WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!

This has been going on LONG ENOUGH! We mean the matter of this cat that has been coming into our office! Apparently seeking a refuge for the hot air on the third floor of Walker, THIS FELINE has been straying into the NEWS-ROOM SUITE of this publication too censored much!

The first time it was like THIS:


With that, the cat puts his feet up on our typewriter's QWERTYUIOP. Angrily, we knocked them off. "Hic," said the cat, and he spat a wad of chewing tobacco in our eye. Impelled from below, the cat rose to higher heights than ever before. The broken window cost us sixty-three cents.

The second time the cat came in he was carrying a shovel. He seated himself on the dictionary and said, "That last issue of the magazine you fellows put out was darn good." We continued typing. "What, no milk?" We looked up. "Wrong office, cat." The cat replied, "Hic." Counting the window broken by the shovel, the bill was now a buck and twenty-six cents.*

FAIR WARNING TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

If that smelly quadruped comes in here again, we are going to set OXYGEN, our office rat on it. OXYGEN doesn't get along with Phosphorus!

* The bill for one dollar and eighty-nine cents is being sent to the office of the M.I.T. Voodoo, which, it is rumored, owns the monstrosity.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

Dear Editor:

I hope you will print this, because I want the general student who doesn't read voodoo to know what I got to say.

I got complaints to make! First thing—I always read voodoo, and I missed getting a copy of the last issue because of all those guys who are buying voodoo to start fires with in the morning. If enough people ask, maybe they will print more copies. It they would make a canvas of their reading public and print about eighty percent beyond this, they would be safe. They could still sell out, as long as the paper shortage lasts.

Second thing—lots of people criticize voodoo, and I do not think this is justfide. voodoo probably prints the best collection of clipped jokes in the country—I think they do a perfectly wonderful job of clipping all these hundreds of college magazines. To be fair, I must admit that their own stuff is corny, but sometimes they get an idea when they do it really good. Take the fly jokes in the last issue (I finally found a copy of this damn thing) as an example.

Third thing—these people talk about the illiteracy of the voodoo staff disgust me. What their grammar isn't too good. Their fault?

Fourth thing—I think that this Tech stinks! All you fellows who print is news. I wouldn't come for The Tech if you paid me doubles, what the voodoo has offered.

Next week I am going to take experience (five terms of fresher English) up to the voodoo and help that Ray White fellow there with their next big issue. I want the general student who doesn't read voodoo to know what I got to say! Third thing—these people talk about the illiteracy of the voodoo staff disgust me. What their grammar isn't too good. Their fault?

Yours sincerely,
Frankie Elyee Arture