

MARTIANS INVADE P.A.

Assembly Speaker Inspires Audience To Mob Hysteria

A singularly unusual speaker was presented to the P. A. assembly as the chairman introduced him saying, "Today we have with us Mr. John E. Hambright, who is president of the Ladies Undergarment Union. Mr. Hamright is also head of the committee for improvement of upstate curbs and sidewalks... Mr. Hamgout.

"As president of the subcommittee for graft and fineigling of public funds I speak with experience when I say that the government of this commonwealth is one of the most corrupt state governments in the middle New England States. Our committee is doing its best to ameliorate this lamentable situation." Mr. Briningham thus stated the theme at the opening of his orations, which according to Mr. Pezwick, English teacher bacchanalia, "touched on several impertinent, hic, subjects."

Mr. Brightman went on to say, "that in the ranks of public officials everyone is a potential menace to the safety and well being of public funds—thus providing unlimited competition for my little group."

"We have, in the last week, saved 200,000 from being embezzled through fraudulent measures. A truly remarkable piece of engineering and bookkeeping! Of course our books are frequently audited by well paid C. P. A.'s" Thus Mr. Brighton proved by specific example the efficiency and integrity of his little mob.

Mr. Brightwater next mentioned the subject of unemployment, but he said he didn't want to talk on that subject too long. He substantiated his point of view by stating that the main thing wrong with unemployment is that too many people are out of work. "Now the best way to

(Continued on Page Four)

The PHILLIPPIAN

ANDOVER 31

PHILLIPS MILK OF MAGNESIA

EXETER 6

Reporters Discover Aliens, Ship Making Base On Vista

Last evening as the PHILLIPPIAN editors lodged in a sordid atmosphere of old articles, old glue, old scissors, old rulers, an old unmailed PHILLIPPIANS (God bless them) plotted the intricacies of their sheet, one could feel an air of solemn discontent hanging over their den.

Peering from under a pile of scrap paper the Managing Editor observed, "We need something new!"

The Features Editor, busy over in a corner writing up a slew of unpublishable articles, echoed this sentiment. "Variety is the spice of life" he pointed out.

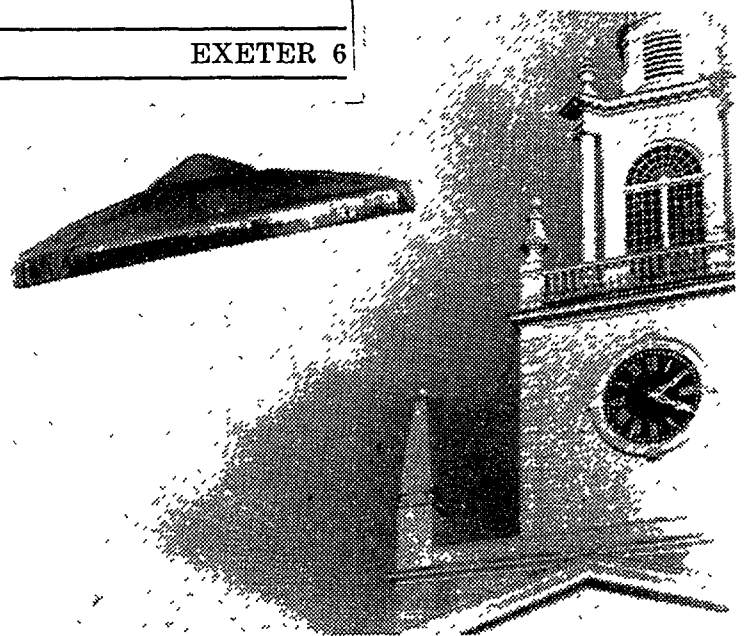
The Editor mumbled something incoherent but everyone understood him in a flash. He always mumbles

incoherently. Sounds like he's got mud in his mouth. He's a lousy Editor, anyway. I hate Editors. "No news like old news," he grunted. "Anyway, new news is too much work." Poor attitude, too.

"Why can't something happen to this sheet once in a while, an A-Bomb or something," remarked the General Manager. That's the General Manager for you, always dreaming. I hate General Managers.

It was standing in the corner. It wasn't big, it wasn't small, it wasn't even medium sized. It was just sort of "there." It didn't walk, talk, run, or jump. It just existed. We asked it who it was, but it only grunted. Its grunt sounded like the Editor, but it wasn't. The Editor was sleeping under the table. General Manager poked it a few times. It giggled. Managing Editor flexed his muscles for it, and it blushed. (Continued on Page Six)

NOTICE



MARTIAN space ship shown landing in front of Sam Phil early this morning. The effer burbing bri dazzleucc is caused by intense molecular activity around the ship.

Mass Flylo Debate Decides That P. A. Should Secede From Union; Churchill, Caesar, Cicero Downed For Negative

One evening last week, in the Biology Lab on the third floor of Morse Hall, the Flylomathean Society sponsored an entertaining and educational debate; resolved: Phillips Academy should secede from the union. For the negative, Winston Churchill, M. Tullius Cicero, and C. Julius Caesar debated, while Bill Smith, John Doe and Joe Doakes upheld the affirmative.

The first constructive speaker for the negative was Mr. Churchill, who found himself immediately repremanded for smoking his big, black cigar in the Biology Lab. He responded by extinguishing it in the fish pond. Churchill said that since the U. S. government has done nothing to hurt P. A., there is no need for secession. He also reminded the audience that the country had grown dependant upon the academy to produce Schines and Stevens for the starting of Senate splits and the focusing of national interest on Washington. In his final point, Winnie emphasized that if Andover should decide upon seccsion, it would lose government protection and would be easy prey for the eager Exies and other prep school powers. "We will fight them," summarized Mr. Churchill, but he was rudely drowned out by a chorus of boos from the impatient audience.

