gastronomical emphasis has attracted more Dutchmen and Danes than any other nationality, but this is to be expected where heavy foods are served. Men like Rabbi Greenfield, Cement-head Hafner, Varsity Drag Quinby and Axel Bacot are the type that are peculiarly suited for gourmands.

Rushing is carried on in a very novel and yet dignified manner by the actives. On registration day, the entire chapter arms itself with a couple of dozen of Stew's tea biscuits apiece, and marches en masse to the Freshman quarters. A succulent plate of chop-suey is then placed outside their window, and the actives conceal themselves in the shrubbery to await results. The odor is soon wafted in to nostrils that have been existing in the school cafeteria for the past weeks. As the eager Frosh emerge, gnawed by the pangs of hunger, the members shower them with a hail of biscuits. The bodies are carried to the house and piled in the kitchen. As they regain consciousness, the odor of food soon mollifies their tempers and they usually remain as permanent paying guests.

Triangle believes that in the future, other houses will be hard-pressed to keep up with their competition. For Stew Krieger has just announced that after years of research, he has at last found a way in which to make chipped beef palatable.

Two Hundred Sixty-five