

THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHBUNT

VOLUME II.

EUGENE, OREGON.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1909.

NUMBER I.

PINKHAM TELLS US ALL ABOUT BULLDOGS

Eminent Bulldog Fancier Gives Mc-
Ewen True Story of His Life.

By Louis Hampton Pinkham and
Ralph B. McEwen.

Louis Pinkham, for three years, all-Northwest football tackle, and last year given special mention by Walter camp as a Pacific coast member of the All-American team, is Oregon's most eminent bulldog fancier. Ralph McEwen was football manager last season, is a member of the student affairs committee, and the youngest Senator in the world. Pinkham was too modest to write a personal article embracing the subject, but he gave us a few facts about bulldogs, but when interviewed by McEwen on behalf of "The Doughtnut," told him the following interesting story.—Editor.

How well do I remember the time when bulldogs first flashed upon my mind, yet devoted of anything resembling a college education. It was some years after Columbus discovered America, if I am not mistaken in my (which is seldom). Yes, it was May 29, 1889, that I first beheld the stalwart form of a handsome English bulldog. I can say English, because you know there are many different varieties of these gentle and sagacious beasts.

I was then but a youth. My parents were taking me on a tour through the Eastern states, with the view of sometime sending me to college there (Oregon had not yet been discovered) and it was during this sojourn that I became aware of the fact that such an animal as a bulldog existed. We were at Yale university and I look back with pleasure to that ever-memorable day. During the second day of our visit my father called my attention to a crowd of men gathered in a circular group, eagerly transcribing for me the names of the dogs. We had scarcely reached the place when the ring opened and there appeared a man with a big dog on his chest, and pulling with all his strength at a big bulldog which had just had an encounter with another dog similar in size and color. This dog had been declared winner and was followed by the excited crowd as he was dragged from the battlefield.

This incident instilled in my mind a deep and lasting love for all dogs that still possesses me. My father was not overcome by the same fancy, however, and it took many years before I could persuade him that I must own a bulldog.

After this I had the pleasure of often seeing bulldogs in their many different accomplishments. I saw them in the circus, in vaudeville, and in the capacity of caretakers for ladies, all of which added much to my growing regard for the canines. These many accomplishments added so much to my craze that I finally got my father to consent to get me one. His choice was a good one, and I felt that at last I was in a position where I could dine with the President of the Student Body, or even Robert Fitzsimmons and feel their equal.

I was yet in the high school when
(Continued on Page 3.)

HAVE FOURBITS READY BY THURSDAY, SURE!

Doughtnut Declares an Illegal Holiday
to Collect Subscriptions.

THURSDAY'S PROGRAMME.

8:00 p. m.—Looseley and Mix will collect subscription money on the steps of the Library.

10:00 a. m.—Hitto in front of Denny hall.

11 a. m.—Mix makes speech of thanks in front of Villedard hall, provided he has collected enough four-bit pieces.

12 m.—Students and Bob Kellie, going to lunch, asked to pay out four-bits due to The Doughtnut.

1 p. m.—Same scenes in front of Mechanics and Engineers buildings.

2 p. m.—Looseley in oration thanks students and Doc Moore for their money, and asks unpaid ones to pay up.

3 p. m.—Mix and Looseley in front of library, sing duet, "Oh, Have That Four-Bits Ready and I'll Write You a Receipt."

4:00 p. m.—Grand finale and parade across the campus, students, singers and Jim Lyman.

Have your money ready!

Next Thursday, June 3, will be the greatest day in the history of the University of Oregon. It has just been declared an illegal holiday by Governor Bunsen for the purpose of giving every student in the country an opportunity for paying to The Doughtnut that four-bits due on your subscription.

The day will be celebrated with great pomp. Promptly at the stroke of nine o'clock, Cary V. Looseley and Harry Mix, in dress suits and cane, and armed with receipt books and buckets to hold the money, will appear in front of the library. From then on the fun will be fast and furious.

Not a student or student's will escape. Every person who has not

NO SCHOOL MONDAY.

No classes will be held at the University Monday. This was the announcement made yesterday by Registrar Tiffany. Though Memorial Day falls on Sunday this year, Monday is a legal holiday and will be observed as such by the faculty.

His (or her) four-bits will be paid up by Mr. Looseley while those who pay will be snifled at by Mr. Mix, whose smile is as good as a receipt. Come and see the managers smile. Looseley has the tallest smile in school, and Mix the broadest.

Outing classes will be excused by professors Thursday, if you mention the Doughtnut.