The first constructive speaker for the affirmative was Bill Smith, who is well known as one of the most vehement secessionists on the Hill. "Andover is too good for the union!" ranted Mr. Smith. "Why should we spend out time working so that we may later benefit our 'fellow man'? We can form our own

little super-state." He pointed out that the U. S. has never done anything for Andover, and has done the school irreparable harm by erecting a Post Office that always brings the mail to the senior dooms late. His closing remarks were greeted with (Continued on Page Four)

Seniors' Storfs Erded By Profs

The faculty announced yesterday in a surprise meeting, that the seniors' proposal for storfs in the dormitories had been considered by the Fri-pulations Committee, and a unanimous vote was in favor of having three or four soifs installed in each room. These would be of different sizes, the largest of which would extend up the freedle approximately 18 inches. No student would be forced to take them, but if he wanted any, he would have to handle four because the sets cannot be broken. Explicit rules on the care and feeding of storfs will be strictioned out to each student. The health and general knerdiness of each storf will depend upon the extent to which these rules are followed. (Continued on Page Six)

P.A. Poll Shows Varying Opinions

By The Board

Soon after the Martian space ship was discovered resting in the vista in front of Samuel Phillips Hall, a PHILLIPPIAN roving reporter, who will remain anonymous, like all of the others who had anything to do with this issue, was dispatched to the scene to gather personal opinions of the P. A. community with regard to this crisis. This fearless reporter set down the following snatches of conversation before he stepped into a Martian time warp and vanished. (Ed. Note: he was hiseling hieroglyphics on the Memorial Bell Tower).

Rouse: I wonder if Martians have tonsils.
Cooper: Did they bring any Martian women?
Jones, G.: Look at all the votes stepping off that shace spip... uh... er... space ship.

Mr. Leete: I wonder what Martian meat tastes like.

Hale: Quick! Somebody give them some Bibles!

Doykos: Let me get a better view, wiwl you!

Pitts: I was standing behind someone and I couldn't see a thing.



A TYPICAL MARTIAN

Dr. Darling: There's nothing in the Constitution about this!

Barlow, T.: After a bit of mature contemplation, all I can say is, how very odd!

Alexander: Mars is a planet of the solar system. It is conspicuous for the redness of its light. It is fourth in order from the sun, or the next beyond the earth, having a diameter of about 4,200 miles, a period of 687 days, and a mean distance of 141,000,000 miles from the sun.

Briggs: I'll take on any three of the little grubs!

Doherty, A.: What planet do Martians come from?

Byron: Buy the PHILLIPPIAN!

Mr. Kemper: What happened?

Miss Eades: Books about Martians may be found under 878.3, F18xhc.

Kelly: Buy the Pot Pourri!

Mr. Benedict: Watch out; They may have red paint!

Little Orphan Annie: Leapin' lizards!

Sandy: Arf.

Mr. Sorota: How fast can they run?

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The PHILLIPIAN

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Chief Low-Brow
Frederick W. Byron, Jr.

Short and Bald
Robert A. Pitts

THE BOYS
General Nook-Up
Stephen B. Clarkson

Nothing
Stephen Kaye

Pygmy
Mike Bell

Peons
Sam Rea, Jim Lorenz

Shutterbug
David Gould

Missionary
Thomas Hale
Fog-Bound
Richard N. Smith

Yogi
Tom Lawrence
"Cool Cat"
F. Cooper

Colonel
Davidson Ream

Lackeys

R. Bergman, P. Bienstock, R. Fitzgerald, G. Flynn, J. Hartmann, A. Koehl,
E. Tarlov, T. Wolff

Hackers —
Greek

John D. Doykos

Jocks
Gerald Barnes,
Richard L. Sigal
Non-Entity
Ben Cheney

Toad & Co.
Joe Beale,
Tom Burns
Business Board
Charles Duell

Mirror Outcast
T. C. Costello

Editorial

The world in general and Andover specifically have reached a great crisis in their development. Last night, at exactly 2:20 A. M., a space ship from Mars landed on the Vista. Little men ran forth to make calculations, and it seems inevitable that soon millions of other Martians will soon invade our Earth.

Andover, being an intellectual institution of unusual merit will probably be one of the main points of interest for these visitors from another world.

With their advanced technological skills they will make short work of P. A. unless orders are followed carefully. The Instant-Drying Cement which the PHILLIPIAN uses in its make-up is the one thing which seems to stymie the Martians. A tube of said cement will be issued this morning to each student and faculty member, and as further vats of the stuff are brewed by Mr. Weaver and his associates, more glue will be rationed out. Remember, this glue may be your only chance.

At a time such as this, the student body wants, quite naturally, to keep up on all particulars concerning future invasion. The PHILLIPIAN, with an eye towards easing the tensions of the next few days will publish periodically up-to-the-minute accounts of inter-stellar activities direct from the P. A. Astromomy Club. There reports will be interpreted for the average P. A. man by a distinguished group of experts from the Andover Physics and Chemistry Department.

The PHILLIPIAN hopes that panic and hysteria will not infiltrate the campus. A cool head must be maintained at all times. In case of an invasion on the next few days, mobilization orders will be issued through the Headmaster's Office, for it will be several days before the terrified National Guard can be convinced that its safe to come back to Massachusetts.

Keep cool! Stay loose! The tide of affairs on this planet has reached a critical point. Sons of Phillips to the rescue!

THIS ANDOVER

Andover is a wheel. Andover is a wheel way up in de middle o' de air. You're on that wheel. I'm on that wheel. We're all on that wheel. We're going round and round and round. Having fun? Hmmm? Are you getting dizzy? Are you getting sick? Sick of the wheel? Sick of this Andover?

Spring is back with blue days and fair . . . mud.

Three cheers for *The Mikado*. The scenery, get that: the scenery, was superb as usual.

An essay is defined by Webster as "A projecting member left by cut-

ting away the wood around it for insertion into a mortise to make a joint". This most definitely is not what was in evidence in last Thursday's Spleens Essay Contest. Let's watch that!

This is certainly not the time or place to tell all you people what I did over summer vacation, so here I go: I worked as a sand hog this summer and took this opportunity to meet many illustrious persons (most of whom I had already met socially).

