



## **Wiscetiquette : the hows and whys of student social life. May, 1936**

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*Mrs. Fahrney*

[1936]



### *Wiscetiquette*

The hows and whys of student social life.

### *Wiscetiquette*

How to avoid that most embarrassing moment.

### *Wiscetiquette*

The guide to correct student social conduct.

### *Wiscetiquette*

How to avoid those embarrassing social errors.

### *Wiscetiquette*

A pipe course in Wisconsin student social conduct.

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WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

May, 1936



*Sponsored by the*

WOMEN'S AFFAIRS COMMITTEE

*of the*

WISCONSIN UNION

# On The Hill

Covering some cases of apple-polishing, skyrockets, magazines, cribbing, and ski suits

## About that apple . . .

Some of you will go out for track, some for swimming, some for studying, and others will go out for that extra-curricular activity known as apple polishing or mitt wringing. But whatever you call it, don't fool yourself that it isn't recognized both by your victim and by other students with the same fell motive.

There are two schools of thought on this matter. Personally we're agin' it, because there is nothing so discouraging



to the professors as to know that they are being sought out by students not for their own sweet selves but rather for the difference between an A and a B.

Not that you should avoid them as the plague or look upon them merely as a necessary evil. But when you go up after class to get some help, don't commit educational suicide by beginning breathlessly:

"Oh, Mr. Blivis, I enjoy your lectures so much. You make everything awfully clear, but I wonder if you could explain this one thing to me . . ." (This usually ends with the query as to when his new book will be published).

All this won't make any difference to the professor because he will go on in his own quiet little way putting down the grades you earn, but it is a waste of his time and yours. And it is fatal for any one else to hear any part of this line. You'll suffer an immediate loss of prestige.

Don't take this so seriously that you dismiss professors from your life. Whether you've met them and whether they know you personally or not, it's quite all right to greet them on the hill or street with a "Good morning, Mr. Hostetter."

And this applies to fellow-sufferers (pardon us, fellow students). If you encounter someone in your class, it is equally all right to say "hello" even though you don't know his name. Of course, the girl usually has the privilege of speaking first, but we're talking about the way they do things at Wisconsin—not the way Emily Post says they should be done.

### **Ssss, boom . . . bang**

But to get back to the class room and the professor. One of them has had the fortitude to take a definite and constructive attitude on the matter of skyrockets, which—in

case you don't know—follow the general plan of "Sssssss, boom, ah! professor's name (or appropriate comment)." This particular professor says that it is very discouraging when the skyrockets get only to first base. You can also see that it isn't too heartening to have them progress only as far as the "boom," with the last consonant practically nonexistent.

And we urge you to be present for all skyrockets at the beginnings of the classes, especially if you sit in the middle of any row. There is nothing so destructive to the morale of the entire row when half of it has to let down the arms of those deucedly inconvenient (no nice girl swears) seats about seven minutes after the lecture has started, only to spend the next 11 minutes trying to get them back on a working basis.

You have progressed fairly well into the lecture. If at this point, you have lost interest, please don't turn to your neighbor for a social half hour. Maybe, with his debased



sense of values, he is getting something out of it. Or maybe he is asleep, and you shouldn't disturb him. There are a lot of people that don't get their eight hours' sleep when they cut classes. It is also bad form to talk in either library for these same reasons.

Newspapers, too, are taboo in classes. Not that anyone cares whether you read them or not, but it makes a lot of noise when you turn the pages. And if you must catch up on your magazine reading, do it in the Reader's Digest rather than Esquire. You get the general idea, don't you?

If, however, you are going after your education with a vengeance, why not do it the easy way and bring paper and a pen with ink in it to class? In other words, try to be a fairly independent unit in your classes. And this applies to the matter of notes. Follow the lecturer rather than your neighbor's notes, and come to class often enough so that you don't become Public Enemy No. 3, the note borrower.

Public Enemy No. 2 is the person who returns the tattered remains of someone's notes several weeks after he has borrowed them. And Public Enemy No. 1 never returns them.

On a different rating of Public Enemies you have the ink showerer, the paper scatterer, and the person who has the firm conviction that he has a right to put his elbows not only on the arm of the seat in which he is sitting but also on the arm on which you are writing. The only remedy is to get your arm there first and exert a steady pressure against his left elbow. This handicaps your writing, but you will gradually learn to adjust yourself.

