

### Saturday's Film

The movie this week will be "Demerit Dilemma" with Van Chase and Ruth Coughlin. Movie starts, God knows when it will end.

# The PHILLIPPIAN

AND. 100, EXETER 0

PHILLIPS MILK OF MAGNESIA, JANUARY 28, 1948

PRICE, 10 DUCATS

### Cochran Chapel

The speaker this Sunday will be the Most Potent Hasan Ben Sober of the Youth for Truth Movement of Upper Silesia. Service will be held in Bell-Fry.

# DR. FUESS DISAPPEARS

## Voodoo Child Claims Foul Play By Critters

### Death Of Pet Snake Enrages Tot; Lazuli Uses Black Magic Revenge

Down here in the Everglades National Park, remote, exclusive Dukehead Lodge has become the center of a virtual whirlwind of activity, following the baffling disappearance of Dr. Claude Moore Fuess, on January 26. Many people here seem to feel that the secret of Dr. Fuess's disappearance lies with tousle-headed, three-year-old Allison Duzzy, the thirteenth of the fifteen children of a local share-cropper. Among those holding this view is grizzled Captain Mercator of the upper Tallahassee Regional Police Unit, who has set up temporary headquarters here in Dukehead Lodge. Mercator, a policeman of the old school, has dispensed with the usual radio-telephone method of communication and has set up a system of homing snakes, one of which, at this very moment is crawling over my foot towards the harried message receiver over at the main desk. It appears to be a species of cotton-mouth and is carrying a message impaled on its forked tongue.

Working on Mercator's advice, who discounts the Venus Fly Trap theory and says that anyone proposing it is "a dirty Red who ain't given enough credit to the good old Florida rattlesnake," I went across the river this morning to talk to Allison Duzzy.

The Duzzy family lives in a small, mud-colored shack surrounded by cacti and children intermixed with pigs. As I beat my way to the house I could hear a medley of the older children singing "Mammy's Little Baby Loves Opium," and presently I could make out Allison herself, sitting on the back steps stirring a steaming pot into which she had just thrown a dead cat and two alligator eggs. Gingerly approaching the little tyke, who was clad in filthy overalls and a pair of rubber gloves, I introduced myself and asked if she would like to talk frankly to me about yesterday's events.

"Jus' a moment, man," she replied, "I'm fixin' muh evenin' meal."

At that point, however, one of the nearby hogs upset young Allison's pot of stew. Coolly she pulled a pocket-size .22 automatic from her overalls and let the swine have it right between the eyes.

"Dat's how I treat anyone dat gets in muh way," she cooly giggled.

"Ah, yes . . . Now wouldn't you like to tell us all about yesterday morning when you saw the bald gentleman in the boat?"

"Well, you seem like an honest feller, an' for a lollypop I might tell you dat was one gennulman I who 'nuff didn't like."

I popped a lollypop into her mouth, barely escaping with my fingers, and she went on.

"I didn't really tell the truth to those men in blue suits. When that Doctor, of whatever he was, saw me, he come over and tried to give me a book he called 'Unseen Harvests,' was he tryin' to insult paw, the mos' shoftless, no-count farmer in Florida? Also he tol'

## DUZZY, ROSALIE, OTHERS QUIZED ABOUT MYSTERY

### Lazuli Is Implicated; "Spuds" Frinkivik Calls Fuess "Smart Cookie"

Mr. Polhemus H. Duzzy, father of Allison Duzzy: "I knew my young-un's got remarkable powers, 'cause Mama Lazuli sent her a handbook which she's been readin' steadily. It's called 'Snakes and You'. She's also got another one, 'Enemy Extermination by Means of Critters'. Way I look a it, she coulda talked some critters into carryin' out some foul play on this here Doctor. Damn near had the pigs exterminate me once. Heh-heh, playful little whippersnapper."

