Charley

(Continued from Page 6)

than the clothes, even after Charlie had pulled the stunt on one of Boston’s finest. His best effect was when two old ladies seeing the plunging figure first screamed until they were hoarse, then became physically sick at the sordidness of it, and finally had hysterics all the way home and long into the night.

Technology was far from immune to Charlie’s whims. The A.E.S. glider appeared nonchalantly moored to the dome by three twenty-foot cords which permitted it to take off and soar like a kite when the wind came up. Vermin appeared in Walker food, but not all of this was attributed to Charlie. The column tops of the Institute were impregnated with soluble pigments which produced rainbow effects down the columns in stormy weather. The names atop the pylons disappeared one night and investigation proved that the letters had been filled in with quick-drying cement. The ventilating system acquired a peck of soot and a group of visiting school children marched out of the Eastman labs in blackface. Chemistry lecturers found the Cambridge tap water suddenly strongly basic, but this could not be depended upon since it was likely to become acidic even in the middle of a lecture.

The pendulum under the dome began to swing in oscillations of slowly increasing magnitude and the rotation of the earth seemed to have become reversed. It was not for three seminars and eight national conferences that Charlie’s rotating field was discovered in the chart table.

Finally Charlie planned his master stroke. He circulated rumors that Robert Taylor was due to inspect Technology. He had Witchell insisting on it. Three Boston papers ran the story that Taylor had heard about a new and more glamorous type of woman at Tech and was coming to investigate. The New York Times quoted him as saying that he was searching for a bride. Coeds received form letters from Taylor’s secretary asking for their qualifications for marriage. An informal class under Tubby Rogers was held nights on “How to please Bob Taylor.” Coeds began to wear silk lingerie. In fact, they began to wear lingerie. A telegram from Hollywood denied that Taylor was interested in Tech or Tech coeds. The Boston American headlined “Taylor Fears Reds at M.I.T.” “Star to Select Engineering Bride in Secret.” Charlie was in ecstasy.

Now Charlie made his second and his last mistake. Instead of hiring someone else, he decided he wanted to be on hand himself when the story broke. He would masquerade as Taylor himself.

Sixty-five coeds, present and alumnae, waited with bared teeth as the New York train drew into South Station. Two hundred police were required to hold them back from the tracks. As Charlie, made up to a passing likeness of Taylor, stepped off the train the mob burst through the police lines and descended upon him. When the dust had cleared away Charlie was married to a six-foot Amazon and was the father of twins.

Today Charlie is a mild-mannered, pathetic sort of a person. I went out to visit him and his wife last week. When my head was turned he shook salt into my coffee. I tried to smile when I tasted it but didn’t succeed. It wasn’t very funny. He looked hopelessly at me like a dog that has been castrated. Charlie is a mild-mannered, pathetic sort of a person.

Penguin

(Continued from preceding page)

the third Tramp lifted the Penguin to his shoulder. Fuzz leaped to his feet.

“What in the Margaret Cheney Room?” he began.

“My roommate,” said the first Tramp. “From Harvard,” sniffed the second Tramp. And the third Tramp shrugged his hips.

“A man?” demanded Fuzz bewildered.

“Can we help it?” said the first Tramp. “Complain to his parents,” said the second Tramp. And the third Tramp marched away.

Fuzz turned to his captive in bewilderment. “You lied,” he said dully.

“Now don’t be an old Fuzz-box,” said she petulantly. “Every girl has a line and can I help it if mine is unusual?”

“But you do?” he asked hopefully.

“Of course,” she said firmly.

And from here on there is nothing new.

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Cave Felicem

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