As I was burrowing along one day, I spied a familiar face. I rushed up and blurted, "Aren't you Tallulah Plankhead?" I soon found myself with a mouthful of muck. "But, Dahling . . ." I started, but she had gone. Next I encountered Katherine Hepburn. I fairly flew to her side and said, "You must remember me, rally you must, rally. I'm T. C. sploooashh . . ." More muck. While all this was happening, a loud-speaker chanted continuously, "Miss Skinner, Andover calling . . . Miss Skinner, Andover calling." Finally I got someone to recognize me! It was Zasu Pitts, (currently starring in *Gone From Here Flying High to Eternity with the Wind*), but she's my godmother anyway.

I was on work crew this week, under the able direction of Our Master. There were fifty-six people in the crew, and did we ever work. In the course of the week, we had disassembled 86 bleachers, 17 fallen trees, two tennis courts, five dormitories and Our Master . . . all without shovels.

I am now the P. A. agent for Mr. Hazel's weather maps. Get one now for the latest flash on Hurricane Weatherbee!

Down with athletic excuses! The rocks don't believe in them so neither do I. Everyone should take some kind of athletics, even if it is only managing squash.

I had something to say about the girls' school down the street, but I wouldn't want that cornball who writes THAT to say anything about an Abbot and Costello routine.

Toodle-doo till next week (I hope) and remember, this is National Be Kind to Donuts Week.

Movie Preview

Finally it has come! What all P. A. has been waiting for — a 3-D picture! Not just any 3-D picture, but the picture of the year, "*Gone From Here Flying High to Eternity with the Wind*", a Daryl O. Zansnick production.

Never has such a distinguished picture reached the P. A. screen intact. Critics have acclaimed this picture, shouting its praises from coast to coast. (You never saw so many hoarse critics.) After the premier showing in Athol, Massachusetts, where most of the film was shot, one critic was heard to say, "It's the greatest thing to come out of Athol in many years." Another lauded: "The little town's historic landmarks were faithfully reproduced. It was an Athol picture from start to finish." The Herald Tribune said: "... what suspense during the fist-fight in the manure pile, and many other scenes were full of it too." The Times said: "The harvest scenes were very impressive . . . some of the biggest loads ever seen on the screen."

The opening scene shows a young farmer coming out of the hills (into Row C) on a buckboard. He is singing *Big Mamou*, which is incidentally the theme song of the movie. The buckboard is being drawn by eight dachshunds named Ambrose, Basil, Cyril, Demetrius, Erastus, Fergus, Gregory and Homer. When the farmer, Ulysses Ohm by name, reaches Paris, the Pharaoh comes out of his igloo (into Row H) and hands him a goldfish. Ulysses then swallows it and begins to sing *June Is Busting Out All Over*. The camera pans slowly across the desert wastes, and there stands June . . . busting out all over (into Row M). She gives an excited squeal, rushes over to Ulysses, throws her arms about his neck and whispers passionately into his ear, "*Natura non facit saltum*." Whereupon he throws her to the ground, shakes his fist and shouts, "*Salus populi suprema lex esto!*" The Pharaoh interrupts at this tense moment, pleading, "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*."

"*Ex pluribus unum!*" insists Ulysses.

"*Non sibi!*" shrieks the hysterical June. Here the Pharaoh exits, shaking his bald head and muttering, "*Finis origine pendet* . . ."

Ulysses is about to whisk June away to Singapore to marry her, when he is beguiled by the viscious and voluptuous temptress, Hyacinth von Eep. This ill-starred romance ends in tragedy when Hyacinth steps on Cyril, breaking his back and her hip. However,

COMMUNICATION

Tora
Winding Lane
Ballardsvale, Arkansas
November 8, 1954

Dear, Dear Editors,

Down here in the deep, deep South a great value is placed on publications — especially newspapers. Now in the beginning of the fall I sent five dollars to the lovely Business Manager, with the understanding that I would receive the PHILLIPIAN each week, a few days after it was printed.

Now I can understand that in an organization as extensive and complex as yours, it is indeed easy to forget the individual—especially if she lives far, far away and has already paid the five dollars.

I am sure that my little reminder will spur all you wonderful people way up there in New England to remember us all and send us the remaining few editions anyway.

I look forward to seeing what the PHILLIPIAN looks like.

Sincerely yours,

Sally Lou

everything turns out well when Ulysses and June climb onto the buckboard and ride off hand in hand into the rising sun, (and Row X) being pulled by Ambrose, Basil, Demetrius, Erastus, Fergus, Gregory, Homer, Ignatius, Jason and the Pharaoh.

This is not all of the movie, but just enough to ruin it if you were really interested in seeing it. THIS MOVIE IS A DEFINITE "MUST" FOR ANYONE WHO IS READING THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAY-YAM.

The editor of the 1954 Pot Pourri has not come out yet, but between the hypotenuse and the adjacent segment.
The altitude on the hypotenuse of a right triangle is the mean proportional between the segments of the hypotenuse; either leg is the mean proportional between the hypotenuse and the adjacent segment.
The common area is the only poisonous snake of Great Britain. Its range is wide, extending east across Europe and Asia to the island of Shikoku in the Pacific Ocean, south of Spain, and north beyond the Arctic Circle.
The attitude on the hypotenuse of a right triangle is the mean proportional between the segments of the hypotenuse; either leg is the mean proportional between the hypotenuse and the adjacent segment.
The 1954 Pot Pourri has not come out yet, but the editor of the 1955 book says his will be out on time.
Winter athletics have started. They include swimming, boxing, wrestling, squash, hockey, basketball and track. This leaves a wide selection for every body.
Webster defines *hukwun tael* as a Chinese weight (1/16 catty) equivalent to 1.3 oz. or 37.80 g. or the Chinese custom unit upon which the other local tael are based. The yuan dollar (\$0.4611) equals 637/1000 of the hukwun tael.
Abraham Lincoln once said, "Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them."
The Citizens of each state shall be entitled to all Privileges and Immunities of Citizens in the several States.