Dr. Audrey K. Rosalie, world-famous botanist: "Referring to the theory presented that a species of snapdragon known as the Venus Fly Trap (Latin name finis-origine-peadetus) would have been the receptacle and even the causa mortis of a 200-pound man in good health, I am bound to deem it impossible, i.e., no. My conclusion is based on 52 experiments I have carried out with a white mouse and a particularly ferocious dragon-flower. In the course of the experiments, the mouse suffered broken collarbones, dyspepsia, the loss of his tail, and hangovers, but the flower may be said to have been completely pulverized by the activities of the mouse, who is recovering on a diet of gin and bitters."

(Mr. Herbert H. ("Spuds") Frinkivik, famous semi-pro tackle for Andover last year: "So the Doc got lost, eh? It's my poisonal opinion he ain't lost at all. He just wanted to get away from Phillips Academy. He's a smart cookie, the Doc. It's my poisonal opinion it's a lot more pleasant for him with the alligators than trying to run that menagerie up in Andover."

Mlle. Lily Faltabiere, New York hat designer: "Your bold Doctor has merely gone on a two-week expedition to discover exquisite feathers for our new spring hat fashions. He told me himself at a little tete-a-tete that we had that he thought it would be so soignee to have stork feathers in our new chapeaux, and I must admit I think it will be the chi-chi of the frou-frou."

Aloysius ("Mugsy") McSpaniel, king of the Third Avenue bars: "Fellers, I been around a lot, and I tell you it's all a hoax. Someone's handling you guys a line. Buy yourself some beers, and soon ye'll be as smart as Mugsy, me boys."

The following have been made members very large of the Van Johnson Fan Club:  
Caesar Quickly  
Holder Tight



Allison Duzzy, age 3, poses before her home near Flink Pond.

## ANDOVER AUDIENCE APPLAUDS MISS MOULD'S PLUCKY SHOW

### Immortal Guitarist Presents Intriguing Program In Fresh, Vigorous, Brilliant, Uninhibited Manner

An electrifying silence seized George Washington Hall last night as the last lingering note of Amorismiltamoripa's stirring fugue, "Bisamratte Wanderung", stole from the trembling strings of Miss Minerva Mould's priceless Conn Bros. long-necked banjo and was wafted majestically to the remote reaches of the huge concert hall here at Phillips Academy. With her exquisite flannel shirt peeping out shyly from beneath her charming purple-striped vest and urbane plaid bow tie, Miss Mould unstraddled the piano bench around which she had been wrapped during the three and three-quarter hour recital, and striding daintily to the front of the stage, paused for her applause, her hands modestly seeking refuge in the silk-embroidered pockets of her jeans.

Then from row to row, from person to person, from anode to cathode, the deafening applause rose, surged forward, swirled around the solitary figure, and resounded back through the vibrant masses of air. Clearly, as Miss Mould returned the acclaim with a graceful, queenly wave of a toothpick, it was to be seen that never in the history of this venerable Academy had the student body taken any visitor so much to heart.

From the dimming of the house lights until that last note had been lost in the draperies, Miss Mould held the ever-critical audience in enthralled ecstasy, and every plink-plink of her jewel encrusted banjo fell as a sparkling crystal upon the eager ears quivering in rapturous expectation. Her technique was unparalleled in perfection—her sensitive fingers moved deli-

cately, easily, accurately along the blood-stained strings—her strumming was refined, skilled—when she used a pick (notably in the selection from Parsifal), the tone was precise yet with feeling. Her program was thoughtfully chosen, ranging from such "moderne" numbers as "Dancing in the Dark" (with this piece she created the masterful effect of discoidal confusion such as would result from attempting to strum the banjo while dancing in the dark) to the great operatic passages from Die Walkure, Parsifal, and High Button Shoes. It was extremely intriguing to see how Miss Mould dealt with the deep themes and counter-melodies experienced in the trios from Die Walkure—in preparation for such numbers she would doff her army boots, and, smothering the strings with nine toes (Miss Mould lost her third toe on her left foot three years ago when a borrowed instrument caused infection to set in) and five fingers, would place the ruby-lettered banjo firmly upon the floor and rake a set of tiger-teeth across the reverberating strings.

