It was the last race of the afternoon. The sun was setting behind Harvard Bridge as the two minute warning signal sounded, when suddenly and without warning Joe, the skipper of No. 10, slumped forward. Out of control, No. 10 rammed No. 28 amidship, and as the crew of No. 10 went aft and took the tiller both boats headed for the dock, No. 28's skipper hollering “foul” and bloody murder. Which, although he did not know it, was what it was — the skipper of No. 10 had a bullet in his brain.

The murder was a mystery. It still is, for that matter, because I haven’t yet decided who did it, or why. But I’ll see if I can’t work out something good for you.

Nobody had heard the shot. Likewise nobody in the vicinity had a gun. But the cops took care of that angle by postulating that No. 10’s crew had used a gun with a silencer on it and had dropped the thing overboard in the confusion on the Charles. They even had a motive — No. 10’s crew was a Wellesley Junior (this surprises me as much as it does you) who was mad on Joe because he was seeing too much of her roommate.

There was only one flaw in the theory that she had shot him. The bullet had come from the opposite direction, from the direction of Harvard Bridge, and there was nothing between the skipper of No. 10 and the bridge but a lot of Charles River and a misguided gooney.

(There was only one flaw in the theory that she had shot him. The bullet had come from the opposite direction, from the direction of Harvard Bridge, and there was nothing between the skipper of No. 10 and the bridge but a lot of Charles River and a misguided gooney.

(I’ll have to keep that gooney in mind — he may be useful.)

Myrtle (that was the Wellesley girl’s name) had a theory of her own. It was based on the best scientific reasoning. It involved observation and stuff. It also involved experimentation. Which is why Myrtle did some peculiar things during the next few days. First she bought a gun. Then she bought a Maxim silencer. Then she went to the zoo and stole their best gooney.

Then Myrtle did a dreadful thing. She put the silencer on the gun, and loaded the gun with blanks. And then she made that poor innocent gooney swallow that gun, silencer, blanks and all! Myrtle had a Theory.

Myrtle lived with that gooney for two weeks and four days and nothing happened. On the fifth day she went sailing again, and took the gooney with her. And right then and there all hell popped loose. In fact all hell popped loose six times. It all happened because the gooney got away. The gooney got a drink of water out of the Charles Basin. And that is where the hells began bursting loose. The gooney began to belch, and with every belch the gun in its stomach (or wherever it had been carrying that gun) went off. And that was how poor Joey had died. The gooney that had been upriver from him had had a loaded gun in its stomach, and had drank Basin water, and the inevitable had happened — that gooney had begun to belch. And the loaded gun had gone off, and the bullet had killed both the gooney and Joe.

The moral of this story is obvious, don’t drink water out of the Charles River Basin if you have a loaded gun in your stomach.

Technology, Radcliffe Tilt in Debate Over Courses in Marriage

— The Tech.

We figure that it’s all right if they tilt, as long as they don’t fall.

Six Technology Men Represent Ethiopia In Harvard Meeting

— The Tech.

These Foreigners in the Dormitories!

Wellesley Spellers Will meet Tech Team On N.B.C. Broadcast

— The Tech.

Wellesley evidently getting Tech men into a spell.