That Andover

DEAR ELINOR

Hello, all you lovely boys and girls. It's wonderful to be able to look over your letters and help you solve your problems once again. Before we take a look at today's problems, let me remind you to send any questions which you would like to have me answer to Elinor Brown, Box 69, Boston, Mass.

Now for our letters —

Dear Elinor,

I'm shy. I get along perfectly well with other girls, but when a boy comes along, I get red all over and run the other way. Once a boy said hello to me, and I screamed so loud that a policeman came and took the boy to jail for opening conversation.

Then, the other day, in the corridor at school, a certain boy smiled at me, but I didn't blush. I giggled and got goose pimples. Am I in love?

M.M.B.

There's only one solution to your problem, girlie — the South Sea Islands (see ad at bottom of page).

WONDERING?

By this time you're probably trying to figure out why this thing ever came out. Well, don't think too hard. We can't even give much of an answer ourselves. Martians don't land every day, and when they do, they should have special notice made of them.

See you next week; we hope.

Dear Elinor,

I'm desperate I go to school at Dodgers Hall, a girls' prep school, and I haven't been within 100 feet of a boy for three months. I'm dying for a drink, too but I'd overlook that if I could only have one good French kiss. I can't even sleep nights for thinking of Mortimer, Julius, Herky, Jumbo, and Doll-Face. I don't think I can last until Christmas vacation. What should I do?

S.H.M.

My advice to you, dame is to — go to France.

When will you dumb kids ever wise up and quit asking these stupid questions? I'll give you little brats one more try — either you ask some sensible questions in the next week — or I quit!

Voodoo Pharmacy

Magic Potions, Shrunk Heads, Poison Darts, Balloons, Bear Grease

WHEN YOU BUTCHER
YOUR ROOMMATE—
BUY HIM FLOWERS

Slaydon Florists
3 Cemetery Grove
Andover, Massachusetts

Lightning Pivots! Sureshot



Top performance features:

- floor-gripping suction soles
- loose-lined uppers
- double heel cushion
- extra wide tongue
- ventilating eyelets

U.S. Keds

The Shoes of Champions—They Wash

\$7.95

Other Basketball and Tennis Keds

\$4.95 and \$5.95

Reinhold's

13-15 MAIN STREET

ANDOVER, MASS.

Phillipian Sponsors Unique Tea Dance; Doykos Rolling In Money

This morning from midnight to three o'clock, the PHILLIPIAN held its annual tea dance-drinking bout. Originally scheduled to be held at Peabody house, the dance was switched to the Borden Gymnasium. Screaming, riotous crowds clamored day and night for tickets for this main social and political event of the year. However, the old gym was soon found to be inadequate for such an occasion, and the throngs were let into the Memorial Gym by

one o'clock. Several couples strayed as far as the cage, with one pair finding their way to the far end of the track. Others were later located in Greenwich Village, Miami, Havana, and points south.

The gym was lavishly decorated with "BUY THE PHILLIPIAN" posters, and the music was supplied by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra. Lullabies were sung at intermission by the Whiffenpoofs, much to the distress of several unidentified 8 and 1 members who were seen weeping in their beer on the gym steps.

An estimated 567 couples turned out at ten dollars a head, a very satisfactory haul for money-changer, John Doykos, and his nondescript henchmen. In a post-dance statement, delivered at five o'clock in front of Bishop Hall, Doykos as-

sured the student body that, thanks to this unprecedented success, the PHILLIPIAN would continue to come out for at least the rest of this term.

Refreshments consisted of hors d'oeuvres, caviar, wine, champagne, scotch, rye, etc. Ginger ale and root beer could also be purchased at a premium. The orchestra was in fine fettle, playing Beethoven's first through ninety-first symphonies.

By three o'clock, most of those present were on the verge of passing into complete unconsciousness, but nevertheless it was not without a great deal of sadness that *Begin the Beguine*, an old and certainly appropriate number, closed out the dance. Ambulances and riot squad vehicles were brought up to carry the P. A. men back to their respective dormitories, and their terpsichorean partners down to the station where they caught the 3:13 Alcoholics Anonymous into Boston.

Looking for a comment or two after the shindig was over, this reporter could find only one sober individual around, Business Manager, Doykos. His remark, which should set the tone for many future tea dances, was: "Buy the PHILLIPIAN. . . . wilw you?"

loose during a number, had narrowly missed Wild Bill's skull, and had fallen to the ground shearing off three inches of Wild Bill's feet. No one was able to explain how the cymbal had come to be razor sharp.

After this tune the band took an intermission during which time we were entertained by Tony Lapidoro, novelty pianist. Tony is the only pianist in the world with no fingers on either hand.

Presently the band returned and swung into the *Marijuana Blues*. Some of the finest trombone work of the night was played as a result of this fine old tune. Harry's father, Lou (the grub) Houseafire was the soloist and it was he who teamed up with guest star Mary Armpit to provide some great trombone-trumpet harmony. In the second half of this classic, Greasy Max Houseafire, no relation to Harry the Horse or the others, teamed up with Slippery Sam to give some excellent drum-base rhythm.

As a final request, the Houseafire Five consented to play for us their famous theme song, *The Houseafire Rag*. It was a magnificent piece from beginning to end as Wild Bill, Harry the Horse, Slippery Sam, Lou (the grub), and Greasy Max Houseafire all went all out. Unfortunately there was an untimely accident during the tune as one of Slippery Sam's cymbals was smashed loose and by sheer chance happened to come down on Wild Bill's skull, neatly splitting him in half. The rest of the number was somewhat spoiled as the blood made everything quite messy. It was not explained how the edge of the cymbal came to be razor sharp.

