LIQUID LOSS LOOMS
PHOS POOLS EFFORT

Before the races for Field Day could be held this afternoon, certain arrangements had to be made. For the first time in the history of the Alumni Pool, which has been used since the beginning of last year, the pool was found empty this morning.

This called for fast action by Gordon Smith, coach of both freshman and Sophomore Field Day swimming, who quickly contacted "Oaf" Metzger, general manager of Voo Doo and contracted with him to use the unsold copies of the last issue to line the pool in order to save water. It was estimated that by this move many hours of valuable time would be saved and a donation of approximately one million gallons of water to the war effort was made possible.

The number of Voo Doo's necessary to fill the bottom four feet of the pool was not given out by either party, as it was too indicative of the over exuberance of the magazine's staff in their sales hopes.

The next obstacle lying before the swimmers was occasioned by the Voo Dooers themselves. As their chief bull slinger explained, hydrolysis took place as the water (Cambridge Tap Water) began lapping at the magazines. To the audience, nothing unusual was seen. But to Phos, an odor was unmistakably the smell of beer. For what's more than a dent is blissfully unaware of the over exuberance of the magazine's staff in their sales hopes.

Finally the effect of it all wore off to the relief of Phos. A crew of 1,500 jammed into the pool to work immediately after, and are expected to have swimming shape again by the first Olympic Games of the war.

Harker Haunts Frosh in Speakeasy
Son of Cyclops Uses T.E.N. Secrets To Ease Saddle Sores

The windows of the Centered and fell into a mill as James T. Harker, the son of T.E.N. fame, shouted at a platoon of thrombosi men who were in the act of a mid-air flailing their arms wildly.

The elegant Texan proved the strength of his I.D.R. to the autres whether the toes should be spread apart. He even tried it, if it were not a bad case of saddle sores, to astride a stool at the center of his bare soles.

"I have lost another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the sink.