

SIREN

1931 FRESHMAN ISSUE



Harold O. Bowen

25c

The Letter He Wrote

Dearest Jane:

I've been thinking of you constantly, dear, and just waiting until I could see you again. Now it's up to you, honey, for our house is giving a formal dinner dance a week from Saturday, and I hope that you can come.

Please let me know right away—and make your answer "yes."

All my love,
BILL.

The Letter He Wanted to Write

Dear Jane:

Not that you are dear to me at all, but most letters start that way. I've tried to get a date for our dance since my girl had to go to the hospital, but couldn't get one, and so you are most cordially invited—not. But I can't dance by myself, so I guess I can stand you for one evening. Let me know—but you won't break my heart if you can't come, for Lord knows you're no marvel on your feet. And please don't wear that lousy pink dress you had last time—it makes you look sick.

BILL.

The Letter She Wrote

Dearest Bill:

It was so sweet of you to invite me to your dance, and I'll be just thrilled to death to come. It seems such a long time since I saw you, and you know, dear, I've missed you so.

I'll arrive on the 6:15 train Friday night. Until then,

Lovingly,
JANE.

The Letter She Wanted to Write

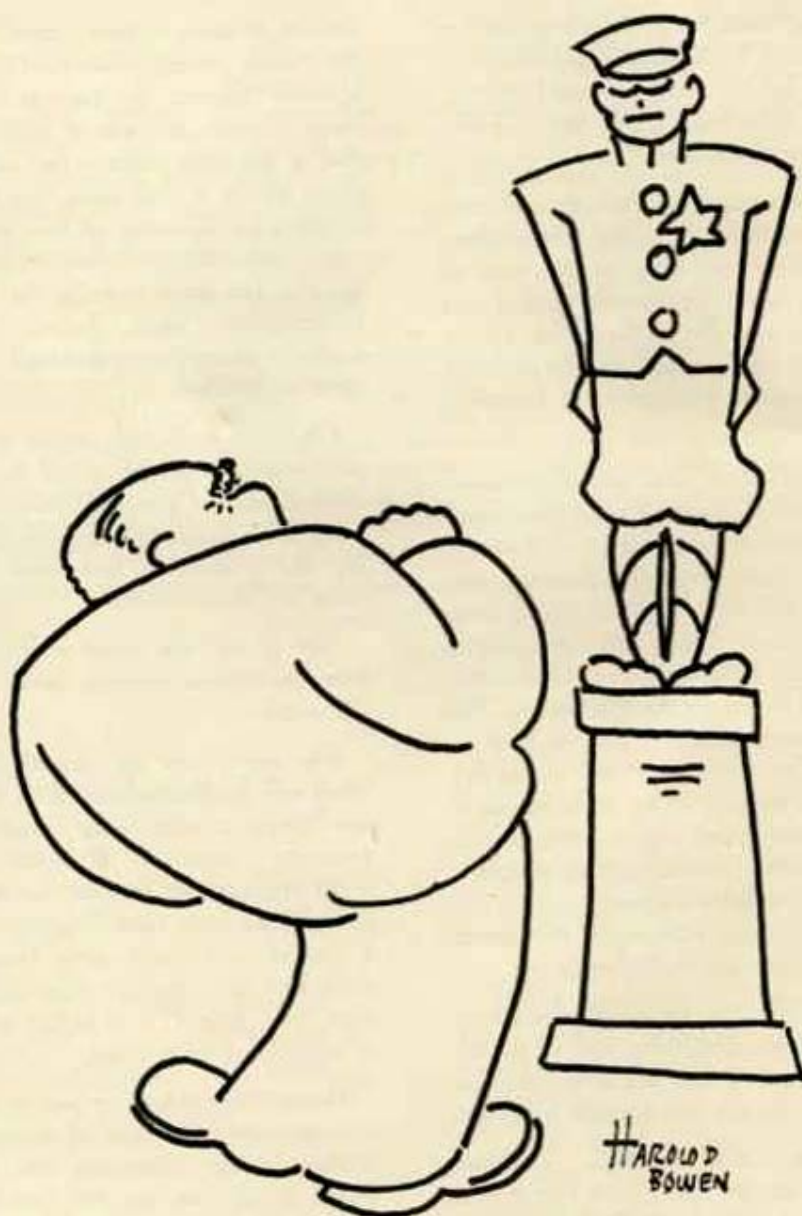
Well, so you turned up again. Can't I ever get rid of you. I'll come to your dance, but only because I remembered that that cute curly haired fellow I met last summer pledged your house this year. Your dancing is atrocious—nearly as bad as your taste in neckties. It's pretty dull here though, and I guess that a

trip down there will break the monotony as well as anything. Here's hoping I live through it.

JANE.

—S—

He was a fine lad and all the boys liked him, but they broke his pledge the other day when one of the upper-classmen asked him to do something, and he replied, "Alrightie."



Capone Gets Himself a Mounted Policeman