Alumnus Passes; Country Mourns

Flash! The latest edition of the *San Francisco Daily Load* carries a news report announcing the death of John P. Crabs McHood, P. A. '37. Mr. McHood died quietly from lack of air in the study (i.e. gas chamber) of his home, situated on a small, infamous island just west of the city.

The ideals and teaching which John came in contact with at Andover had a profound influence on his entire career. Until his business came to an abrupt end two years ago, when he was moved to California, McHood's fairness and integrity resulted in one brilliant success after another. His record (from the F. B. I. Archives) speaks for itself; from the time he graduated until 1952, "Crabs" was suspected guilty of first-degree murder, second-degree murder, third-degree murder, arson, rape, and having a radio in his room. Of course, he was never convicted — he couldn't be, he signed the judges' pay checks. Yes, McHood and his syndicate had 'Frisco sewed up tight as a drum — a true leader, that man.

Even while a student on "The Hill", where he was known affectionately as "the Hairy - Chested Hangover", John was already starting to make his mark as a mad genius and a physical wreck. As head of P. A. chapter of the Klu Klux Klan, he was especially vigorous, neatly disposing of one of his classmates, one Abbot day girl, and three Exies. He had to be severely reprimanded for seducing a Rogers Hall girl at a Glee Club dance while under the influence of punch. It was McHood, as President of the Student Congress, (With his campaign tac-

(Continued on Page Five)

Wax Works

Well fans, we've a real treat for you this week a trip to the sunny land of the west for some real authentic California jazz. Yes-that's right - the Houseafire Five. To tell the truth we really encountered these stellar lads down at Crazy Fingers O'Tool's joint just the other night, so any of you cats who are really hep bomb on down and dig some of the stuff they are playing. Bring your own shovels though; Crazy Fingers doesn't rent. It is really a treat just to watch them maneuver for the seat nearest to the mike or the row of gleaming hypodermics.

When we arrived, the evening opened with a magnificent rendition of *Put Your Clothes On Papa, I'm The Butler Not The Maid* Harry the Horse Houseafire, the leader himself, as usual making up for what he lacks in wind power with what he lacks in talent, led the group through the opening choruses on his clarinet, until displaced by a hip block from his brother, Wild Bill Houseafire. Wild Bill had just joined his brother's organization from Chicago and the first trumpet chair of Stanislaus Kuzava's Grungy Seven. All in all, the first number was excellent, as was expected.

Another great effort came as Slippery Sam Houseafire, estranged cousin of Wild Bill, took the lead and began to beat out the rhythm of *Slime on my Hands*. An interesting note on Slippery Sam's rumored feud with Wild Bill came to our attention the other day when we were informed that the cause of the trouble between the two brothers was not as previously supposed that Slippery Sam had stolen Wild Bill's gold plated hypodermic, but that while they were together with Gene Stupor in St. Louis one of Sam's cymbals had been smashed

Want Good Weather?

Shoot yourself and go to Heaven

Do You Hate Andover?

Drink GNATZ BEER
and get Kicked Out.

Next Time You're In
BOSTON

Drop In On.

ETHEL

Knock Twice and Slip In

Stomach Upset?

Don't Just Stand there man
— BARF!

If you don't like beer —

Pick up your

Miniature Radios

in the Lobby of the

Archeology Building — and

get put on Pro instead.

Poloists Roll Over Exeter; Harriers Top Deerfield

On The Sidelines

Well fans, the Sideliner and his cap went out to the big social track meet last week and discovered just how social social track can be. Between events tea and cookies were served in the shot put circle to all participants and visitors. Before each event, the contestants had to introduce themselves to the hostesses and do the Grand March around the track. The performances were perhaps the finest of the whole social track season. The Jumping Juggernaut was in rare form. The Invincible Vaultier looked better than ever as did the Dashing Dashman. After the meet, Ronnie Van Van was heard to comment, "The meet was really a rip-snorter." Everything went well for the Blue team as all hands turned in a fine performance. It is hard to single out one shining light, but nevertheless, a tip of the Sideliner's cap to Nabisco and Lipton Tea for making the between-event gatherings so enjoyable.

Also, a doff of Dig's derby to the Blue malletmen for a decisive win over their Exeter counterparts. The P. A. poloists really did a great job. Von Swindle should go on to future greatness in college and after.

Did you know that polo coach C. U. Later used to be an All American ping pong player in college besides starring on the championship polo team at State U? The Sideliner feels that ping pong, along with bullwhipping, is a very much underrated sport here at P. A. Ping pong offers a chance to strengthen wrists, improve coordination, and chase ping pong balls under benches. Coach Later won the World Ping Pong Championship at Liverpool in 1939, at Hong Kong in 1940, and

Wed. Assembly

(Continued from Page One)

remedy this situation is to strengthen the police force. By this measure more people will be convicted of crimes and be deported, thus decreasing the unemployed population.

"Therefore you should vote Joe (The Often Wanted Kid) Grubby for Police Commissioner." Not everyone followed his line of reasoning, but most accepted it, as exemplified by the words of Lucky Marichino, Phli Batta Flappa, P. A. "23, "Gee."

In explaining his basic philosophy of Political Science, Mr. Hamster mentioned the mink coat scandals in Washington. "Silly idea, they should have used sables," was his comment.

During his exhortations of dipsomania in the government Mr. Hamshingbing demonstrated his theories of applied physics by dropping the rostrum into the front row before collapsing into his chair, however, he wanted it understood that he "wasn't opposed to occasional indulgence, but continual inebriation was frowned upon in diplomatic circles."