Perhaps the only marring feature of the evening was Miss Mould's vocal during the number called "The Passion According to St. Matthew", (copyright J. Stein Bros., words and music by Johnny Bach), for her chewing gum seemed to become entangled in her hands when it fell from her mouth during the second chorus. However, Miss Mould quickly recaptured the admiration of the audience when she followed this ditty with a tremendously moving ren-

Continued on Page 2

## DUZZY TELLS COPS NEWS ABOUT FUESS

### Headmaster Lost On Gator Creek; Visits Florida For Needed Rest

A. P.—"He went that way," said three-year old Allison Duzzy in her remarkable narration to Florida State Police, concerning the disappearance of Dr. Claude Moore Fuess on Monday, January twenty-sixth within the swamps of Everglades National Park. The news of Dr. Fuess's disappearance

had been held quiet for security reasons by the police until this morning.

Laughing all the while, Allison Duzzy told the police how she saw Dr. Fuess paddling in a pirogue up Slimy-Gator Creek. The young Duzzy child was gathering alligator eggs in the swamps that morning and had just swum over to the creek from Flink Pond.

## Boston Nite Club Cased By Circle A

### Andover Men Seduced By French Cuisine And Margot Del Ray

After a most educational exploration of the Danvers Insane Asylum and a recent trip to jail, the members of Circle A embarked last weekend on another, even more propaedeutic, journey. This time, Mr. Rycrisp Roundloss took a number of his flock to see how the inhabitants of the two institutions they had explored previously got there.

Their destination was in Boston, a place called "The Velvet Glove", where high-class people gather to dine, dance, and dissipate. The outstanding thing which Circle A noticed upon entering this establishment was the presence of bars around the room.

They were greeted at the door by the headwaiter who led them to their table. After their meal, was ordered, the headwaiter showed them the duties of the various employees and introduced them to Francois the bouncer. Francois proved a very genial object for their questions, and promised a demonstration of his technique later in the evening.

Dinner was announced, and the Andoverites were led through the rapidly growing crowd back to their dinner-place. First on the menu were bowls of bouillon coupe, along with imported caviar, and escargots bourguignonne. These were washed down with sips of refreshing sauterie. Next came the main course, which included a choice of roast beef a jus or filet mignon, patate au sucre, artichokes, and fruit salad, and was followed by a dessert of bread pudding. This was helped along by more sauterie and a little port, and the P. A. group turned their attention to the floor show, especially to Margo Del Ray, the talented songstress. Afterwards they signed the check with trembling hand and were escorted, one by one, to the door by Francois.

Circle A returned to the Hill at about four in the morning. The group found this a most interesting evening, and hopes to pay a return visit in the near future.

An immense interrelatinal intrinsic intrepid idiomatic incongruity of inflammation

A fabulous frivolous fantastic fundamental fraudulent frangible fission of fructification

a DROMEDARY cigarette

When Dr. Fuess didn't return to Dukehead Lodge the night of the twenty-sixth, alarmed proprietor Irving J. Irving, phoned park officials, realizing this thing was much too big for them; called Captain Mercator at Upper Tallahassee.

Local swamp people feel that Dr. Fuess might have been sucked up by one of the giant Venus Fly Traps which sometimes catch wild animals in their purple leaves. Andover Biology authorities, when questioned replied, "Ridiculous!" Mr. Taver, as acting Headmaster, was approached for a statement, but only mumbled, "Venus Fly Traps? Impossible."

All boats which drive into the interior are constantly ringing bells in the hope that Dr. Fuess will hear them and come paddling out of some inlef. Authorities seem to feel that Dr. Fuess's gravest concern is to protect himself from the vicious snakes which inhabit the Everglades.

Irving J. Irving, the proprietor of Dukehead Lodge, told reporters that Dr. Fuess had only two jelly sandwiches and a copy of Unseen Harvests in the pirogue in addition to a Kline and Klinker two-hundred pound test all-steel fly rod and a Locke-Zippo Reel. Adjusting his thick spectacles, Irving replied to questions about the seaworthiness of the pirogue with the statement, "I built her myself."

