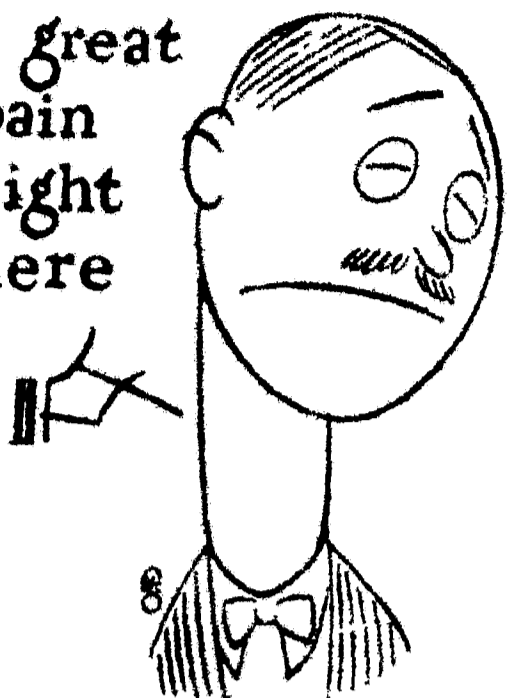

Master Boondogglers.

a great
pain
right
here



Off the range on rainy days, cowboys sat around under shelter telling stories and mending their saddles. For repair parts they picked an old saddle to pieces.

The whole leisurely business of dismantling the old saddle and of mending the new, they called boondoggling. There wasn't much work to it, it was just a pleasant way of frittering away time.

Boondoggling now stands for time-killing in public service. Newspapers tell us that boondoggling Democrats must make way for more-experienced boondoggling Republicans. And round and around goes the word, boondoggling.

Once upon a time "boondogglers" would have been an insulting word to hurl at any young man in college. Those days college men wanted to be known as virile and active.

They didn't spend whole afternoons huddled in groups in 10 x 12 rooms, making the air blue with cigarette smoke--and other things. Their chief interest wasn't the latest modes in haberdashery.

Their chief recreation wasn't a violent afternoon at the movies. Their one social hope wasn't to put on tails and squirm to a whining orchestra.

In all justice, there is a degree that should be conferred upon the pasty-face, four-year graduate of boondoggling. Qualifications for the degree are these:

- His nerves should be ready to snap at the appalling prospect of mental labor;
- He should be very fussy and choosy about his meals;
- He should do only what he wants to do, only when he wants to do it;
- He should believe every rumor that disturbs his serenity;
- He should hate authority because authority is hard on boondoggling;
- He should hate to go to bed at night and hate to get up in the morning;
- He should despise profs who want work because they too cut in sharply on boondoggling;
- His culture should be the kind that runs down the spine in house-heat perspiration, and he should abhor violent athletics;
- He should regard it as pioneer hardihood to skate or hike in old-fashioned winter weather;
- He should read Wild West stories for vicarious exertion and call for a midday Mass on Sundays and Holydays.

He should get a degree all right, as we have said. But it shouldn't be one of those virile bachelors of arts or of science.

He should receive the degree, Master of Boondoggling.

And when he goes up at Commencement, he shouldn't wear a brain-truster's cap and gown. No, no!

Let him dress in his tails, and carry a flask, and upon his coat lapel let him wear his favorite flower, the pansy! The world languishes for this product of "advanced" pedagogy, this white hope of the new social and economic era, this modern Master Boondogglers.

PRAYERS: (deceased) uncle of Gerald Beckham. Ill, mother of Father Brennan; uncle of Father Lane; aunt of James Dutton (How.); brother of Joe Nigro (Morr.); uncle of Bill (Walsh) and Phil (Morr.) Bayer; sister of Jim Drislane, (Badin); Louis Somer's aunt.