



"Oh, we're going to the Hamburg Show



To see the Elephant and the wild Kangaroo,

Them Was The Days, Boys!!

In the old days when men were men and a pansy was only a flower, when flag rushes instead of flag pole sitters were a la mode, when Burnet Woods opened its maw of a lake to receive spirited freshmen, when Fresh Painter shows had plots, when people knew the editor of the "News," when campus politics were admittedly crooked, when Varsity had a basketball team, when Eddie Strietelmeier was a student instead of a professional rah-rah boy, when people walked to school from home instead of from a parking space on McMillan street, when the Betas had an active chapter on the campus and the Sigs had a house, when shoe rushes were for softies, when the Sig

Alphs considered women an evil, when the boat ride was a school affair, when the K. D.'s did things, when brilliancy in American Universities was not penalized, nor originality damned, nor curiosity bound and gagged with Sunday school moralizing, when Hank Owens rated with the Thetas, when all the books at the library weren't on reserve,—well—when freshmen wore their pots, were reverent and had spirit, were paddled instead of rose-petaled, when the Vigilance Committee was no mere activity-gravy for fraternity men with too little brains for anything else,—“them was the days, boys!”

After a brief pause, Echo answers, “Them was . . .?”

*And we'll all hang together in the dark and
stormy weather,*



*For we're going to see the whole
show through."*