### **Put this on the cuff**

Technically a major crime—you *can* get flunked in the course, fined grade points, or thrown out of school on the

basis of it—cribbing is also just outside of the social pale.

People do it, of course. But this is hardly an excuse in a university where exams count over half of most courses and proctors spend exam time leering over their shoulders at all potential offenders. Look at it this way:

If you help another person, you lower your own grade. This is true because Wisconsin grades are on the statistical curve—C is average, B slightly above, A way above, and so on. Lift the average and you go sliding down the scale.

If you try to get help, you injure your own chances. The other person, especially the super-helpful ones, are usually the C minus or D plus boys, and their information is far more likely to be *mis*-information than accurate facts.

The sanest attitude toward the whole business, whether the method is the use of crib notes or the helpful whispers when all proctors are at the other side of the room, is that this is one crime which doesn't pay. The whole-hearted resentment which the non-cheating majority has is directed against every student who tries to manipulate the outcome of his exams. The people who can help you along in activities or social life are very likely to be the ones who give non-committal shrugs in response to your frantic questions as to the color of George Washington's white horse.

In other words, whatever your fool-proof super-system may be, don't use it. "Cribber" is a pretty harsh word to have people use to describe you.

### **Watch the signs**

As to the matter of whether or not it is all right for girls to smoke on the hill—. We ain't sayin', to phrase it concisely. But it boils down to the fact that it is all right if you think it is all right or if your house thinks it is all right.

There are signs inside the university buildings which lead

one to believe smoking inside them isn't according to Hoyle. But if you must smoke in the corridors, put out your cigarettes before you enter the class room.

### A dis-dressing matter

The subject of what to wear deserves a passing comment. We don't give two whoops about what Schiaparelli is doing to the feminine silhouette, and we haven't the faintest idea of how Esquire stands on the matter of colored evening dress for men. But we do know that you can't bring down campus disapproval any quicker than to be bizarre in your dress.

The accepted thing for the girls seems to be just the regular school dress, suit, or sweater and skirt and fairly sen-



sible walking shoes. You can get infinite variety with this simple beginning. We refuse to enter the arena by committing ourselves on the subject of ankle socks and hats. But

we do say that you won't be out of place on the hill if you appear in ankle socks and utterly disregard your hat even during cold weather.

In the interests of progress (from one class to another) you might try waiting to light up after class until you are outside the class at least, and outside the building preferably. There might be someone directly behind you who is trying to get from Music hall to Ag hall and he isn't going to feel any too friendly if you decide to stop to light a cigarette in the middle of the congestion at the only exit.

The masculine element registers a violent protest each year against ski suits during cold weather. They also look askance at scarfs tied over the top of the head. But if you have no qualms about looking like a duck or someone fresh off Ellis Island, then go ahead and wear these things and keep warm.

You know only too well the masculine prejudice on the matter of makeup. Let your conscience be your guide—keeping in mind that the procedure is the same at universities as in civilized communities so far as makeup is concerned. Be conservative, and for heaven's sake, don't antagonize these touchy males by applying your makeup in class rooms and corridors.

You fellows can get by with wearing suits or sweaters and slacks. In the case of the latter, don't absentmindedly neglect to don a shirt, although an open shirt collar is all right once in a while. And bear in mind that there is nothing that detracts from your appearance like a sweat shirt.

The feminine poll indicates that men may go without hats and garters and still remain within the social pale. They can have crew haircuts and wear white shoes in the winter. But there is a terrific reaction against bow ties.

It is possible that the men would be willing to concede the bow ties if the women would take off the red finger nail polish Sunday night. They are more or less resigned to polish during the weekend, but they have the idea that it is pretty revolting on Monday.

### **Don't rush things . . .**

In getting up and down the hill, the best method is keep the same pace as the rest of the people on the hill. Don't take your own time when the walks are crowded, and don't go leaping along endangering the life and limb of everyone in your path unless you can dodge in and out skillfully enough to avoid accidents.

# With Dates

Blind-dating a major menace, plus pin hangings and the Wisconsin Dutch treat

**A**ND now we come to the no credit course with the largest enrollment on the campus—dating.

The horrible ogre that makes us shiver with expectation and grit our teeth as if in anticipation of a painful ordeal yet that has come to be as popular as cutting classes is herewith exposed in all its awfulness. This thing is called the sightless engagement or the blind date. Horrible as it seems, it's not really as bad always as it was the time you got a blind date with buck teeth and warts. Often, the blind is quite nice.