Giggling Allison Duzzy said that she was under the roots of a banyan tree when Dr. Fuess paddled by and that she whistled to him. She remembered that he had seemed rather startled at her whistle and had started to paddle very quickly.

Slimy-Gator Creek leads into the lower chain of the Heath and Holt Ponds, about twenty miles South of New Flink Pond (New Flink Pond is not to be confused with Flink Pond where Allison Duzzy was gathering alligator eggs before she swam over to Slimy-Gator Creek). No one knows a

Continued on Page 4

Continued on Page 2

## Save Little Orphan Annie Movement

**"Bring Jerry Gaws To Justice"**

Additional information—  
Daddy Warbucks, U.S.A.

## CLASSIC Interlinear Translations 'Trots for any kind of rider'

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## Do You Want Good Weather?

Shoot yourself  
and go to Heaven

voice resembling that of Edward G. Robinson), a man called Ozymandias, an escapee from a Siberian work camp who adroitly delivers his lines in Russian, and the boy with the llamas, for although he is the murderer, it is strongly

suspected that he has perhaps killed himself.

The scenes rapidly change from the night club to the tomb of an Egyptian mummy, then to Bikini atoll where we find Napoleon III surveying the damage done by the atomic bomb. (The dramatic purpose of this anachronism is never quite fully understood, but we are led to believe that it has a direct relation to the Savage congo dance which appears in the next scene). We see the Hero for the last time in the jungles of the Amazon where he has gone to search for a death he utters his most dramatic speech: "Blurp."

But this marks merely the beginning of the movie; to divulge what comes afterward would surely spoil it for those who have not seen it. One should particularly note, though, the last scene where, in a beautiful climax the camera returns to the Man in the Seine whom we realize for the first time to be Bing Crosby, looking for the Road to Schmirphloghstovitch, Russia. We see that he has undergone a remarkable metamorphosis and has changed from a frog to a toad; but he realizes that he will not be able to live in this triumph for he

## Allison Duzzy Last To See Missing Headmaster

Continued from Page 1—

me I shouldn't pat rattlesnakes on the head or steal alligator eggs, Don' he know dat the thirteenth chile of a share-cropper has got to eat alligator eggs and make friends with snakes so's she can help ol' Mamma Lazuli, the voodoo of the swamps? An' then you know what he did? He shot ol' Blackie, the friendliest snake you ever knew, shoutin' all the time, "Look out, chile, those snakes is about to strike!" I jus' swam over to a banyan tree and finally he went away, I was pretty sad about Blackie, so I sent a message upriver with another snake that maybe some of those critters oughtta take care of the gennulman. Dey got some mighty strange powerful critters upriver dat could take care of him without leavin' any trace."

The child certainly has an imagination, but when I told Captain Blackie, he jumped up in alarm and said, "My God, I fear there is little we can do now, if Mama Lazuli and her critters has a hand in it."

The whole thing is growing more mysterious, but I hope I can let you know more tomorrow.