Miss Carson President of Mills.

Miss Luella Clay Carson, dean of women and professor of rhetoric, has severed a connection of 22 years with the faculty of the University of Oregon, to accept the presidency of Mills College for young women, near San Francisco. She will take up her new duties next August.

Kappa Sigma Beat Rhoda Khans.

The Kappa Sigma beat the Rhoda Khans in the Doughtnut contest. The Rhoda Khans will be played Monday.

R. H. E.
Kappa Sigma 17 12 8
Rhoda Khans 8 4 9

OREGON TAKES MEET BY DECISIVE SCORE

Wins Victory Over O. A. C. for the
Fourth Consecutive Time.

Corvallis, Ore., May 8.—(Social) match to The Doughtnut.—For the fourth successive time the University of Oregon won from its old rival, O. A. C. here today, in the annual track meet between the two colleges, by the decisive score of 72 points to 50.

Bill Hayward's crack athletes took six firsts, six seconds and five thirds, besides tying for second in another event. O. A. C. took three firsts, three seconds and five thirds and tied for second place.

In spite of a muddy track Huston took the hundred yards from Scott in the fast time of 16 flat, Moon finishing third, and Paul Reid won the 220 in 22 1-5. Scott was also second here and Moon third. Oregon captured all the runs and sprints, while O. A. C. shone particularly in the weight. Enders of O. A. C. took first in the discus, Hale in the hammer, and Wolff in the shotput with a brawny heave of 41 feet. Kellogg, the big Oregon freshman, seemed to be the only Oregon weight man up to form. He captured third in the shot put and discus, and second in the hammer.

Ben Williams of Oregon had an easy time in the pole vault, and was placed second in 9 feet, 6 inches. Hawkins did well in the 120 hurdles, and Kiddlel took the mile run with Davis an easy second. O. A. C. gave Oregon a scare in the mile relay, far after the first lap their runner was several feet in the lead, but Reid, Oregon's second runner made up the handicap and the rest of the race was easy. Oregon failed to score in only one event, the high jump, which went to three O. A. C. leapers.

DRAMATIC CLUB GETS A BIG JUICY LEMON

Just suppose you were a dramatic club, and had worked hard during a whole semester to stir up interest about college in the dramatic art, and wanted a wind up to your season good style with a play to show how much you had improved.

And suppose that you got permission from the Student Affairs committee to present a play during Junior Week-End, and tried to get permission for another during Commencement week, but were told by the committee that you could have only one date.

And then suppose that you voluntarily gave back permission for the Junior Week-End play, so you could devote all your time to preparing for your dramatic drama during Commencement week, and changed your petition to the faculty accordingly.

And then, after all this, just suppose that you were handed a lemon and told that there was nothing doing, that you couldn't have any play at all.

Wouldn't it make you feel like a de-carbonated Shasta lemonade? Wouldn't it get your goat? Wouldn't you feel stung?

Or would you? How about it?

All in favor, please say "Yes" and try to sympathize with the University dramatic club. For the club feels all that and more. At their
(Continued on Page 2.)

MAKE STAR ORATORS WHILE YOU WAIT

Ben Williams Tells How Other Colleges Rouse Forensic Interest.

(BY BEN H. WILLIAMS.)
Student Body President-Elect and
Inter-State Orator.

In forensics this year the University of Oregon has met with nothing but defeat. Out of five contests, three in debate and two in oratory, we have lost every one. Considering the excellent showing of some of our representatives and the closeness of nearly all of the contests, the record is far from a humiliating one, but the fact is that we have lost; and in accordance with Oregon spirit, this should only serve as an incentive to greater efforts in the future. Something MUST be done. That is unquestionable. But just what that something is may be harder to determine. In order to start the discussion, I will state briefly what seems to me to be the best course to pursue.

In the first place there is the problem of creating a greater interest in oratory and debate among the students. The easiest and most practical method of doing this is, I think, the giving of compensation in the shape of medals and prizes to the best debaters and orators. At the University of Washington, the following prizes are offered:

The Battle prize of \$75 to the team debating against the University of Oregon; the Allen prize of \$75 to the team debating against the University of Idaho; and first, second and third prizes of \$25, \$15, (Continued on Page 3.)

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THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHTNUT

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Oliver B. Huston Associate Editor
Carey V. Loosley Business Manager
Edgar H. Mix Advertising Manager
104 East Eleventh Street

THE FAREWELL DOUGHTNUT.

