

The Rhapsody of Reconstruction

The Vindication of Virtue . . . the cessation of corruption . . . the heroic conquest of a campus hitherto swathed in grimy rags . . . a soul, upright and lustral, effects similar purgation in the midst of the hornets of mercantilism . . .

IN the twilight days of 1928 (fiscal year beginning October—same month that Eintz Amalgamated Pickles established enviable record of 26,986,764 dills output, calculated to stretch from Brooklyn (south) to Mercury, if placed in line—excluding stems, which if boiled into a mass would suffice to fill a kettle the size of Omaha) a group of entrepreneurs incorporated under the name of Delta Tau Delta invested heavily in a hitherto unremunerative project subsequently termed the "Annual" because of the yearly division of profits derived from the undertaking. As though the ensuing graft reflected inefficiency, due to the infiltration of a few sporadic cases of chronic honesty, a group of professionals, backed by an illustrious predecessor whose activities in other fields had marked him eminently qualified for work along this line, especially in that he had been fortified behind the title "Judge," merged with the inefficient dabblers who were unmindful of the basic tenets of accounting, with the result that a new high was achieved for the current year. Reliable statistics place the proceeds at \$9446, which when reduced to penny units strikingly coincide with the population of Esthonia, or if magnified 753 times the size of this type and cast into gold ingots would fill the teeth of every mastodon in the British Museum, with but a negligible portion remaining. Delta Tau Delta, Inc. withdrew in heated indignation from the coalition when their partners began the construction of a spacious but garishly appointed hostelry directly across the thoroughfare on which the University of Cincinnati was situated. Unprecedented opportunism followed, ably managed by the remaining group. The campus was in an iron grip of vice; the fortunate ones wallowed in sensuality; lust quite literally groaned from the very tables in the Annual office now scarred by more than the heels of mere time; if the office were to be stuffed with balloons all filled to capacity with the alcohol distilled from the beverages consumed, five or six of them, well saturated, would have to put in the corners of the News Office to provide room. Oh Tempora, Oh Mores! When shall the old order change, yielding place to new? How Shall God fulfill himself? Let the venal roast in Hell! (or at Shipley's,

where 232 barbecues are purveyed daily). Is there no Galahad to ride forth and rout the infidels . . . no champion of fair aspect and gloriously tattered raiment? For rags are royal raiment (estimate of Oakland Paper Co.) when worn for virtue's sake.

Riding . . . riding . . . riding . . . from the Pennsylvania coal fields that furnish light and power to the entire Middle West at a price that makes one an ass for paying \$0.46 for electricity (sold by an undemocratic Fascistic utility company). Yes, it is none other than he . . . the avenging angel of the Lord!



PICTURE OF THE PRESIDENT

. . . of Student Council upset as usual and all in a dither over the "big clean-up."

Behind that twisted smirking swarthy countenance the afflicted see a great soul (and a heel, too). And who is our Saviour? Well, just a meddling engineer who found that academic studies kept whirling over his head in an incomprehensible way. He had to orientate himself in something that suited his mentality, so he went into activities, a general term referring to a raucous bustling around the Y. M. C. A. eventually rewarded by the women's home companions bishoped together in a group appropriately called oh Decay, loudly apotheosizing temperance, mediocrity, drabness, and virginity. (For the sudden return of this last commodity, gloriously devaluated in pristine days

by Sigma Sigma, now buried like a jewel beneath the grass, emasculated rabble who would be blinded by its courageous brilliance) cf. records of Koolages, Small, Simrall, and Aimee Semple MacPherson, practicing evangelist.

Drucker . . . (a Loud mouth).

Brown . . . (a louder mouth).

Reform! oh divine word, thou art here at last, not vaguely and abortive, as in former years, but with a specific program, nicely outlined, hilariously optimistic, clearly conceived, beautifully formal . . .

Drucker rejoins.

If all the 985 windows in the Chrysler Building were piled one on another one could readily look down through them, though they be 685 feet high, a distance comparable to that traversed by the average clam in 2½ years; and this can be done in regard to the reform project too.

The members of their committee, with the golden ideals of purity and righteousness, afford an interesting commentary on the entire enterprise:

An alien named Tuttle, eminently fitted for an analysis of conditions, in that he has spent most of his time in an eastern University . . .

A frail named Hennegan, the last two syllables of whose name might easily be truncated.

That avatar of superficial hurly-burly, decked out in all the emoluments of women's activities, horizontal brain pan Small . . .

Her satellite, giggly, girlish enthusiastically unnerving Dorothy Burkhart . . .

Another big woman from the artistic interests, Margaret McEvilly . . .

A really big woman, Pearl Beren . . .

Cheerful little cherub cheeks Bob Johnston, deprived from winning the Prom Queen honor only because Delta Tau Delta had suddenly become recalcitrant in regard to an entry . . .

A pseudo intellect named Brown, long on polysyllables and short on ideas, animated pair of bellows . . .

Somebody named Rahe . . .

Golden Eaglet Scout Erna Goettsch . . .

A Beta Whose name slips us at present.