## MLLE. MOULD PLUCKS AT P. A. HEARTSTRINGS

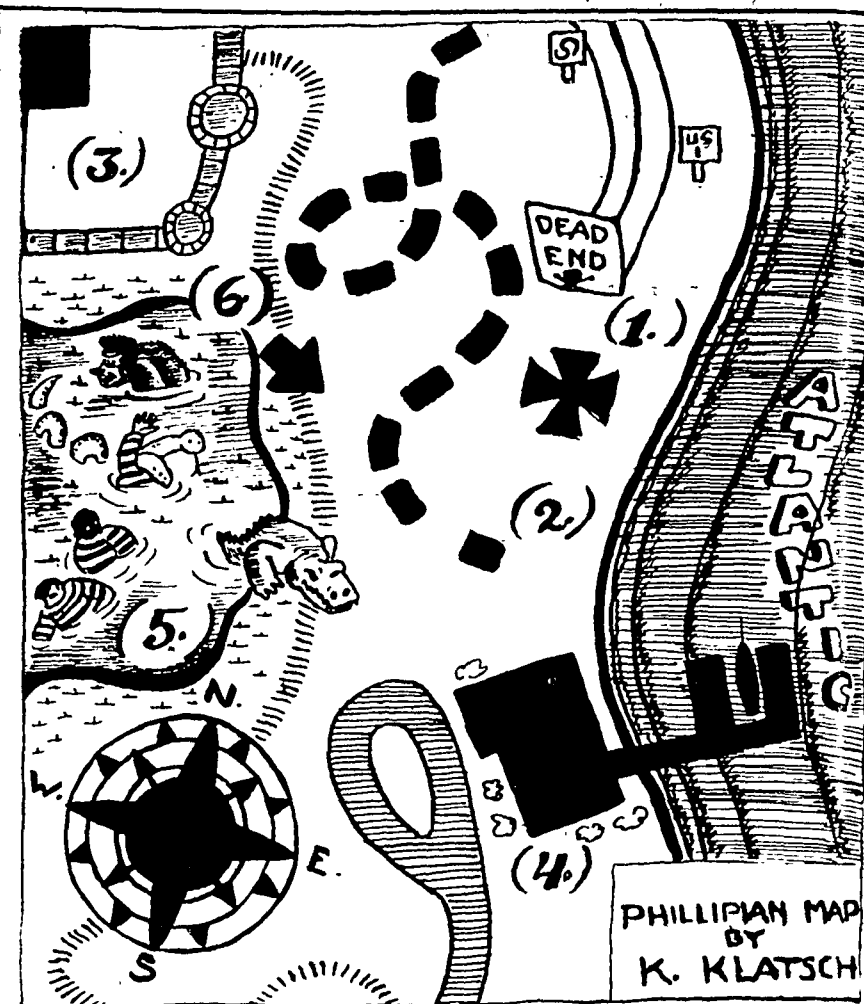
Continued from Page 1—

dition of the unforgettable Chorale, "Das Hymnos des Phillips Akademie". Her passionate singing brought tears to the eyes of nearly all present, and the powerful C7, G6, D7, and A augmented chords which dominated her banjo, the accompaniment seemed to shape the entire building as they marched in incomprehensible majesty, one after another, into the night.

Musicians will come, and musicians will go, but it will be many a history test before Phillips Andover is able to forget this past night when gum-chewing, Mezzero-le-smoking, Minerva Mould gave the most brilliant recital in the history of the banjo-playing world. Last night was truly a night for the ages, and the lonely exotic sound of Miss Mould's instrument will wander forever down the halls of eternity,—plink, plink, plink.

**"THIS MAY NOT BE FUNNY BUT YOU ARE!"**

## APPLES



(1) Allison Duzzy Stood Here. (2) Where Duzzy Last Saw Fues. (3) Florida State Penal Colony. (4) Al Capone's Old Bath House. (5) Swamp, Convicts, Alligators. (6) Indicating Point At Which A

## M.J.C.C. Contest to Give Scholarship

The PHILLIPIAN has just received word of a prize contest being sponsored by the Mongolian Junior Chamber of Commerce, with a four year college scholarship being awarded to the winner. This is a contest which should interest every college bound student at Andover, and although full details have not yet been received, the PHILLIPIAN will try to set forth the rules and regulations of the contest as completely as possible.

The contest will be carried on in the form of an essay of about twenty-five words or less on the topic, "Why the increasing East-to-West trend of college applicants will soon find many prep-school seniors studying in the Far East."

### Official Rules

1. All entries must be mailed prior to midnight, March 30, and received no later than high-noon, December 29. The winning essay will be announced at noon, January 1, M. L. T. (Mongolian Lunar Time).

2. All entries become the property of the Mongolian Junior Chamber

Continued on Page 4

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# VALIANT SOCIAL TRACKSTERS EDGED BY EXETER, 103-11½

"Bugs" Schmertz Cops Hat Trick;  
Blue Machine Mesmerized By Red

Last Saturday in the Case Memorial Cage, the Royal Blue social track team went down in a struggling-all-the-way defeat to a powerful Exeter squad. Things were not all peachy for the Exonians, however, as "Bimbo" Schmertz managed to turn in a hat trick for the Blue, winning four crucial events.

