

Love Letters Of A Sophomore

Monday Morn.

Hi Sweetheart,

How's sa little gal? All Oke, as usual? I sure miss you tonight honey, I miss you like the dickens, Honest, no kidding. You know, honey, I sure am havin' a good time this year at college. I didn't know what fun was 'til this year. I thought I was happy last year but this year, oh boy.

I got a pretty easy schedule, pretty easy. Two crib courses under a couple ole nuts who think the only good cadet is a sleeping cadet so I sleep all the time in their class. Then I got a couple of courses that I call bread and butter courses. You know what I mean. A fella's got to learn something to make a livin' with while he's in college; if he didn't — well if I don't you and I can't ever have that little cottage you know. Yeah!

But talk about fun. How we sops do rag these dumb freshmen. It's a scream. Honest it is. You'd die laughing. Yeah. Why last night me and Jake, you remember that red headed fellow who was with me in the automobile last summer when we drove over to your house and tried to get you to go to that dance in Somerville, that's Jake. I have always been glad you didn't go to that dance 'cause that was the one I had the fight at because I put chewing gum in that stuck up gal's hair. I had almost two packages of chewed gum in her hair before she found it out and she never would have known who did it if I hadn't laughed so. Her date tried to get rough when she cried but Jake crowned him with a chair rung and we lit out. I sure was glad you were not there then. Well me and Jake goes into a freshman's room and gives him the water test. We took a great big paddle along with us you know, to kinda impress him. I won't say where. . . .

This water test of ours is a hot one. We take a glass of ice water and a glass of hot water and a score pad. We tell the freshman that we are going to pour a little water down his back and he must tell us whether it's hot or cold. Every time he gets it right we give him a plus and every time he gets it wrong we give him a minus on his score card. You'd think off hand he could tell whether his back was hot or cold, but if you have your hot water not too hot and your cold water as cold as you can get it he can't always tell. It doesn't matter anyway whether he can or can't. We pour a little at a time until we've used up both glasses of water, then we count up his score. His score doesn't make any difference though cause we look him over and decide he needs drying out. We dry him out with the paddle. Jake can dry better than I can, but he's heavier than me.

It's a lot of fun to watch the freshman's face while Jake pours the water down his back.

We are going to have some fun soon that will be real fun 'cause Jake found a magazine that advertised salesman's kits of bathing beauties. We sat down and ordered one for every freshman in the company. They come C O D.

I'll tell you about what happens when those kits come.

Lots of love 'til then,

ALBERT

* * *

Sunday afternoon

Hello Honey,

How's my little sugar today? Fine and dandy and full of pep? I saw a girl the other night at the picture show who reminded me of you a great deal. Yeah, a whole lot. Honest. Her name was Joan Crawford. Now that's a compliment. You're welcome.

Say, do you remember my telling you about those bathing picture postcards that Jake ordered for all the freshmen in the Company? Well that scheme sure backfired on us. We ought to have ordered Bibles or cook-books. All those sales kits full of pictures came the same day. A couple of the freshmen sucked under and paid the five-dollar C O D charge at the post office. Yeah, they really did. That's how dumb a freshman is. But

listen to this. Those pictures were about as big as . . . as . . . about as big as a theme tablet and good looking . . . say, they were handsome.

There were twenty in each kit and they sold for fifty cents a piece. Those freshmen got busy and sold those pictures. Everyone of them. Jake brought one himself. Every freshman in the company went down and got his pictures out and now the college is full of the darned things. Everywhere you go you see Dolores Del Something-or-Other smiling at you sweetly. Why some of the Proffs bought 'em. Honest. I didn't get one 'cause I didn't think it would be right to sit one of those pictures on my desk beside the picture of the girl I loved. You're welcome.

I guess you know Jake and I was disgusted when the freshmen each made five dollars out of our scheme, but Jake came right back with another good idea. He's ordering cook-books this time for them and since they made money off these picture they'll run right down and take these cook-books out when they come and then they will be stuck. Jake and I have another scheme we are going to pull sometime soon, I'll tell you about it when it happens. You know that top-kick of ours that's been making me and Jake get up every morning to make revelee, we are going to fix him up. I'll tell you about it when it happens.

Give my love to your Mother and Sister and tell everybody hello for me,

Love,

ALBERT

Says Students Should Be Free On Week-Ends

NEW YORK—(IP)—Freeing of students of campus rules on week-ends is favored in an editorial appearing in Liberty Magazine for Nov. 15.