The fact that the date isn't busy at the last minute doesn't mean that he or she is a terror. Many, many explanations account for this situation. Should your date turn out to be a first class baby scarer, don't show that you are afraid of it. Goons often have good connections and quite possibly know the right people, so if you spend the evening thinking and staring madly at corners, the date may spoil things for you with its friends. Don't be a scaredy, take the date, and have a good time, no matter how hard it is. You may not be a campus beauty (in the eyes of your date) yourself, so be friendly and alive, but don't take the responsibility on yourself of amusing the entire party.

Keep a liff upper stip about the blind date business as it won't last long. A good blind date may lead to lots more

dates, with or without the original blind. In no time you will be going to formals, parties, movies, and an occasional coke date. Sounds like the clip the coupon business, doesn't it?



One thing more—if you're the one who wants the date, get it early.

### **Stiff shirt stuff**

Once in a while comes the time in every one's life when he wiggles or struggles, as the case may be, into a formal and looks stately and dignified at least for an evening. Going to a formal isn't quite as bad as going to a quiz, and it takes just one thing to keep it from being a bore.

Tuxes or tails are O. K.'ed by everyone, but—girls—don't come down the stairs dressed like Mrs. Astor's horse or a cool summer breeze in mid-winter. Moderation in dress and accessories make a much bigger hit than trying to impress

the big moment with the latest innovation from some fashion magazine.

Just because you had to wiggle and squirm to get into



that party rig is no sign that you have to continue to act that way at the dance. Talk—dance—laugh—be nonchalant, anything to be at ease. Don't for one moment let your date know it's your first party.

Formals won't be the only kind of parties during the year. If it be a bowery party, informal party, or if your date calls for you in a hay-rack—get in the swing of things, don an old pair of overalls, old skirt and sweater or your best date dress. Or if it is mid-winter and it happens to be a sleigh ride, toboggan party, or ice-boating, don't be afraid of looking like an old Southern mammy—put on those extra sweat shirts, ski pants and old boots. Everyone dresses for

the occasion and not merely to be in style. Outdoor, athletic girls are just as popular and even more so than the clinging vine.

### **"No nice girl . . . drinks"**

Some nice girls drink. Bad girls don't drink nicely. This sounds like a Sunday school lesson, but think how nice it is of us to say that you can drink! Drinking is really a small problem. Or should we say small drinking is no problem? There is no point in matching drink for drink with the boy friend or in trying to see just how drunk you can get or how much liquor you can hold. Getting good and soused is not at all difficult and it says nothing for your social *savoir faire*. Know what your capacity is, then stay well away from it. You won't be an outcast if you don't drink, so if you don't drink now, don't start. There are plenty of people who don't like hard liquor and hate beer to give you company when you ask for a malted. But if you think you may have to drink during the evening, eat something or drink some milk before you set out.

To keep this from becoming too prudish may we say that there is nothing quite as friendly as a cigarette and a beer and a quiet talk over a table in some local refreshery? Much as we hate to spoil Mr. Rathskeller's business, the Union basement is the private sanctum of the men, and they hate to see its masculine appeal marred by a fluttery female. They will let you into the Paul Bunyan room, though. Reserved for the less fair sex is the privilege of roaming the streets at night and invading the ale-eries in bunches. It's a shame, isn't it, but the women get back at them some other way.

## How much, mister?

It is not too good an idea to get back at them by ordering a luscious array of food on a Sunday night date or after an movie date without tactfully finding out just what sort of food your date would care to pay for. Many a poor lad has quietly sipped a coke while he hungrily watched his date plow through a lusty repast.

Just how do you go about this tactful finding out? Well, you can usually judge from the occasion. If it's Prom or Military Ball, he prob'ly expects to spend more than on the usual date. If it's after a movie, he's probably figuring on something in the malted or beer-and-sandwich price class. It's up to you to figure it out, but when in doubt, be moderate. For Sunday night, it's usually safe to figure that you've *had* dinner, and that the 6:30 meal is supper. The difference is worth remembering.