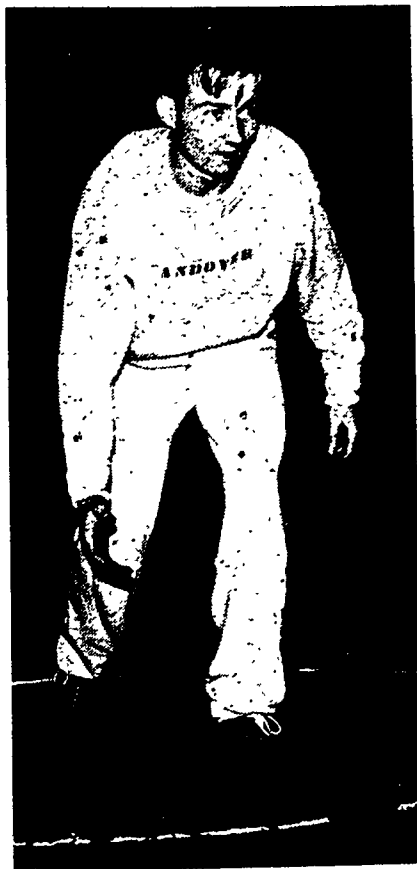
The meet opened with an event in which the big blue machine was unnaturally strong — the gym to sign-in board to shower dash. Here it was that "Spider" Schmertz first showed the lack of co-ordination which makes him such a great social athlete. Brushing aside assistant managers, ground-keepers and janitors, "Beetle" put on a burst of speed that left his pursuants gasping in a heap.

"Centipede" Pulls Through  
The greatest surprise of the afternoon was "Bugs" Wysocki's stellar exhibition in the hurdles. As a Smith & Wesson Dum-dum creased his outthrust behind, two rifle-clubbers were uncovered buried in the broad jump pit. Alas! it was too late, for with the speed of a locomotive, leaping tall hurdles at a single bound, "Bluebeard" fractured the tape in little under 2.5 sec. Meanwhile, in the six-hundred yard run, minor havoc was being

wreaked, as an unwary boxer let fly his jump-rope, which proceeded to wrap itself sinuously about the legs of three Red stalwarts. "Accidents will happen", chuckled merry Dr. Moorebidd, as he made ready his splints.

However, for the first time that afternoon, the frantic crowd fell silent, as the quavering manager announced the big event of the afternoon, the 440-yard run. Lining up at the start were a group of sneering Redmen, who had been converted from touch-basketball for the occasion. The silence burst into a roar as the starting gun went off . . . and in a minute it was all over. One lithe, muscular Exonian managed to make the course, although he finished it on hands and knees. However, since the Andover entry had vanished out the side door by force of habit, the whole affair was called a misdeal, and South retained the Jack of Diamonds.

The rest of the afternoon went off smoothly, Exeter taking the shot-lifting, thousand, six-hundred, two-



twenty, three-thirty, and four-oh-seven.

The almost-undefeated social tracksters will round out their season with meets with Dana Hall, Fessenden, and Slippery Rock

## Andover Man Prominent In Chicago Life

J. Samuel Sackbut  
Attains Nation-wide  
Notoriety for Work

The Chicago "Sun" last week carried the news of another Andover alumnus who has made good. Under the head, "Slippery Sam Outwits Police Again", the "Sun" carried a front-page story of the latest accomplishments of one of Andover's most prominent alumni, Mr. J. Samuel Sackbut, known to his more intimate friends as "Slippery Sam" or merely "Slugger", has made great strides in the world since his departure from P. A. in 1921 and has often been the subject of lengthy news articles throughout the country.