The farewell edition of The Midnight Doughnut, for the college year of 1935-36, will be issued next Saturday, June 5.

"The Farewell Doughnut" as this edition will be called, will be bigger and better than any of its predecessors, if it is possible to make it so. It is likely to be the last copy of The Doughnut ever published—we will say more on this topic next week. It is especially the hope of the editors to make it an edition that can go down in college history and take its place among the pleasant memories of the university.

No expense will be spared in the printing of The Farewell Doughnut. It will be published on yellow and pink paper, and news will be taken to make it typographically perfect. Among the features of The Farewell Doughnut will be a number of special articles of more than usual interest. Merle Chessman has promised us a little farewell poem that should be even better than his "My Lady of the Moon" in the Oregonian. "Father Tom" Kelly, the famous baseball coach, will concede his interesting baseball dissertations with an article on "Inside Baseball," which every lover of the national sport should read. Captain Dudley R. Clarke of next year's football team will write an intensely interesting article on Oregon's football prospects for next year, telling of his plans for winning back the championship for us, and of some of the raw material that will be in college next fall. Every person who has ever pondered over the trying question of what to give for a commencement present, should read "Commencement Presents and How to Give Them," by Pinneus Cobb. Mr Cobb makes it all so amazingly plain and simple that you wonder why you ever wondered about it.

You can't afford to miss the Farewell Doughnut. Orders or copies to send away to your friends however, should be placed early, as the edition is limited to 25,000 copies.

LACK OF SPIRIT—OR WHAT?

Some time ago, The Doughnut promised its readers not to take up their time editorially unless there was something it distinctly wished to say, and the promise has been kept. But the time seems to have come to say that something, and to say it with vigor.

A few figures from the notebook of the baseball manager may interest you.

Last week the manager brought the Lincoln high school baseball team of Portland to Eugene to play two games of ball, one on Friday, the other on Saturday. Oregon took both games. The first was won in the first shut out of the season by the score of 13 to 0, and the next was nearly as easy by the score of 10 to 4. But that is not the point. Suppose we had lost the games. The point is that so far as twenty twenty-firsts of the student body is concerned, it would apparently make small difference either way.

Now the expense involved in bringing a team of 12 men 123 miles by railroad and return, and their hotel bills while here, was something like \$100.—indeed, that is figuring so closely that not even a quarter is left over to give the hotel bell boy. To meet this expense, there was taken at the gate for both days, the grand total of—well, it was exactly \$30.95! In Friday's game, not including deadheads, but players, managers, assistants, and assistant assistants, with about 15 track men who edged their way past the ticket man and went in without paying, just 19 persons paid in the huge sum of \$14.75 at the gate. On Saturday 65 persons paid

in \$16.20—one enthusiast "short-changed" a gateman for a nickel! The track men, too, displayed some interest in the Saturday game, for this time about 30 of them objected to paying their quarter, and tried to walk into the game anyway.

Some time ago, the student body, by an overwhelming vote, turned down the proposition to admit Order of the "O" men free to all branches of athletics. It was decided that outside of their own line of sport, they should pay like anybody else. That is enough to say in connection with the action of these track men.

Support like that at the games chronicled above is little short of a disgrace to the University that pretends to the high plane that Oregon does. The baseball team Coach Kelly and Captain Hurd have turned out this year—it has won the north-west college championship, did you know that?—deserves better things from Oregon. Perhaps the poor support is due to a lack of school spirit or perhaps it is because the mass of the student body isn't yet educated up to the game. (The same thing appears to be true concerning debate and oratory.) Whatever the reason is, it will have to be remedied, or the game will have to be dropped, that is all, and Oregon again will have to fall back to the ranks of the little one-horse colleges that can only support two lines of sport.

But you all have a fine chance to redeem yourselves. The Varsity baseball team ends the season next Saturday with two games with the Chemawa Indians. If you give the team any kind of support at these games, we will take back some of this.

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DRAMATISTS GET LEMON.

(Continued from Page 1.)

meeting Thursday afternoon to elect officers for next year, Miss Jessie Harley, the president, softly broke the news to the club that the faculty committee had refused permission for "King Rene's Daughter," which they were planning to produce on the campus in the open air during Commencement. For a moment after the announcement you could hear snick & snack on the silence. But after the first shock, the news was received with resignation. To me the sensation of being stung feel all the keener, the club has already paid out \$14 for typewritten copies of the play.