"We get more out of life," the editorial says in part, "during any period of it, when we live in accordance with our own will. It is fair to assume that a young man at college wants the education the college offers, and this will be chiefly book education. But, having obtained that for which he went to college, won't the enlargement of his horizon be greater if he decides for himself what he shall do with his week-ends, than if he is forced to sit on a fence or look (not play) at a football game? . . .

" . . . we think it would be better for college boys generally to be away from the campus more than they usually are—always assuming that they keep up in their studies, and that those who don't will be dropped from classes."

NEW RELIGIOUS SECT

BUDAPEST—(IP)—A new religious sect founded by a Hungarian widow here is based on a creed which can be freely translated in English best by the phrase, "Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Mme. Fuelop, the founder of the new religion, declares that "purification of the soul is possible by merriment alone."

She claims Biblical authority for her new gospel, declaring that Jesus never ordered mankind to be mournful.

She gathers her disciples about her every evening, and together they dance "in the name of salvation, laughing, singing, and from time to time kissing the Bible."

The police are watching the new sect, but so far have found no grounds for interfering with their form of worship.

SHOW TALK

By Fred L. Porter

Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Palace, "Her Wedding Night."

Saturday night—Assembly Hall, "Bulldog Drummond." Pre-view—Palace, "War Nurse."

Sunday and Monday—Palace, "Animal Crackers."

Tuesday and Wednesday—Palace, "War Nurse."

* * *

"Her Wedding Night," the fast and funny farce which opens a three day run at the Palace Theater Thursday next, might have been written expressly for Clara Bow, for this red-haired star has a role that fits her personality and talent unusually well. "Her Wedding Night" is pure, delightful fun, jolly, and pseudo-serious. The cinema tells of the adventures of a movie star on vacation in Paris and of her flight to escape her numerous suitors.

Ralph Forbes gives full play to his talent for straight farce in this show. And Charles Ruggles brings his fresh humor to an important supporting role. Also, there's Skeets Gallagher's laugh-provoking seriousness to add spice to the comedy.

* * *

The world's four funniest men are back again with more fun—more foolishness than in their first motion picture riot, "The Cocoanuts." The Marx Brothers, in "Animal Crackers," coming to the Palace Sunday and Monday. Enough foolishness to last until Christmas.

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The Wednesday night show at the Assembly Hall offers "Outside the Law," a picture that treats of a pair of crooks—a man and a girl—who won't allow themselves to be outwitted by a third criminal. They get into some dirty business, and a prison term for each proves that crooks can't win.

Mary Nolan, in her eagerness to give a tensely dramatic performance, works too hard. Edward Robinson is just a bit too sinister. Of the leading performers, only Owen Moore is a thoroughly convincing character.

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"War Nurse," coming to the Palace Theater's Saturday night pre-view, tells an entirely different story of the feminine part of the world war. Heretofore the woman's part of the war has been confined to enter-

taining soldiers. "War Nurse" tells about girls away from home the first time—girls recruited from small hamlets who thought they knew right from wrong. Here women are realiz-

ed, rather than idealized.

An exceptional cast, headed by June Walker, includes Anita Page, Zazu Pitts, Martha Sleeper, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames, Marie Prevost, and Hedda Hooper.

Your best

GIRL FRIEND

IS EXPECTING

A GIFT THAT

LETS HER FRIENDS

KNOWS THAT SHE

GOES WITH AN

AGGIE

AGGIE BELTS — VANITIES

SABERS — RINGS

PINS AND PENNANTS

The Exchange Store

The Official Store of the College

The Greater Palace

THURSDAY — FRIDAY — SATURDAY



THE "IT" GIRL IN A WOW SHOW. CLARA BOW AT HER BEST,

Also MERMAID TALKING COMEDY And FOX NEWS.



SUNDAY AND MONDAY
THE FOUR MARX BROTHERS IN
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"
WHAT A SHOW — SEE IT

PRE-VIEW 11 P. M. SATURDAY
ROBERT MONTGOMERY IN
"WAR NURSE"
ALSO TO BE SHOWN TUES.—WED.

YOUR FOLKS OR SWEET-HEART WOULD ENJOY READING

THE BATTALION

See NEUMAN or WINDERS
In Bat Office, 121 Main Bldg.

Them Good Malted Milks

We Still Make Them
King's, Whitman's and
Pangburn's Candies

HOLMES BROTHERS

Confectionery

BULOVA WATCHES EASTMAN KODAKS

Christmas

IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER AND WE HAVE

Presents

For Each Name On Your List
Come In And Let Us Show You

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