

OHIO EPSILON
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON
2707 Clifton Avenue
Cincinnati

April 28, 1928

Mr. Tom Clifton, Chairman,
Varsity Boatride,
University of Cincinnati.

My dear Tom:

I note thru ever-welling tears of fondest recollection that the Annual Boatride is again building itself up into a reality. When I read your accounts of that glorious night of nights to come, I search within the confines of my mnemonic labyrinth and draw forth pictures of the happiest events of my college life.

Although they hand me a tag every time I park my car on the dear old campus, and although I still spend sleepless nights due to a gastronomic disorder arising from my initiation into the cloisters of the dear old Commons, my love for my Skule still lingers—even waxes as the days toil on.

All of this is intended to bring me to my point. The history of the matter is too tedious, and may easily be gleaned from the writings of any of the old chroniclers of Varsity lore. Suffice it to say that I should like to again place myself at your disposal in propagating and proselyting the Great Moonlight Escapade. As has been my custom of years past (arising from the time that E. Fox Mottern, than whom probably there is no more unmitigated scoundrel who adorns the pages of history, acted as my campaign manager), I wish to offer the regular prize of a Carton of Camels to the man who winds up in third place in the grand struggle for Ugly Man.

I hope that your committee will find themselves in a position to accept this trite offering to the Great.

Yours, thru saline, lacrimose eyes,

(Signed) HOWARD D. FABING,
The Grand Old Man.