The election resulted as follows: President, William Klitz; vice-president, F. E. Duntion; secretary, Edith Woodcock; treasurer, Roland Kennedy; sergeant-at-arms, Roy Terry; business manager, Edward Himes.

All Right, We Take It Back—It was Lincoln High that Got Drabbed.

Editor The Doughnut, Sir: Ordinarily we can digest your criticism with pleasure, but this time you sent us a petrified slaker. On page nine, column four of last week's issue, you say that you drubbed the Washington high school team of Portland to the tune of 13 to 0. It happened to be the Lincoln high school team. Rather tough on us, don't you think?

A WASHINGTONIAN.

Did we say that? Well, then, shame on us, we take it all back. Lincoln high school it was and it shall be in every memory book in college. We agree with Clarence—he didn't sign the letter, so we take it for granted his name is Clarence—that the mistake was tough luck, and we are glad to see he reads his Doughnut carefully. Thoroughness is a quality to be commended in youthful minds. We also have no doubt that Clarence has already paid his subscription, which is more than a number of university students we could name, have done.

Read Next Week's Doughnut.
Editor Doughnut, Sir: What is a good commencement present for a young lady? Yours,

VICTOR.

(Continued on Page 4.)

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PRIZES FOR ORATORS.

(Continued from Page 1.)

and \$10 in two declamation contests.

At the University of Idaho they give the Watkins \$50 medal to the interstate orator; the Heyburn prize of \$20 to the best debater in the inter-society debate; the Riddienbaugh prize of \$25 to the leader of the team against W. S. C.; the Vollmer prize of \$25 to the leader of the team against the University of Washington; the Dewey prize of \$25 to the leader of the team against the University of Oregon; the Price prize of \$50 to the best debater taking Greek and Latin; and the Borah prize of \$50 to the winners in the debate between the two interstate teams. Accordingly in these schools there is always hot competition in oratory and debate.

As opposed to this long array of prizes Oregon offers only one—the Alumnus \$20 medal to the best debater in college.

It seems to me that in building up forests at the University, here is the place to start. A fund should be raised by an appeal to the students, the Alumnus, the faculty and the townspeople. I am sure that there may be found in the state of Oregon citizens as generous towards a worthy cause as those who have contributed in Washington and Idaho. If this scheme should be approved, a committee of debaters should be appointed by President Townsend to see what can be done towards carrying it out.

The fund having been raised I would suggest that the following prizes be given: \$25, \$15, and \$10 to the leaders, first and second colleagues respectively, of the interstate debating teams, and \$25 each to the two Varsity orators. In addition to this I think that oratorical contests should be held among the Freshmen and Sophomores. It takes experience to write a winning oration, and at present the underclassmen seldom try out against the more experienced, and in order to give the Freshmen and Sophomores experience so that they may be winners in the Junior and Senior years, contests should be instituted among them with prizes of about \$15 and \$10, for first and second places.

In addition to the creation of interest among the students there are other problems to be met. First there is that of finances. Next year will be an expensive one for the debate manager, for in addition to the interstate debate, the Utah debate, and the inter-state oratorical contest will be held in Eugene. To meet this it has been wisely suggested that debate appropriation be increased 5 per cent at the expense of the football appropriation, which seems more than sufficient. Another problem is that of the debating coach. We undoubtedly need a man who can give a large share of his time to the work and who will become a fixture in that field as the coaches at Idaho and Washington have been. This matter is of course, in the hands of the faculty and not of the students, and it is probable that some action will be taken.

These suggestions may not appeal to all, but we must remember that a plan of some sort must be adopted to give oratory and debate a good substantial boost.

PINKHAM AND BULLDOGS.

(Continued from Page 1.)

I got my first bull dog. It was with great pleasure that I saw the envy of my fellow classmates as I strolled to and from my classes. This envy, however, was not a circumstance to what I had to resist when I finally entered the university with this already famous dog.

"Dubie" was his name—and say, he was a cute little cuss! Armour's greys in the circus for graceful beauty, were as six tomato cans on

a rail fence to a star in heaven compared to little Dubie. Imagine him, a brown stalwart, manly canine, with a mouth and head like that of a mountain lion, supported by a pair of shoulders similar to those of Gordon Moores, the great Oregon athlete, and his legs as slender and as well proportioned as a well bred pump handle. His body was in every way a dog model, and the pleasant sights of the day were mirrored to his brain through a soulful pair of azure blue eyes. His grin was exceeded only by his physique.

