RAH, RHEINDHARDT

Harvard's athletic contest with Wheaton College for women marks an UNPRECEDEDENT step in the Crimson athletic policy.

Coincidentally with Tech's BOLD entry into football, Harvard has DARED TO CHALLENGE the girls of Wheaton college to a game of field hockey.

Their defeat to the tune of fifteen to nothing, we are forced to acknowledge, much as it GRIEVES us, was a moral victory for the men of Rheindhardt.

Coach Murga Troyd, '11, of our coed team, revealed that should Harvard win another such MORAL victory, they would be allowed to meet the Beaver Skirts.

THE Cat's Meow


Editor. The Tech.

Robert F. Tilton Table.

Stop Joe's Bar.

Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Please, sir Galahad, wouldn't that honor could perhaps, maybe, write an editorial against Field Day. Probably, in the near future, sorta putting it up to the Corporation, the Institute Committee and Mr. A. L. M. Dinger (who I understand has the last word to say on all lower class affairs) to abolish the damn thing.

After all nobody really enjoys the affair except for the exception of the Field Day Marshall and Dean Lobbett, and many of the lower-minded women in the audience. The FRESHMEN, brassy, brown shoes, Registration day by some mysterious number that begins with an S, and a fellow by the name of Frank, just don't seem to have a chance in the affair. The Sophomores, supersaturated with the worries of trying to fit in the Field Day Dance and the Sophomore Dance couldn't on a $25 per week allowance, leave the results of the brawl up to the Field Marshall, who can count on massacring the FRESHMEN before it starts, anyway.

I know the The Tech would love to stop all this silly chatter and Field Day, so that they could get some news instead of trash about adventures of a bunch of rowdy kids. After all, they are a bunch of rowdy kids. Why I've heard that all lower classmen are forced to run around a track at breakdown speed under whips, snapped by the upper class Simon Legrees. Of course, everyone knows that running is bad for the heart.

Pulling at a string seems sort of senseless pastime for such brilliant people as the sophomores, unless they're testing the strain and stress caused by fifty boys tugging on.

For lighting on the Charles River, why somebody may drown if the marines should hit any of the hogs planted during the last Republican administration by a jealous Democrat. Of course, the fight with gloved doesn't seem too bad, cause how many anyone get hurt from a slap on a wet rock or a glove on.

Please, won't you do something about this annual slaughter of innocent lambs, before it's too late, and have me coming to pick up with John Arl Odor (due to over-exertion) can I just run out of Mum, and I won't stand it.

Hopefully,

JUNE MOON

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