Frosh Executive Committee To New York After President Escapes Soph Adbutors

by Bob Leischik '60

"On Thursday afternoon I was walking across Harvard Bridge when several cars stopped, and over twenty sophomores descended on me. Seeing resistance was hopeless, I signaled the freshman I was with to run, and resisted until he had escaped."

"Once I was in the car I was held securely and the car was driven out to Brookline, where I was blindfolded, bound, and transferred to another car. I was then taken to an apartment near Fenway Park. My captors said that as long as I made no attempt to escape they would treat me as well as possible under the circumstances. They also said they desired my presence at the Sophomore aug-Hill.

"For dinner I was taken to a drive-in where I was given a steak dinner. After dinner I was taken to a Harvard dorm. Also present at the dorm were three Harvard students apparently recruited to help hold me by the friendly sophomores. At this point escape seemed impossible. However, I began to complain that I could not study well in the cramped dorm room. Finally, to silence my protestations, my captors took me to a library. There I wrote a note which said: 'Help, I am an MIT Freshman being held prisoner against my will. Can you help me escape?' After I had studied a while, it was decided to return me to the dorm. On the way out I slipped my note to a man who was either a janitor or a Harvard proctor. He stepped up, asking what the note meant. While the people with me gagged, I turned and ran. I ran out on Memorial Drive, where I jumped in front of a car. When they stopped, I opened the door and leaped in, crying for them to go, go, go."

"At first the three Harvard students in the car thought I was either drunk or insane, but finally I convinced them that really was the president of the MIT freshman class newly escaped. After this the guys in the car got me up for the night, and offered me full hospitality. In the morning I called Dwayne Burnham, the Freshman Inscomm Representative. After Dwayne had taken his story, I picked up Art Shallock, the vice-president, and drove out to pick up the other fellows where I was staying. Joe Verderber, the Secretary-Treasurer, had apparently disappeared, as Dwayne could not find him at this time. Then we drove down to New York. Friday night we met the poor, frustrated sophomores a trangress, which said: 'Sorry we missed your party. We were unavoidably detained. Wish you were here, Signed: Executive Committee, Freshman Class.'"

So she went for the full count at a high-priced beauty salon and bought several quarts of Midnight on the Pyramids.

But Caesar wasn't buying the pitch. "Timmm," thinks Cleo, "I'll finesse the Queenship with my ace."

When upon she summited in with several tankards of the fine beer that Egyptians had been brewing for thousands of years. (Let's face it—here comes the commercial.)

"By Jupiter," said Julio, "this is good! Such clear, sparkling brilliance! Such refreshing flavor! Such creamy foam! Be mine... be Queen... but above all be generous with this delightful brew!" Sooner did you learn to make it?"

"Why... myummy taught me," she answered coyly, passing him a proof.

And from then on, Cleo clung to Caesar; even in Rome where she heard a soothsayer mutter something about the Idea of March."

"Ah, the Idea of March," exclaimed Cleo, "that's Bock Beer time in Egypt."

"Ah, his!" thinks Cleo, "here is where I create about six pages for The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. When I'm through with this boy, I'll be Queen of Egypt and he'll be selling his memoirs in drugstores for two-bits a copy."

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What Cleopatra taught Caesar

or... She asped for it

Once upon a time there was a many-squaw named Cleopatra living in Egypt. She came from a very good family and had a figure like a million becons.

One day she met Julius Caesar, who was Roofin' Egypt on a very liberal expense account.

"Ah, the Idea of March," exclaimed Cleo, "that's Bock Beer time in Egypt."