## Can you spare a dime?

The car-taxi-or-walk situation in Madison is relieved a lot by the dime fares which apply to most cabs. If the girl lives in what the papers love to call the Latin Quarter, she can expect to walk to movies, dances at the Union, and some fraternity parties if the weather is nice. For basketball, football, boxing, and the rest of the Camp Randall shows, the guy should say something like, "Let's find a cab, shall we?" To which she can either assent or else say she wants to walk, depending on how she feels and how the walking is. But in most cases, the fellow has to get the cab before he comes, for he can't expect to get one by phone in less than half an hour.

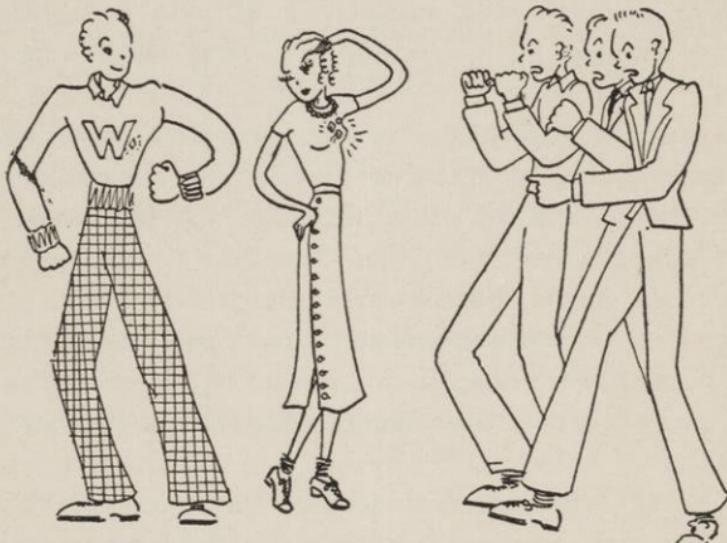
The gal who expects to see her man wheel a Packard roadster up in front of the house will probably be more than

a little disillusioned the first time it doesn't happen. And she might as well know that it is going to not happen rather consistently for four long years. The boy with the car is a rare bird and the Ford coupe is by far the commonest car. For going dancing outside of town, there'll undoubtedly be some sort of conveyance in the offing, but both fellows and girls might as well get use to double dating or even tripling on these occasions.

### Get the hang of this

If a girl wears a man's fraternity pin, they're engaged. Sound funny? Of course it does, but in the initiation or national laws of almost every fraternity you'll find this or its equivalent.

Wisconsin doesn't live up to the letter of the law; neither do most other schools. But a hung pin shows more than passing interest, even if it wouldn't justify pappy's getting out the old shotgun and asking the lad if his intentions are



strictly honorable. There are a few types worth considering.

Type Number One is the girl who turns up every two or three weeks with another pin. Aside from the fact that it looks awfully funny, it also brings up a lot of comment concerning the techniques used in getting them. The comment, by the way, is seldom kindly.

Type Number Two has two or three of the badges tucked away in the upper bureau drawer. She keeps the owners all scattered and all happy, but if they ever met—

Type Number Three is a guy. Grandmother would have called him a cad for he seems to hang his pin for what he can get out of it—and often for what he *hopes* he can get. Lady, analyze his motives before you grab the hardware.

Although there are a few widely-separated cases of girls with pins who are not going steady, it's safest to figure that they are. All of which means that you don't ask that swell blonde with the Phi Delt pin to go to the fights tomorrow night. Get it?

And by the way—it just won't do a girl any good to yearn for an Iron Cross pin or a pledge button. You just won't get 'em.

### **Do you like jam? . . .**

Now, to get back to the traffic problem. There are several places on the hill that just seem to collect mobs, and the front of Bascom hall is the worst. We will disregard the crowds on the steps of the Law and Engineering buildings because lawyers and engineers don't know any better.

But seriously, why not practice a little individuality and meet the light of your life somewhere else between classes beside the steps of Bascom hall? In the first place you haven't any privacy, and then it seems a shame that only those with football experience should be able to get to class on time.

And when you walk on the hill with the aforementioned light of your life, it is a matter of no importance if you naively hold hands, but the student body in general frowns on glaring examples of sentimentality. We won't go into the manifestations, because you encountered all that years ago in high school.

### **“Sly and wise”**

The number of girls who are perfect models of feminine wisdom, who make their men feel like born protectors, who ask for small cokes on movie dates, who reach for their own checks in the Union cafeteria, but who drive their dates mad with their talk is far greater than most women are willing to admit.

