For both technical and non-technical graduates, Con Edison offers a career in New York... the most exciting city in the Country!

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Before most of today’s graduates reach thirty-six years of age, no less than 776 top management positions at Con Edison will be filled by new faces... mainly through retirement. That means countless opportunities to move into key positions all the way up the line!

Be sure to speak with one of our interviewers until the spring. Meanwhile, pick up a copy of our book, “Con Edison—The Right Place To Build Your Future”, You’ll find copies in the Placement Office.

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WHERE EVERYONE MEETS UNDER THE SKY.

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OF \b

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TUESDAY, FEB. 7, 1962

THE TECH

SENIORS:
YOU’D BE SMART TO TALK WITH THE MAN FROM CON EDISON

G. L. FROST CO., INC.
AUTOMOBILE BODY REPAIRING & REFINISHING
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THE TRUE AND TRAGIC TALE OF HAPPY JACK SIGAFOOS

Who would have thought that Happy Jack Sigafoos, the boy the sky never rained on, would teeter on the edge of a life of crime? Certainly there was no sign of it in his boyhood. His home life was tranquil and uplifting. His mother was a nice fat lady who hummed a lot and gave baskets to the poor. His father was a respected citizen who could imitate more than 400 bird calls and once saved an elderly widow from drowning in his good suit. (That is Mr. Sigafoos was in his good suit; the elderly widow was in a swimming trunk.) Happy Jack’s life was nothing short of a fairy tale—till he went off to college.

Here Happy Jack quickly became a typical freshman—tweedly, seedy, and needy. He learned the joys of rounding out his personality, and he limited the cost. His allowance vanished like dew before the morning sun. There were times, it grieves me to report, when he didn’t even have enough money for a Marlboro-less and miserable, Happy Jack tried to get more money from home. He wrote long, impassioned letters, pointing out that the modern, large-captality girl simply could not be courted on his meager allowance. But all Jack got back from home were tiresome hemiats about thrift and prudence.

Then one dark day a sinister sophomore came up to Jack and said, “For one dollar I will sell you a list of friendly, clever lads to tell your father when you need some extra money.” He gave Jack the list of lendably clever lads. Jack read:

1. A bunch of us fellows are getting together to buy a new house for the Dean of Men.
2. A bunch of us fellows are getting together to build our own particle accelerator.
3. A bunch of us fellows are getting together to endow a chair of Etruscan Art.
4. A bunch of us fellows are getting together to build our own particle accelerator.

For a moment poor Jack was tempted; surely his father could not but support all these laudable causes. Then Jack’s good upbringing overcame the fear. He turned to the sinister sophomore and said, “No, thank you. I could not deceive my aged parent so. And as for you, sir, I can only say—”

Upon hearing this the sinister sophomore broke into a huge grin. He whipped off his black hat and paste face—and who do you think it was? None other than Mr. Sigafoos, Happy Jack’s father, that’s who.

“Good lad!” cried Mr. Sigafoos. “You have passed your test brilliantly.” With that he gave Happy Jack a half dozen dollars in small bills and a convertible containing power steering and four suicide maidens.

Crime does not pay!