"Dubie" passed his freshman and sophomore years in college without event and finally persuaded me to let him spend his summer vacation with Arthur Van Dusen, the famous yell leader, and 1907 stunt man, at Astoria. I consented, but the day that "Dubie" told me farewell at the door was such an incident that I ever looked into each others' eyes. I am afraid Van didn't chaperone him carefully. He was perhaps too anxious to learn to row a boat and lost his life, as near as we could learn, in a terrific battle with a saucy dog salmon. This, anyway, is the theory advanced by Mr. VanDusen, his keeper, the boy whom the city by the sea proudly boasts caught fewer than anyone ever turned out there.

This dreadful loss struck me like a blow from Jamison, the O. A. C. tackle, and my junior year has been spent mostly in mourning his death, although I have seen the clouds rolled by and "Prokos" entered my life. Ah, "Prokos", saintly pup, how I adore thee!

"Prokos" is yet only a boy dog, but if "Dubie" were the moon of dog ambitions, then surely "Prokos" is the sun, the dog king of the universe!

As yet there are few dogs in the university, but I hope that time will come when there will be hundreds of them. I am a firm believer in the theory that every student should own a bull dog—if he hasn't a bull dog of his own, then he should borrow his neighbor's bulldog. But get a bulldog!

If I should awake some morning and find that I had a million dollars, owned the whole faculty and could add to the athletic fund, I would at once institute a crusade to abolish our present system of athletics, and substitute bull dog games and rows in their stead. A large pit would be excavated in Kincaid field, where I would turn the dogs loose to graze and hold their games.

I would levy a tax of \$225 on each student entering college to buy a bull dog with. Lee Hard and Varnal Beach would have full charge of the campus bull dog agency, and Horton Nicholas would assist Bill Hayward in training the younger dogs. Cornelius Beebe would have charge of a gang of freshmen told off to water and feed the bull dogs.

Instead of student hour we would have a big bull dog parade in and around Villard hall. The Junior prom would be made the occasion of choosing the best dog dancer in college, the prize to be one year's credit in college to the owner. There would be eight dances for the dogs, and six for their owners at this party. But I almost forgot the dramatic club. Instead of an organization for students, it would be turned into a club for the bull dogs, directed by Wm. Kiltz and Ben Williams.

I love football, but I love my bull dog better. Ha! we are all to the good, me and Mac and Prokos, eh?

Schwarzschild Thanks Students.

Morris Schwarzschild wishes to extend his hearty thanks to the University students for the ready assistance they gave him in carrying out stock and furniture from Schwarzschild's book store during Wednesday's fire. Everything is now back and in place, and he is ready to supply any orders for books and stationery.

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AUTOMOBILE PARTIES POPULAR
AT O. A. C. TRACK MEET.

Automobile parties proved popular with many of the Oregon students who went to Dorris to attend the O. A. C. track meet there yesterday. Eleven Eugene automobiles made the trip to the Agricultural college town, and nine of them carried parties of students.

Though no records were broken at the meet, the auto races were Arthur Van Dusen, Harry Moore and Ben Chandler of the Sigma Nu fraternity, broke all records between Eugene and Corvallis there yesterday. On the return trip they reached Eugene at 9 o'clock last night in the same actual running time, though several of them were late.

Members of the Beta Epsilon sorority spent about an hour at the O. A. C. Mr. Chambers of the First National bank. The party took five auto. Track Manager Ormound Bean, Budde Stewart, and Carl Sweek with Misses Eva Allen and Edith Hawthorne composed another party. Zacharias took Miss Travis and three young lady friends in another machine, and still another party was composed of Jack Maglady and his family, William Main, and Graham Mitchell.

HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE FRIDAY.

For downright snarl and interest the debate at Willard hall next and Friday evening, June 4, the last session, and Grant Pass, when sur- vived some of the dozen high schools belonging to the Oregon high school debating league, will fight it out for the championship of the state on the question of "Ship Subsidies," promises to be the best of the year.

Each school has an unbroken line of victories. Pendleton, after winning the championship of Eastern Oregon, defeated Newberg, representing the Columbia river district, and Grants Pass, champion of Southern Oregon, defeated Junction City, Central Oregon's team. Neither of these strong teams will leave a point unchallenged in their struggle for the coveted championship and the episode presented by the regents of the university to the winner.

Some 200 debaters have been trained by the league debates during the year. Many are juniors and seniors who are looking forward eagerly to the debate in the university. Many of last year's debaters are now in our Freshman class giving an excellent account of themselves.