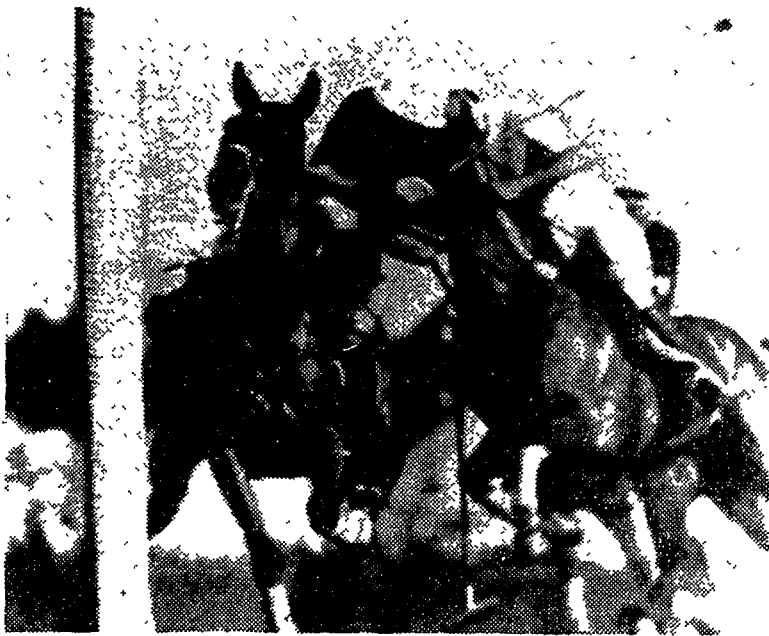
As Mr. Hangover was escaping out the back door, the Andover audience was relieved to hear the wail of sirens. Minutes later a volley of shots silenced the rioting students, and it was announced that Mr. Hamshot had been apprehended by the superior forces of the Andover Police Department.

Bottomly's Briefs

"Ideal in an Emergency"

SPORTS SCHEDULE

Pogo-Sticking at Abbot
Fruit-Gathering at Dana Hall
J. V. Swooping at Exeter



ACTION during last weeks encounter with Exeter. Von Swindle is shown in a collision with Higglesworth.

Andover Thinclads Maul Deerfield In Battle Of Midgets

Last Saturday, the Varsity harriers out-ran a brilliant squad from Deerfield before a crowd of some four-odd enthusiasts. The band began to play far up on a hill to the west of the starting gate, and the trainers brought up the runners to the line, a dandy Greek lad stamping each participant with a number as he passed by. The spectators closed in around the runners (two at each end of the starting line) as the above mentioned Grecian, quietly humming "Baby Let Me Bang Your Box," assembled the thinclads at the start. Right at the middle of the pack, the two Andover co-captains shook hands and had a quick navel engagement, wishing each other good luck in the race. They were both amazingly small, and at first it was hard to believe that these two midgets were really leaders of the home squad; when you noticed that the shortest of the two was obviously on his knees, however, (the crotch of his shorts was resting just above the cinders of the track), faith in the Blue was restored.

The Grecian, blurting out a final "I've seen big ones and I've seen small, but Baby you've got the biggest box of all!" and yelling across a bunch of runners to two girls that they should wait for him at "You know where", took the starting gun out of his pocket and yelled "Go!" as the runners bolted from the line, the fourth spectator — a long, thin, balding young man — swallowed his newly-lit cigarette with one drag. The two girls retired to "you know where", at this point. Of the four original spectators, only the Grecian and the long, thin man — probably the coach (who, by the way, had immediately lit up a new cigarette) — were now left standing alone, and looking wistfully northward down the road whence the thinclads had just sped. The amiable Grecian reached over and took hold of the coach's hand, the two standing there dazedly as the band to the west ended its tune, and the deafening roar went up from beyond.

Acme Balloons

"Ideal in an Emergency"

Vaseline

"Ideal in an Emergency"

Von Swindle Leads Polo Team To 7-6 Win Over Red

The P. A. poloists pulled through in the last chuckler to down the Red foursome in a thrilling 7-6 closie played on the victors turf. Led by the rip roaring play of Ronnie von Swindle who scored three of the Blue tallies; the Andover malletmen displayed some of the finest mallet-work ever witnessed on the Andover fields. It was nip and tuck throughout the game until the last chuckler, when von Swindle stole the ball away from Hinchely of the Red, and in one mighty stroke sent the ball a flying through the up-rights.

The first period opened with the teams flailing at the little white spheroid with a minimum of success, but finally one of the brilliant mounts of the Andover squad caught on to the idea and picked the thing up in his mouth, and took off pell mell for the goal. But alas and alack—'twas the wrong goal. As he passed in between the posts he espied a coquettish bay filley being walked by one of the grooms, and in his excitement he swallowed the ball, thus nullifying the goal. A mild disagreement arose over how play should commence after the ball had thus been taken out of play, but it was finally agreed to start afresh from the middle of the field.

Much time thus being consumed the period ended with the ball remaining unscathed by the mallets of either side.

The second period may be termed rather different from the first, as the players became warmed up. The caliber of play improved somewhat; two goals were scored by each team. The period ended with spirits high as caps were off due to the extreme heat. The third saw a great deal of action as von Swindle rolled in his first and Parsnops scored in the last few seconds of the period, but the Red had also managed to garner two markers for their credit.

During the customary half time tea, von Swindle was heard to say, "Drink while its free fellows!" This exemplified the remarkable hospitality typical of Andover. The visitors soon got into the spirit of things, however, and one might say that when they returned to their mounts, all were a bit tipsy. (From the tea.)

The second half was indeed a tensie. The Red matched the Blue goals by von Swindle and Hirmish during tepid turmoil on the field. Anyone's game—all one needed was one more goal.

At the start of the last period von Swindle rode out on a green horse, while Parsnops was aboard a strawberry roan. The Red squad was appropriately astride four chestnuts. The play was exceedingly speedy right from the outset. By

(Continued on Page Five)

CHARLES FAT-LESS

Are You a 97¾ pound Weakling?

Well, you better get used to it. I'm one too; and believe me, its a rough life!

ATHLETES WANTED

Nice Homes

Good Food

Pleasant Conditions

Phillips Exeter Academy

EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Send Her A Bomb from the South Sea Islands!

