

Dobbs' Duties

Professor Jamieson J. Dobbs sat very erect at his very showy carved desk and fiddled with his watch chain. Professor Dobbs was contemplating a serious problem, or so it seemed to him. He was worried. Tomorrow the season's biggest football game was to take place in their own stadium and if there was anything in the world that Jamieson J. Dobbs hated it was football. And to make matters worse some fresh undergraduate had dared to send him, Professor Dobbs, two tickets to the game. But that wasn't the real cause of his worry for Professor Dobbs was the Dean of the Arts Faculty and also master of undergraduate discipline and he knew that there would be the usual immense bonfire and celebration; he knew also that it was his job to keep two thousand students from rioting. Now in most colleges, he contemplated, the faculty just let them go ahead, but Professor Dobbs would certainly stand for no such thing—it was entirely unnecessary. He mused and fiddled with his watch chain and sat in a maze of dignity and authority, for that was the Dobbs' delight—authority, showiness and formality. He loved to stand up before the boys and state the "whys" and "wherefores" of his regulations, with emphasis on his own authority.

He jumped up from his chair, pushed a hand through his hair and with two strides of those lanky limbs was out of the door and on his way down the corridor. Impulse had demanded that he call a meeting of the student council. Within an hour Dobbs had succeeded in collecting these students and demanded their support in regulating the discipline. The council, two of whom were players, were anxious to get out with the others for the celebration and gave Dobbs no satisfaction whatever. It grieved Dobbs not to be able to demand and be deferred to; however, he consoled himself with a cigar and his watch chain until he saw, from his window, the lines of students arrayed in pyjamas running from the dormitories to the stadium.

It wasn't hard to see the number of them by the light of their own torches, and by the time the Professor arrived at the stadium the bonfire was being lighted. He watched for some time, while the students piled up more signs, boxes, etc. to fuel the fire, but when the cry arose for the "rushers" to go out and get more signs, he ran up to the

higher seats in the stand and asked the students in general to remember that "As students of Hallows you must be gentlemen and not give way to such childish amusements." But Hallows wasn't to be quelled at this stage of the game and events finally led up to the students' forcing the much outraged Professor Dobbs into a car and starting him off for his house across the campus.

Dobbs straightened his black bow tie and adjusted the wings of his collar "Great Ceasar!" he muttered, "the complete audacity of them."

"Home Sir?" asked the chauffeur.

"Most certainly not, my man," exploded Dobbs, "I can't let this go on. I'll settle it once and for all. Great Ceasar! They must be down on the square! Hurry man, hurry!"

When Dobbs finally lurched out of the car the police were trying to prevent the students from putting a tram car off the track. A very officious chief was shouting orders from the police car to his mounted men. The students were holding things though, and in a few minutes the police drew off and assembled.

"The hose!" cried a student, and then it became a rush, pell mell, to cover before the hose could be turned on them.

"This is my cue," muttered Dobbs, and with the aid of some few meek students, he managed to get onto the roof of the tram car.

"Men," he began, "listen to me." It was chiefly the comic figure he made, more than anything else that captured the students' attention and finally quieted them.

"Men," he began again, "compose yourselves. Think of the consequences of such a cheap brawl—Help! Great Ceasar!" The water from the hose had found Dobbs' midsection and sent him sprawling into the crowd. The squad had evidently taken him for a student leader of the uprising. Having regained his composure, Dobbs elbowed his way towards the chief officer, intending to reprimand him severely. But the chief wasn't in the frame of mind to be reprimanded, and merely jostled him aside. Dobbs, however, his dignity deeply wounded already, and his weight of authority rudely snatched from him, became enraged to an extent which surprised even himself. He caught the officer by the shoulder, whirled him around, and demanded some recognition of his authority.

"Beat it," threatened the exasperated chief, "or I'll crown you with this club!"

And then Professor Jamieson J. Dobbs actually struck the man with such force as to knock him completely unconscious. Now the riot was in full sway, and cries "Good old Dobbs!" and "He's with us!" came from the mob.

The following morning Dobbs sat in the room at the courthouse telling a reporter about the preceding night. "Great Caesar!" he exclaimed, "I actually enjoyed popping that officer fellow, he was such a stubborn mule. You know, my man, I don't blame the boys at all, really. Let them have their fun. That's my motto, and it has always proved true. You know I've been managing these students for fifteen years and the only way to do it is to see their point of view. And you ought to see the game this afternoon, for it'll be good. They say we have a good team. Great Caesar! I must get out of here in time to see that game."

—D. J. F., '35



There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

For prosperity doth best discover vice;
But adversity doth best discover virtue.

—*Bacon*

