

## A black and white photograph of a large group of people, likely a choir or a community group, standing in front of a building with a prominent cross on its facade. The group is holding a banner that reads '08'. The building has a large cross on its front, and there is a smaller cross on the left side of the image. The group is standing in a line, and the banner is held by several people in the center. The background shows a hillside and some trees.

U. OF U. FRESHMEN WITH THEIR FLAG.

ting a few hard knuckles, and the boys who doesn't keep a stiff upper lip in college, come out many, I can't like them. When there's a wind blowing in the evening, it'll wind blows his hair. Well, the five of us who were left were put through the paces for fair. I run a mile in five minutes, so we'd warm-up; then when we reached a bridge over the same creek into which we had rolled, we were lowered into it by means of a rope and once we were in, we had to make it back on a running, this time four miles, with switches to urge us on and a sophomore as a load on your back every one of us. When we reached the top, we reached the spot where the fence was spread, and we all sat down and ate and sang college songs and were "jolly good fellows" with one another, and then I had to have a beer with friends, because we had been tried out and found out one another, Hazing is at the bottom of many a friend-

ship. Show nerve anywhere and you'll get it. You'll have to be a little tough. You'll have friends with nerve. Then, to hazing establishes a sort of healthy——what do you call it?——comradery. You'll get a sense of good for one and all and the college, too, to boot.

**VIEWS OF OLD COLLEGE MEN.**

Just you ask an old college man what he thinks of hazing. No, don't ask it that way—ask if he thinks hazing is a good thing. Ten to one he'll say yes and mean it. He'll add, "I haven't carried too far." Ask him if he ever knew, personally, of its being carried too far, and he'll say no, more than that. He'll say, "I'm telling you the truth. It's all he replies. And once in a while you hear of hazing being carried too far, but not often. We're human, just like the rest of the world. We've got to have fun. It's not on too hard, and often when you hear that some of us have done so, if you'd take the trouble to investigate

you'd find that the tale was the work of some squealer who'd exaggerated, just like the Gould affair was exaggerated by outsiders. Why, those sops didn't want to harm the child. They just wanted to take him to their dinner—that was all. And he fired a pistol at 'em! Huh! Do you know what he should have done when he saw the sops bearing down on him? Faced 'em, rolled up his sleeves and

said: "Now, come on, one at a time." They'd have done so, and the child would have won their respect. As it is now—well, say, I'm thankful I've taken my knocks with grace and been taught to be a soldier. I've learned to stand and made some good friends among the hazers in the bargain. And I got all that was coming to me—no more, no less—just what the average freshman gets, that's all. Don't look as if I'd been bungled up for life, do I? Well, I guess not; I'll tell you, right now, it'd be a darn sight less wearing on me to take a hazing than

Want more reasons why hazing's good thing? Wish I could tell you now, but it's the hour for Philosophy Number 2. But there comes Prexie across the campus. You go down to his office, get him to talking, and I'll bet he'll give you a couple of reasons that it's the one thing for keeping the college spirit up to top notch. Prexie ought to know. He's seen sophs hazing freshmen every year since the seventies; and ever since I've been here he's winked at the good old custom, and told him what he'd heard had happened to a bunch of freshmen who came back from their trials with beautiful red and blue stripes—the college colors—between their shoulder

blades. Prexie's all right, and he's one of the reasons why hazing is not wrong—not on your life!

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