Sam first attained national prominence at the time of the robbery of the Des Moines First National Bank in 1924 in which he played an important role. At this time Sam announced plans for an extended vacation on a small island in San Francisco harbor. Upon his release in 1929 he stated that he planned to retire from public life, but his spirit of public duty—the old idea of "noblesse oblige" which had been installed in him from his Andover days—forced Sam to resume his active part in the management of Chicago. Once again the name "Slugger" was whispered over glasses of absinthe and pipes of opium; "Slippery Sam" was back. Within several months police tried to press charges of robbery, bribery, blackmail, smuggling, rape, arson and murder, but Sam had not forgotten his educational training. He presented the police with an unsurmountable obstacle: lack of

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Hello, all you cats! This is your slap-happy-daddy de da do do de dum hey hey bededo darum te do do de da be bo de . . . ho ho, and is that music tingling this month? Just musing through my discs the other night with Old Slammah Sammah and oh mellownezz if we didn't have a vout vout hey bop of a tuntime just sittin back and lettin all them little one-legged creatures run in an out of our jazzbopsweetlivin catch-alls stickin onto the outside of our top-works! oh man oh man! Have you all discazzy hophappy jive birds latched onto Diz's latest scratchin "Aberdeen Proving Grounds Blues"? If you haven't, just get proof.

At Andover Sam was a prominent member of his class. Fondly known to his classmates as "cream-puff", he was an active member of the bird-banding club, the stamp club, and mandolin club; he also made a distinguished record in social track. During his first two years here he was a sweet, docile little lad, but from the time he read about the fabulous exploits of Catiline, "ingenio malo pravoque", in Latin III, a remarkable change overcame him. He soon became the most respected member of his class because of his daring exploits and his phenomenal strength. Because of an unfortunate incident occurring early in his Senior year, however, Andover is unable to call him a graduate; nevertheless, he is still fondly referred to as a prominent alumnus.

And so, once again, last week over the glasses of absinthe and the pipes of opium the name of "Slippery Sam", P. A. '21, and the news of his latest success were whispered throughout the underworld everywhere.

on your kitty car and steam down to your nearest Decca-Mecca and jingle those bits and Jefferheads and get yoself one, cause it's just the voutest of mezzarabidizybiopigabixybiederickcondoneat platters which yo ever didd place that permometal pin upon.

Down at the "67" the other evemorning I pumped hands with Sticky Jamson and his gang and got the old livid-line about some of their latest waffles which they filed just before the Petrillorder of last month—they sound like the ticket straight from Chicorleans—prop your peepers open and don't let these cuttings pass you by! Also the other evemidnight I checked in at the Club Offbeat to pass my 'proval on that newest chick-chirp from Wichita, Consuela Bongschnook, and say but she is melloreeniddlyvopperboper-vout, and that's no left over alfalfa, you zoot-vouters.

Vout-votes from the notebook —don't forget, even boxtops are too good for these: any Lombarexcretions or Cugartrash, and Kostel-anischmaltz of course is just so much mash.

Notes from your vout-scout's greeby-Gyral:

Don't let it drop from y'r grooved gray matter that this platter-twirler's contest is still alive to them of youse reboperooni-mellomen which can slip me, in two score letter-combos or greater, their answer to why ol' Pops is still the best and most viddlederieenie licorice-man to 'scape with his hide from old N'awlins. Member, now the stellar fellar who latches onto the crackpot jackpot kin trot on down to the closest platter-purveyor in the nabe and grasp in his grimy paw any little bit of engraved saucers his tiny pump-organ has a yearnin' for. Selah, my children.

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UNTIL MARCH 1st.

ANN'S ANDOVER  
COTTAGE

Two Miles South of School  
On the Road to Boston  
Take the Bus It's In Bounds

## DOCTOR

FUESS

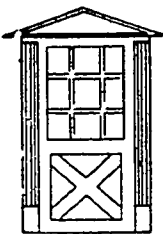
IS LOST ??

Tish! Tish!

Why Not

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When it comes to cigarettes — well, let Monica sing it:  
"Camels are my choice — they suit me to a 'T.'"  
Millions of smokers agree with you, Monica. That's why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!  
Try Camels! Discover for yourself why, with smokers who have tried and compared, Camels are the "choice of experience!"