Prof. E. E. DeCou, Secretary-treasurer of the League, who has done more than any other person to arouse interest among the young debaters and make the League a success, is anxious to have a large crowd at the debate to encourage the two teams. "They look forward to debating before a University of Oregon audience as a big event," said Prof. DeCou is part, "and they have been working faithfully on the subject for months. We want to win more victories in debate ourselves, so let's turn out in force Friday night and encourage these young people from the remote parts of the state—they are the future source of our strength."

A committee from the three literary societies of the university will decorate the hall with the colors of Pendleton and Grants Pass, and good music will be provided for the occasion.

How To Be Noble.
Editor Doughnut, Sir: I am a senior and expect to graduate. But I should have very much to leave the grand old university without having done something noble, something elevating, something to make the world richer and better, and to alleviate the sufferings of my fellow men. Can The Doughnut tell me how I can do this in the few short weeks left to me?

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Yes, nay your Doughnut subscription. That would be a truly noble act. Managers Mix and Loosley will be on the campus next week with white vests and receipt books, and any time you feel like being noble, just step up to them and pay your four-bits. They will give you a receipt.

Read Doughnut is the Answer. (Continued from Page Two.)
Next week's Doughnut, will contain advice on this subject.

**CURTIS COLEMAN BATS 3343
WITH TACOMA TIGERS.**

Curtis Coleman, the university star second baseman who decided to enter professional baseball after being ruled out of the University by President Campbell in consequence of a long and violent war with the Agriculturalists, was called up with the Tacoma team in the Northwest League, is proving the wisdom of the Agriculturalists. He is making good in splendid fashion.

In his first five games, "Coley" has batted and run bases like a demon, and led the team in hits and runs with six clean hits in 18 times at bat, an average of .333. In fielding Coleman has made 20 errors, which is second base in 23 chances, which is playing phenomenal ball, and he has a stolen base or two and a run to his credit. Tacoma players say he is making a great hit with the fans of that city, who haven't yet, however had the chance of seeing him in action, as the team has been playing this week in Vancouver, B. C.

Coleman is of age, a sophomore, and a prominent member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. He comes of a baseball family, for his father, Fred Coleman, was a university team that won the northwest championship many years ago. "Coley" first learned the game of game pitching by on his father's farm near Turner, Ore., and he smashed off his first baseball with an average of a hit and an old start to hit in place of a horseshoe sphere. It is also told of him by Dad Clarke that he was naturally by the act of making home runs when he used to drop everything in the hay fields and remember home by the shortest route at the sound of the old family dinner horn. This is not Coleman's first professional experience, for he played on McCreedy's Union Portland team of the Coast League a month in 1906, only quitting because the folks did not want him to enter the game at that time. He was later re-instated to full amateur standing.

Professional baseball offers bright opportunities to the fast and ambitious young college player. It is the dream of all sports, and the sport with the highest standards, and each year sees more college youngsters entering the game. It is to be hoped that even our mascot will do so in the future, and that Oregon will have her full quota of those who have made good.

What is a Cheatsah, Anyway?

Editor The Doughnut, Sir: Won't you please unbind enough to enlighten us as to what a cheatsah is, anyway?

A number of us girls were terribly interested in your writup about Mr. Townsend, going to Africa to hunt lions and tigers with Mr. Roosevelt, and I think it is a perfectly keen idea, but we all wondered what a cheatsah was. (You said that Kermit Roosevelt wanted Mr. Townsend to help him shoot cheatsahs you know, in the jungles.) One of the girls said she thought it was some kind of a rabbit, and another said it was a snake. (Ugh! what does he want to shoot snakes, for? Somebody else told me it was a kind of an elephant, but I didn't believe that so I asked Arthur Van Dusen to see what he could say about it. He said it was a fellow who got caught using a pony at an examination, if you use the So-Southern accent. Now, won't you please tell us what it really is! And oh yes—what is an impact? That is another one of the perfectly killing things that Kermit shot over there. Kermit is a rather cute name, I think don't you?

Please show us this in the next Doughnut, for the suspense is very trying.

Sincerely, BRMA.

We don't know what a cheatsah is. We wish we did, for it would save us a lot of trouble trying to find out. The dictionaries say a cheatsah is a tiger cat, but we can only take their word for it. All your other answers are good, and they may all be right. We don't know and we don't want to know what an impact is—the dictionary says it is a kind of deer, but it's a mighty poor way to say deer, if it does mean that. No, Brma, you are mistaken in thinking Kermit is a cute name. Nebuchadnezzar or George is very much cuter and more chele.

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