

TOMMYROT

A columnist's secretary writes him a note:

Dear T. R.,

Just thought you'd like to hear some dope I've unearthed in the past week. Rumor has it that handsome Tommy Cerra (pronounced Cherrrrra) finally lost control over the little damsel from Jessup. Think her name is Pheenie. He takes her to a dance, leaves her for a few seconds, and when he turns to look for her—she's disappeared into thin air. Next time Tommy says he'll hang onto her if he has to bring a leash.

We heard quite an interesting crack about that fellow, Joe Flaherty. One of the "men who count" around school said that Mr. Flaherty must have dragged a "nigger girl" to the Soph Cotillion because, quote "he wasn't good looking enough for a white girl," end of quote . . . By the way, Mr. Flats, I thought you were going to insert something in this column about one of the staff members. Well look the column over, (You don't see it, do you?) then accept the well known salute of disdain.

More power to the class of '39. The guys are really pulling together for the success of their coming dance. They sure are attempting high, wide and handsome methods of advertising, including clever green and white stickers. The other A. M., after a slight snow storm, one of the Juniors got hold of a snow shovel and carved the inscription, "JUNIOR PROM," in the rear courtyard.

Didja hear the latest. Our assistant coach, Hart Morris, who is now with Jack Harding at Miami, got himself a wife. He never bothered with the fair sex while in Scranton—that is not much. Guess the southern climate was too much for him. (Also the southern belles).

Went up to Marywood the other nite to see their little production. "Quality Street," I think it was. The play must have been pretty good, at least that's what they say. I couldn't see very much of it because of a pole (or should I say poles) right in front of me. Had lots of time to observe our neighbors however.

Finnerty, the Foolish Freshman, keeps bragging that the M. W. girls just can't get enough of him. "They can't resist my curly locks," says he. Don't let him kid you. At O'Reilly hall, last week, they didn't mob him. In fact, he was left strictly alone.

Bob Quigley tore into THE AQUINAS newsroom with fire in his eye. "You guys made a grave mistake," said he, "my girl didn't call me Quigley, it was Quiggey-Wiggey. Last week's Tommyrot was wrong."

Get Frosh McEnrue to tell you about the women in the Pringle Hill district some day when you have a couple of hours to spare. For a youngster he seems to get around a bit. He's also got quite a collection of stories about the folk lore of the lower valley. And what folk lore!

Note to teachers: Watch Beskidniak in the back of the classroom. He spends all of his spare time—including class periods—to write mushy letters to his Louise, from New York. The poor sap even loses sleep thinking about her. Too bad! Too bad!

Friend Merle Malia still takes time out to do a bit of window shopping between classes. He and his bride-to-be were observed by yours truly standing in front of a furniture window gawking at the articles therein. They both had a rather faraway look in their eyes. More on this same subject in the near future.

Hear that those AQUINAS lads are a sharp bunch. A lot of the cigarette butts in the ash trays down in the A. Q. office have been observed with a very lip-sticky appearing end on them. Several sleuths deduced that the fourth estaters must be entertaining their gal friends, *sub rosa* (That's Latin). It turned out, however, that one particularly smart reporter was transferring some of THE AQUINAS' red decorations (Late of the Soph Cott.) to the ciggies. He had the gang guessing for a while.

THE AQUINAS is very popular with Jake "Snowball" Waxmonskey . . . He takes about fifty copies home to Port Blanchard each week-end. He uses them to wrap groceries in his store.

Wonder why so darn many of the girls of my acquaintance like to talk about their boy friends when I'm around. They talk big about letters from this guy and dates with that one. It's most unbecoming and even sickening to a degree. The biggest offender is a certain would-be poet from the "Institution on the Hill."

Love,

YOUR GIRL SUNDAY.

(Someone else's the rest of the week).

Campus Camera



Foo

By FRANK MANSUY

IT IS OBSERVED . . .

that parkers who possess that well known drag dispose of two or three red tickets a day, boasting while doing it and never offering to help their less fortunate brothers; that too many gab fests are being held in the library; that magazines from the library periodical rack are not being returned to their proper places, but are left on the tables; that Scranton has been comparatively slow to learn the intricacies of the Big Apple; that the school clocks do not agree with the sun (nor Western Union).

IT HAS BEEN SAID . . .

that a certain anatomy instructor should learn the art of repetition—he never iterates, is insulted if asked a question, and his students are woefully bored; that Misericordia lassies are not up on their Southern hospitality and that their dance bands are strikingly small-time; that the debunking campaign now under way is not a success; that a particular physics teacher doesn't know how to tell time; that a French professor is unjustly exacting.

