

Again they attempt the seemingly impossible. On this second night it is the Earl of Pes who takes his life in his hands and descends into the seething blackness of the smokestack. He tries a balloon, and after many attempts is forced to give it up. Then he tries a parachute, and is again unsuccessful.

On the third night an attempt is made to throw a stone, with a string fastened to it, from the roof of the Dormitory over into the smokestack. But all efforts are futile, and failure again stares the persevering Freshmen in the face. However, they still have one resource upon which to fall back, and, though greatly disheartened, they make their way back to the man-hole. Once more the Earl of Pes descends into the tunnel this time to try a sky rocket. The first one fails to leave the smokestack, as do the second and third. The fourth one leaves the chimney, but does not fall clear to the ground, and it cannot be pulled back. On the fifth shot success is at last attained, and the jubilant Freshmen can with difficulty restrain a shout of triumph. Contented with the night's work they return gleefully to their rooms, which to the tired "naught-niners" seem like the first stage of heaven.

The next morning the Sophomores might have been seen scratching their heads and agitating the modicum of gray matter belonging to them to ascertain the meaning of a certain sky rocket which hung suspended from the top of the smokestack. However, this mystery proved too deep for their Sophomore comprehension, so they went their ways, endeavoring to look wise.

It was a simple matter on the next night for the Freshmen to haul up a pulley and make it fast. At the call for volunteers the Earl of Pes again took his life in his hands and was hoisted up to the top of the stack. There, dangling on a slender cord between heaven and earth, and swaying to and fro in the raging wind, he seemed about to realize his lofty ambition. He straightway commenced a vigorous pounding which awoke the vicinity, that is, all save the sleeping Sophomores into whose consciousness such an ordinary impression would not penetrate. But, alas! the adamant brick and mortar resists every nail. However, the intrepid hero, after more than an hour's hard and perilous labor employs a wire more effectively, and with it succeeds in doing the deed. It's accomplishment is the signal for a shout of triumph which echoes and re-echoes among the hills of Granville like the roar of a thousand voices cheering a football team on to victory. The fair co-eds. who have rendered such loyal assistance in furnishing some of the necessary equipment are immediately notified of the success of the enterprise.

When day dawned, a large sheet iron pennant, bearing the inscription, "D. U., '09," in blue and gold could be seen serenely smiling from the safe height of a chimney-top upon the town of Granville.

By noon the Sophomores were awake to the fact that they had been asleep.

PAUL WM. ALEXANDER, '09.