

then you can pick it up after the meeting. She said, "I'm going to spend the night there anyway. So we went down town, and then after the performance, as we came back, she said, "I feel rather tired; would you mind dropping me at my house instead of at the sorority?" So I did so. Then I went over to the house campus to get my knapsack. I came to the door and could see no one inside. I guess I rapped lightly on the door. There was no one visible, and I saw the knapsack just a little distance inside the door where I had left it. So I opened the door, stepped in, picked up the ~~knapsack~~ knapsack, and just at that moment the house mother, who was alone in the house, and was on the second floor, hearing steps down stair, hollered, "Who's there? what do you want?" ~~And~~ And I was not very quick in thinking what to say I guess. I started to say "I came for one of the girls to get my knapsack--which she had me leave here." But when I got to the word "girls" she interrupted and said, "You get out of here this minute; you get right out of here." She yelled that. Well, I did as she said. I picked up my knapsack and stepped out of the house and went over to the ~~Kenowan~~ Kenowan Club, and while I was there I heard a tremendous racket from the direction from which I had come. I found out the next day that this neurotic woman had yelled and screamed and the fellows in the fraternity house a block away heard her and they came running, and when they came running in the door, wondering what terrible thing was happening there, she heard them come in the door and she yelled louder still, and so she was yelling inside and she fastened the door shut and they went upstairs and she was yelling and they didn't know what might be happening in the room where she was, and so they broke down the door. It ~~made~~ made quite a commotion. Later that year, when one of my good friends wanted to call a meeting of the fellows for me to explain what had happened, he said, "I think if the fellows hear about it they ~~won't~~ won't hold it against you, but he said I'm sure the girls ~~won't~~ will never forgive you." He was quite wrong in his evaluation because I was elected by a majority of the students to be editor of the paper for the next year.

Years later, when I was working, preparing my thesis for publication, I spent several summers at the University of Chicago. By this time Dr. ~~Wiemann~~ Wiemann had become