There's a little poem which sums the whole thing up pretty nicely—

*“The modern woman, sly and wise,  
Seldom mentions other guys  
But concentrates her verbal dither  
Upon the gentleman who's with her.”*

According to this, you see, the gal does *not* talk about the swell formal she went to last week. She does *not* recover from having her feet walked on by pointing out that Joe Hostetter is a wonderful dancer. Ah, no. “She concentrates her verbal dither upon the gentleman who's with her.”

### **On the pitching of woo**

Necking. No doubt this is what you have been waiting for. Necking is when a boy and a girl do things a housemother frowns on. Probably this little indoor sport belongs in the same category with fraternity pins; it doubtless has its place.

To be ungrammatical some more, its place is not when

the date is the first one, and not when the place is public. Necking requires a sort of mutual agreement that usually comes out of several dates, and often not at all. It can be done nicely, and is, but it should not be done by the old adage that practice makes perfect.

### Phone Phonies

The etiquette of the telephone—to be horribly formal about it—is divided into two parts. One is calling to call, and the other is calling for a purpose.

If you are a call-to-call caller, heaven help you! You are the type of person whose opening sentence is “Guess who this is!” and who is willing to talk to any voice with a sorority or dormitory phone number and a pair of high heels. Although Sister Blivis may be hopeful enough to hang on the receiver for a couple of minutes, the result of the “engaging,” “nonchalant,” and “man of the worldly” conversation will probably be a swift verbal kick in the pants after she hangs up.

If you’re calling for a quiz assignment, be the other party, man, woman, or beast, make it brief! If the other end wants to talk some more, it’ll find subjects, but don’t make a casual request the excuse for a half-hour conversation.

Calling or being called for a date has practically the same requirements. It’s really not necessary to talk five minutes before asking for the date, but even more to the point is this angle—if the girl turns you down, *don’t* say, “Well, all right!” and hang up. Be suave, people, be suave.

The one last word is this—remember, others are going to want to phone, too.

In connection with buying meals—people at Wisconsin *do* go Dutch, although it’s more the exception than the rule.



The chief requirement is that the girl has to know the boy pretty well and act matter-of-factly—and quickly. Many fellows resent it, so don't make an issue about it if he makes more than a half-hearted protest. In some circumstances the man is justified in expecting it—if eating together is a date (meaning pre-arranged), he'll probably expect to pay; if it just happens, the gal should reach for her purse and her check simultaneously.

### **Get long with 'em!**

Like the breath goes with the onion, so the chaperon goes with the party. Probably neither will ever be eliminated. As long as they are necessary evils, we shall try to get along with them as best we can.

Though you may not know who the chaperon is, and probably don't care, introduce your date and yourself to him or her and stay and talk a few minutes. It's a nice thing to keep the chaperon's eyes off the party for a minute or two from the standpoint of the brethren or sistern.

The bored chaperon won't see anything at your party that

is new, and there is certainly no fun in watching a bunch of maniacs disport themselves, so try to see that the chaperon has a good time, as much as is possible.

### **Flowers for Madame?**

Flowers are sent not too frequently and practically according to formula. This is both unfortunate and true. Christmas or spring formals—either fraternity or sorority—and “big parties” really mean a corsage. These parties can be listed rather easily—Prom, Military Ball, Pan-Hell (remember, *she* asks him to this), and other big formal ones. Unless the choice is orchids, stay under \$2.50 or the lady will think you’re trying to set up a funeral home or buy her immortal soul. And last of all—find out (by hook or by room-mate) what she’s going to wear...this will let you pick the right flowers or else confide in the florist people and take their advice.

### **Outcast**

About breaking dates . . . *don't!*

Which is very fine, you say, but there are times when you have to . . . Well

In the first place, it really takes a darn good reason, and under that you can’t list a more attractive invitation if you wish to avoid the position of a veritable pariah.

In the second place, if this must be logical, try like all get out to break the date a couple of days ahead of time so that another date may be had.

In the third place, ha, variety, try and fix it so that the excuse will reach the party of the second part by a round about route, so that it will convince him, her, or it.

Last and finally, also the fourth place, it is not too good a plan to break dates just for the merry of it. No one will

like you better for it, and you won't get a chance to do it often once you start.