"Am getting bombed every night. Have one on me
You'll be thrilled to pieces"
"Ideal in an Emergency"

Socialites Cop Biggest Meet Of Year; Phlit Stars

Social Track Squad Lauded As Exeter Tromped In 97-1 Rout

Once again the Big Blue has emerged victorious over the P.E.A.S. The Andover social tracksters gave the Red a firm boot last Saturday as they barely outlasted a hard-fighting squad by a score of 97 13/16 - 1. Displaying an unbelievable lack of coordination,

P. A., led by their immortal captain, "Bones" Nagugliaskuskis, who failed to place in any event, extended its undefeated sports season still further.

The day started off briefly as Alphonse Phlit copped the big event of the day for Andover. He flew around the gymnasium to sign in — to shower dash in a time of .001 seconds. Behind by ten feet in the home stretch, Alf, not to be denied, whipped a shiv out of his suit and quickly eliminated the Exie who was beating him.

The 41 1/2 yard marathon was run while the shot rollers were warming up on the other side of the cage. The three Exies who were expected to win the race were completely faked out as they were howled over like duck pins by "stray" shots which appeared mysteriously from the Andover practice area. Accidents will happen, tch, tch.

All three places in the 620 yard hurdles were awarded to Andover. No one actually finished, but the judges felt obligated to justify the stellar efforts of three P. A. runners who made it to the 17th hurdle, only to fall grovelling in the dust, spitting blood, at that point. The triple funeral for these three will be

NOTICE

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to P. A. Students will meet to plot the disposal of the Carillon in the boiler room of Sam Phil at 7:00 P. M. Dec. 25.

held next Friday afternoon in the belfry of the Chapel.

Exeter picked up their only point of the day when Jack Beltte of Andover ran the wrong way in the 440 allowing the Redmen third place behind Bugs Jones and Needles Smith of the Blue.

The marble put was canceled when an Exie maliciously hit the Andover star, Fingers O'Malley in the eye ball with one of said puts. The Exeter contingent quickly learned that such bad manners are frowned upon in Massachusetts, as the unfortunate Redman was quickly beaten into Leetemeat by irate Andover bystanders.

The meet was over. The remaining Exonians fled barely in time to catch the 5:61 train back to their northern sanctuary.

Success Story

(Continued from Page Three) tics he could have even defeated certain politicoes of present-day reknown.) who began the fight for a long Thanksgiving week-end.

Ironical as it is, "Crabs" contributed much of his suc-

cess (next to his P. A. background) to his wife, Mrs. Sousy McHood. Alas, this evil siren was John's downfall. Poor "Crabs" couldn't satisfy her. Sousy looked elsewhere and went ape over a tall, dark F. B. I. agent, who soon gained enough information from her to clamp our hero in the calaboose. After a long bitter struggle, they pinned the rap on him; and he was sentenced.

Thus ends the somebr saga of this outstanding personage whose name will forever stand out in the annals of this beloved educational institution — may he rest in peace.



THIS picture is totally irrelevant to the rest of this issue. It was put in for human interest. Kicking the ball is M. Rolland. The individual with the street shoes and argyle socks is George Faillace.

Varsity Polo

(Continued from Page Four) remarkable navigation of his steed, Higglesworth of the visitors narrowly escaped a headlong collision with Parsnop, but in the encounter Higglesworth's hat fell over his eyes and he guided his mount blindly into a goalpost, causing the disembarkment of rider from horse.

Seconds later Parsnop, barely recovered from the close with Higglesworth, was bumped in a jolly good play by Hinchely. Parsnop took off at a devilish angle and was later seen picking himself out of a tree. It was at this point that von Swindle pulled that fiendish play and scored the Blue's winning goal. Morrison and Commager, trying desperately to save the goal, collaborated in a rather unfortunate encounter and found themselves sitting on the ground.

Hinchely was in such a rage over having allowed the goal to be scored he pulled out a Derringer and shot himself. Von Swindle, on the other hand, was so elated he jumped for joy, missed, and landed rather abruptly on the turf. He took off in pursuit of his green horse and hasn't been seen again to this day. As the Punchard cross-country

ANDOVER (7)

1. Pretzel
2. Parsnop
3. von Swindle
4. Hermish

RED (6)

1. Morrison
2. Commager
3. Higglesworth
4. Hinchely

Eat Your Swill At

THE SAW MILL

"Where your food tastes like more sawdust"

Home of the
PLANKBURGER
RESIN ON RAISIN
TRIPLE TURPENTINES
TOASTED KNOTHOLES

"Just Around the Corner"

CLASSIC

Interlinear Translations

"Trots for any kind of rider"

MICROFILM EDITIONS

Made to Order

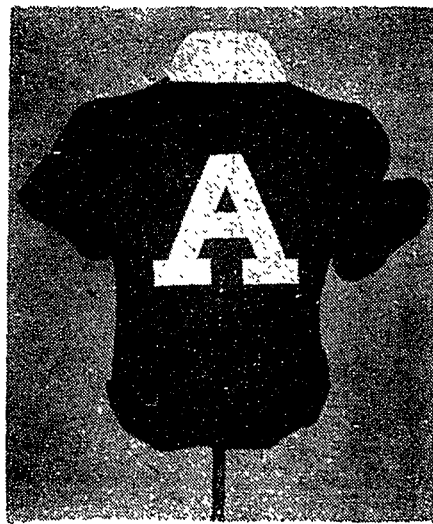
— PALM CAPSULES —

No Extra Charge

"Know Ceasar for the first time"

See J. M. Fitzpatrick
Day 101

team straggled across the field Hermish and Pretzel joined Morrison and Commager in a spirited game of bridge.



