Man About Town

By Dan Fusters

"I knew I'd get here, if I wrote hard enough," stated president-elect Bobby Bledgers, to a group of eager reporters at the Union Pacific terminal yesterday, as he was leaving Chicago for his home in Speedunkville, Mass.

Bleecey Bobby, as he is known at home, has worked for thirty years, since 1922, for the Woodbury group of the United States, and, as he himself says, "The way I got where I am now was by supporting not what was right but what most of the goofs wanted. Ha. Ha. Ha."

Hearsay has it he's a smooth, sleek, slicker, that fellow Bobby, and, besides being a hell of a good eater himself, he knew how to feed it to the governor of the home state when he was nothing but an insignificant columnist on the Worst papers of Speedunkville.

However, he's no longer the pining type, or at least that's what the outgoing President, Bim Burleigh, intimated when he said in his farewell address, "I am being succeeded by a fine guy, folks, and one who'll surely cater to your wishes, if you'll promise to re-elect him. That's my private opinion, anyway, because, if you want to know little secret, he worked for me for thirty years and did a hell of a good job."

Well, he's President now and we can't do anything about it. But there might be some hope, because he used to be an English Prof. at the Speedunkville Seminary, and English profs are notoriously upright. However, the president-to-be is one of those vague and uncertain types, or at least so he impressed the reporter. In fact, he never did get around to saying goodbye at the station. He just said, "Or at least so to speak, you know, I mean undoubtedly, but rather, and the train was out of sight around the bend before he finished.

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between conservation and distortion of a finer viewpoint which no educated man can neglect."

Asked to explain more fully, Franciscus brought the matter closer to home by specific examples. "The matter is closely akin to the selection of fine timber," he explained, "one selects for the present the poorer and the finer material and uses only the portion of the average quality. But for really fine work, when one's heart beats with the thrill of an artist, and one's hand has the master's touch, one selects a really fine specimen, lathierio unhewn."

"Just," he declared, "just look at the co-eds!"

PHYSICS DEPT.
LEAVES STUITE

Following the decision of the faculty to cut the number of units of freshman Physics from 11 to 5 (in connection with the change in the number of class days per week) The Tech has learned that the Physics Department has decided to move out, lock, stock, and barrel to roost at the joint up the river. "Where we will be properly appreciated," as Professor Pears so quaintly put it.