Thus ends our text on the popular no credit course. You may have found that it's not a pipe, but it's well worth the taking. When you are ready to graduate, you should be able to take the final without cramming or any crib notes. We do not guarantee to place every graduate from this course, but we are sure that it will help to make sororities, rooming houses and dorms vacant on week end nights.

# Without Dates

You can and you can't  
but better remember that  
Wisconsin has its Grundys

**W**ERE you ever a girl and did you ever have to pass three or four fellows on a corner? You are and you have? Well then you've felt like a bundle of cellophane, you've caught remarks slung at you and have felt conscious of being graded A, B, or C like some sort of an ox—but we'll guarantee you didn't enjoy it and purposefully go back for more. Of course we agree that a good-looking gal can't always slip by unnoticed, but here's a hint to the look'er-up-and-downer; if you are "being done things to" by what passes before your eyes a nice quiet whistle will convey your state of mind. How about it?

## On your toes!

We feel like a flat flunk when we're stood up, but being stood up for makes an A plus-plus feel like nothing compared to us. If youse guys would only put all your weight on your two feet when a petticoat swishes into the room—well, there might be an epidemic of deaths from sudden shock, but a few pleasantly surprised looking corpses could tell a pretty convincing tale. Some say "Oh, don't get up," but it's a good idea even though everything in sight gets knocked down in the struggle—and then there's always the possibility that if you rise for her she might fall for you.

If you're a co-ed and get a little disgruntled at having to let yourself in and out of cars, here's a swell idea that'll

work if you're smart enough to try it—and we're betting one try will do the trick. As soon as the car stops, tear like mad to the door your escort will use, open, and hold it for him. That's a dare! Your compact may come in handy to patch up a red face that isn't yours—but why worry? It's your game.

Some kinds of hold-ups are criminal offenses but we assure you it's no crime to hold up a girl's coat. Coats like being held up, too—ask one sometime. Only thing is you have to sort of judge distance and height so no broken bones are left lying around after the struggle is over.

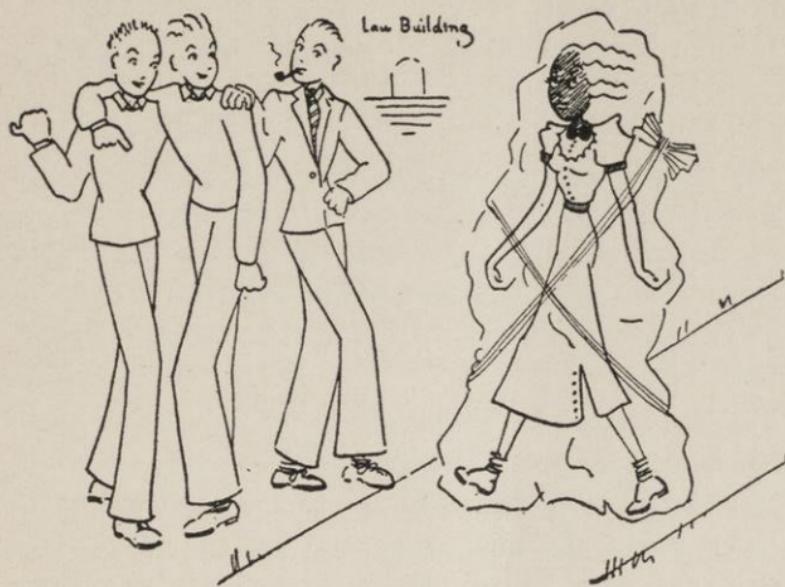
### **Smokes and chews**

Gum chewing? Depends on the movement. We say it does things for concentration, fashion says go to it and get beautiful. Whatever the urge it's plainly evident that the gurgling contortionist is unanimously voted down at card tables, in theatres, and such. We agree that the stuff is hard to get rid of second-hand—first 'cause it's pretty stick-to-itive and then too it loses something; but as to the parking problem—sorry, you'll have to use your head—!

Smoking on the street is and isn't done. It's up to the gal or house she belongs to. Some fellows are apt to get the wrong impression when they see their womanhood blasting along the main drag in broad daylight. If you're ambling down a rustic lane and feel you aren't getting all you should out of the beauty and nature—go right ahead.

### **Hangout hang-arounders**

A hangout may be defined as a haven for that group commonly recognized as sitter-onners, stick-arounders, stay-putters, or what have you—anyway they're always on the spot to greet a chance stopper-inner and might almost be



pigeon-holed as living ads for said establishment. We'll grant that cokes help the day along and gambling machines have a certain come-hither, but it's a darned shame there's no salary, bonus or commission for the patron-perpetual.