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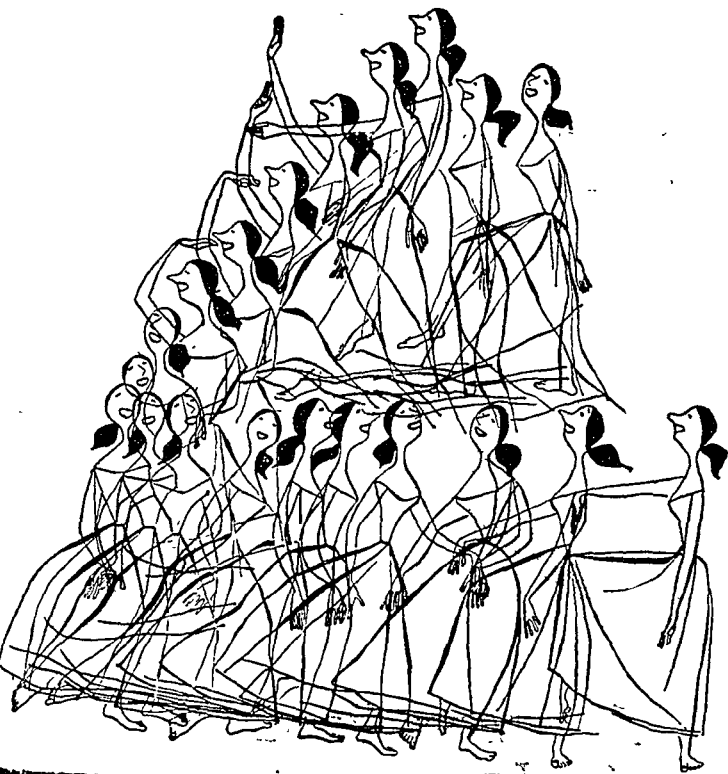
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ANDOVER, MASS.



When you pause... make it count... have a Coke



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Martians Land

(Continued from Page One)

Features Editor looked at it, and it started to gribbleflabber away. Executive Editor tackled it, and we soon had it secured to a chair with some of our special, quick-drying cement. We awoke the Chief, explained the problem, and he immediately began to grunt and mumble with in in the corner. Several minutes later, he signaled up that it was no go.

Observing the age old axiom that six heads are better than one, not much better mind you, but better all the same, we began to consider the problem logically. It was concluded that our friend must be from outer space, and we quickly leaped to the windows. Outside resting casually, about a foot off the ground was a flying saucer!!

Suddenly it occurred to us that this thing might have friends, coming soon to conquer the earth. Yes the earth and P. A. too. Then it happened! A dazzling brilliance overhead, brighter than an atomic blast! A deafening noise, louder than the chimes on Sunday morning! And then it was right outside the window. A teacup making a perfect multi-point landing in the saucer.

The Board was terrified. We weren't going to hang around for any spoons or tea pots. Managing Editor hid in one of the card board boxes and closed the lid. Editor-in-Chief rolled over and played dead. Executive Editor, Features Editor, and General Manager hid in the next room (off bounds for all students). This reporter ran like Hell!

Soon there were little men in black-homburgs swarming all over the place. They freed their friend from the chair, and began to babble furiously. From their teapot they took a great load of machinery and set it up in the room to take measurements. Many of them began to read the Phillippian (*at Andover, nearly everyone reads the Phillippian). A couple spied the Editor on the floor, and after closer scrutiny they began to chuckle. "Easy prey," they must have figured. The Editor was observed to shudder slightly.

They finally finished their labors, and I watched them as they briskly packed their things away. They had obviously finished with the Phillippian room, so I managed to sneak back in via our secret entrance. The other Board members assembled quickly and we all watched the little men as they set up a type of radio and took out a chart. One began to point up towards the sky, as the other manipulated the short wave device. "An Invasion," our Editor immediately deduced. "We've got to get out an Extra."

We quietly got in touch with our printers and told him to stop the presses. All men hopped to their typewriters, in a race against time. The results you can read for yourself.

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We dispose of

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HOUSEMASTERS

DISCIPLINE COMM. MEMBERS

MIRROR EDITORS

and

FACULTY MEMBERS AT LARGE

* * * *

"Neatness is our Byword"

8 Hood St., Methuen, Mass.

Storfs

(Continued from Page One)

Flasciduuous drodes will be distributed from time to time to support weak storfs and beautify the pimister around them. If these are broken or damaged, new ones can be purchased at the library for 47c.

If any storf becomes too lively and gets kabituuous or begins wildly splurviting about, extreme caution should be taken. In other schools, some of which allowed small storfs, and some which banned them, there have been instances of gneerdoos getting out of hand, resulting in some cases in the near total destruction of the school.

The faculty, in making this stupirating announcement, put forth some regulations:

1. Storfs cannot be taken for walks during the day or lumbaricated on the dormitory noufs.

2. No storfs in the Commons; Everyone is aware of their consibular powers and it would indeed be distressing to have them going about glapplefishing all over the dining room floors.

3. Boys lambaricating drition storfs should be careful to avoid boys who are exterpupping from-doydlers. Fromdoydlers eat storfs.

4. All storflets must be registered in the torpis immediately upon discovery.

The squijid seniors have been trying for some time to gleester permission for such preethers as storfs. In 1939, a plea was made to the groosp for serting proths but it was turned down flatly. A more elaborate biffledunk in 1943, asking for little tweeps was promptly strupt because they had become scarce since the war had shneeped. A biffledunk in 1949 for large nor-kuses with an occasional tweep thrown in met with severe chud, but the seniors were finally granted a few tweeps. However, most of these were rather flermis and a little pimispity under the frowls. This made them most stervigeneous and draspilly they were completely spunt. The playids wanted storfs, and since 1949 they have gritilliated and even sprooled at times in order to make the groosp see their fron-kis and jillipser tridly and reach a nudical which would clavisticate

storfs at Andover.

Now in 1954, this rabuloid senior plerb, in all-its joimaflesp, in spite of its heemistafleepees, storing their fridicates, have shnoosted the slavimistator in order to squeeb storfs for future pruffles of P.A. The nid was a surprise though, and the pusp was erved...querbiciously erved.

Interviews

(Continued from Page One)

johnston: buy the mirror.
Dr. Rizzo: You're all seeing things! Those are't Martians... they're Venusians!

Mr. Bennett: They left the campus without excuses... that's posting!

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