IN OUR OPINION . . .

freedom of the press is a wonderful thing; people who enjoy talking to the extent that they waste other people's time should gently and calmly sit themselves down and write themselves a book—the result could be read or not with no one the loser; there is no difference between the music of today, known as "swing" music, and the outmoded jazz—therefore we have come to the conclusion that America's acceptance of swing merely proves once more that Barnum was right; both St. Thomas and Marywood would benefit by the establishment of a co-operative dating system with the boarders, (but then who wants to have a girl in by nine-thirty or thereabouts!); Emerson might have had a good idea when he struck on the philosophy that we should live for ourselves, but he couldn't have got around much or he would have learned that the practice of his theory had long ago been discovered and exercised.

Collegrams

By PAUL MUNDY

This column is continued this week because the editor claims that he actually saw someone reading it last Friday. (Thanks, pal). Our first rhyme is from the *Delaware Review*: The shades of night were falling fast When for a kiss he asked her. She must have answered "yes" because

The shades came down much faster.

— C G —

Tommie lad: "I'll meet you at eight-thirty right outside of the Hotel Casey—that's where I live.

Merrywoodame: "Where?"

Tommie lad: "Right outside of the Hotel Casey."

— C G —

The *La Salle Collegian's* book report on Webster's New International Dictionary: A bit wordy and not a very good plot.

— C G —

Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord the snow will keep. But if it melts before I wake . . . Shucks . . . I always fall anyway!

—Los Angeles Collegian.

— C G —

First fellow: "Doesn't your wife miss you when you stay out until three in the morning?"

Second fellow: "Occasionally—but usually her aim is perfect."

— C G —

The *Torch* names the winner and new champion:

They sat alone in the moonlight, And she soothed his troubled brow, "Dearest, I know my life has been fast,

But I'm on my last lap now."

— C G —

DON'T BELIEVE IT DEPARTMENT

Will power: Being able to pass the bulletin board without reading all the stale notices.

Freshman: A fellow who, when invited to a fair one's home and the light fuse blows out, spends the rest of the evening trying to fix it.

— C G —

I followed her five blocks or more With ever-quickening pace; Her figure was divine indeed— But then I saw her face! I now am armed with two big guns, And blood is in my eye; I'm looking for the guy who said That figures never lie.

—Quill.

Vote "Yes"

The student council recently suggested a new method of electing class officers. In today's *Aquinas* you will find a ballot giving you an opportunity to vote on the proposed change.

It is obvious that some change is needed!

Under the present system, class officers can be, and are, elected by a mere plurality, rather than a majority. The primary system incorporated in the new method will insure the election of the candidate favored by the class majority. This method also provides for uniform elections, conducted by an impartial board.

You can take an active part in better student government by casting your vote in favor of the change!

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As We See It . . .

JOHN H. HARRINGTON

Scranton doesn't possess any slums but it does include on its city map large areas in which the housing conditions do come as close to slum conditions as is humanly possible. This was proved by an exhaustive survey of housing conditions which was executed by the Federal Civil Works Administration.

EARLY IN 1934

at the request of public-minded citizens a competent staff of architects, engineers, and social workers conducted this survey. Their findings are detrimental to the record of a progressive city. They indicated that the importation of foreign labor before the institution of stringent immigration laws was largely responsible for much of the poor housing conditions. These people housed in deplorable conditions have been lead to believe that such will always be their lot.

PROBABLY THE WORST

section of the city is in a deplorable condition. In examining the statistics of the home conditions of a certain area that were included in the survey we find facts which prove our statements. In all, 414 families were examined and their 167 dwellings. 127 of this number was in need of repairs, while 27 houses should be dismantled, twelve were unsafe structurally and 31 were endangered by fire hazards. Half of these buildings were in need of plumbing. The latter fact alone is one of the common properties of a slum.

THIS SECTION IS

but another of the districts which has unsanitary sewerage conditions. Less than half of the buildings examined had baths and a good number did not possess proper lavatory facilities. One does not have to exercise his imagination to find the amount of sickness which is due to these contagion spreading sources.

IT IS EVIDENT

that a correlation exists between low wages and poor living conditions. We find that these people do not live in these homes because of a strong liking for squalor but because of economic forces. Family income for these incumbents averaged from eleven to twenty-five dollars weekly with most of these examined being at the lower end of the scale.

YET RENTS

for these dwellings are unquestionably high for the value received. However, this is true of the other residential sections of the city. A nation-wide survey proved that the rent of homes in Scranton are 20 per cent higher than the general average throughout the nation. Government and private employed agents have opined that this factor alone constitutes a tremendous obstacle to housing improvement. Reduction of rents will inevitably help in the improving of this condition.