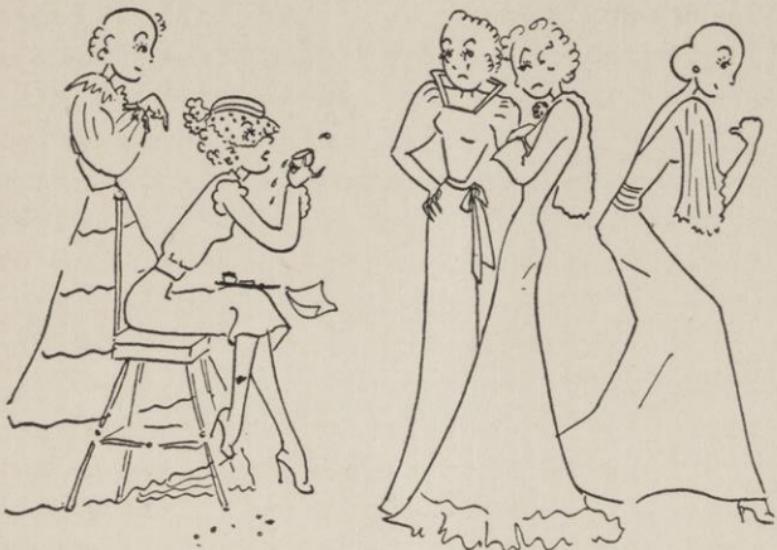
Concerning campus-frequented ale-houses, most gals feel that a date is the best kind of pass word. The more bold will go in unescorted—in two's or three's. There might be a question about how late at night you can get away with it—but don't feel just 'cause you haven't got a date you can't do anything or go anywhere. Everybody can't date all the time. Sure—we know—you figure maybe somebody'll see you and feel sorry for poor, lonely, unpopular you. 'Fraidy-cat! At Wisconsin nobody gives it a second thought. Besides you might as well go to the movies, a concert, game or whatever's going to happen—rather than sit around and mope 'cause for one evening you've been left out of the shuffle.

## About that rushing . . .

If you come to school with the idea of joining a fraternity or sorority you must expect to be picked apart and torn to pieces but you have to grin and bear it. If you try awful gushy hard to impress the club you like, they'll gush you out of the front door. If you sit like a dummy and never open your mouth they don't know you the next time. Your problem is to make somebody think you're swell and we can't lay down any law for that! Anyhow, *don't* call them "frats."

Teas are continually hitting one in the face with what to wear, how much to eat and how long to stay. Occasions vary so you have to decide for yourself or among friends. A street-length afternoon dress with hat and gloves is a pretty good guess for any tea on the campus. We'll agree the food problem is kind of ticklish—they usually put such dainty looking little tit-bits in front of you but nobody wants to be labelled PIG. Eat and run if you have to—some sort of apology is a good idea. If the conversation sounds dull and makeshift be all ears anyway and maybe add a witty word or two. If deans or faculty are present be sure and give 'em the hi-sign.

At luncheons and dinners you dress as to hour and function; formal or informal. Ever since man started using implements instead of eating with his fingers, he's had to be careful as to how he handled his tools. It's easy to practice at home or among friends so you won't slip in "company". You may be a gentle breeze, but your efforts at soup-cooling aren't appreciated. And if at any time cigarettes are in order we think that ash trays are decidedly the most fashionable things to ash in. Cigarette butt dunking not only ruins the digestion but is nasty-messy. And as for the well known burp—!!



## Line play

The reception line isn't exactly our favorite campus sport. As lines go it does pretty well at holding out but the attitude of the few stragglers who manage to wade through to the other end is a complete give away. Some shake hands—some don't. Sometime a crier will yell your name—whereupon you feel conscious of everything that holds you together—but don't fall apart or anything. If your name is just passed along the line you may have to repeat it—that's o.k. If you've forgotten it—blush—you should. Any-way—as long as they're holding out go on through 'em. Nobody'll bite you.

Introductions often get bawled up. In deciding between "Pleasedter meetya" and "How-de-do" choose the latter. You'll find it requires far less effort on your part to get it out. Try saying 'em both. "May I present" is always a safe beginning and of course—*younger to older and Miss to Mrs.*



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