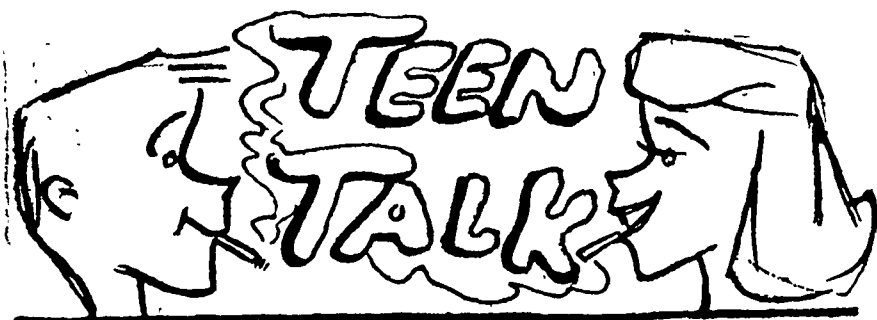
AND HERE'S ANOTHER TOP RECORD —

More people are smoking  
**CAMELS**  
than ever before!

**CAMELS**  
are the choice  
of experience  
with me!

Monica Lewis

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



The boys seem to be very ill-mannered these days. The following is from a letter we got last night.

Dear Elinor,

Tom and I finished our sodas and stepped outside to get the bus, but Tom said that we ought to walk home and stretch the legs, so, I said "natch." Of course I didn't realize that he was going to try to kiss me, and anyway we've been going steady for seven years. That wasn't the trouble

though. Tom had been reading this book, "Love Through the Minds of the Old Mystics of Babylon," and had all these silly ideas. On Peachum Street he turned slowly around and pulled me to a stop. His eyes were all glazed and he said, "Back to Babylon, back to hidden glories of mysterious love, shimmering fantasy—Greselda, you are now my love slave!" I was scared. I didn't want to be any love slave in Babylon. I picked up a rock and hit him in the face. Was I right?

Splendid, splendid, G. R. U. B. You have held the fluttering grace of American femininity above the grunt and sweat of the male. You can never see Tom again. He is dangerously perverted and might conceivably do you harm. The fact that he is fourteen holds little weight with the obvious fact that he has come under the influence of some horrible love cult. Beware Greselda! Remember, better to miss a kiss, than to be sorry to-morrow.

(Complexion news can be gotten for the axing merely by writing Elinor, Pimple Prep Talk Division, Box U, Andover, Mass.)

The good-night kiss is a much debated subject and I think I can clean it up for you—R. T., L. L., B. L., J. C., and A. C. The good-

night kiss without embrace (i. e., the quick "smooch") is permissible after the eleventh date if lockets and rings have been exchanged. You girls must realize that a kiss once given is never to be retrieved so guard the fruit of your lips with jealousy. The kiss is a thing beautiful and thrilling and not a vulgar pastime. You and I know the type of boy whose only thought is that good-night kiss and every look he gives you seems to say, "I am only taking you out so that after the eleventh date and lockets and rings have been exchanged I may give you the "quick smooch". And lo, lust will destroy the world...

(New Teen Canteen in Scollay Square opens tomorrow. Everyone come on in to Boston for a "hep" time. All the Pepsi's and Cokes you want for five cents after the contest for the largest smile is over.)

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Nothing makes a girl madder than to have some boy trip her in the school hall. We had a letter from H. A. the other day in which she described a squat ugly boy who does nothing but terrorize the girls. This boy tripped H. A. in the hall and turned a desk over on her. When will the garçons learn that the brute technic is gone for good. Let's go you young chavali-ers! Clean your finger-nails, brush those teeth, and be a real gentleman for that one who has captured your heart.

(Further help can be gotten for the axing, by sharpening your blades and slicing Elinor into bits.)

### VACATIONING DR. FUESS LOST IN EVERGLADES

Continued from Page 1—

great deal about the region into which Dr. Fuess paddled.

Shifting his holster, Captain Mercator wondered if Dr. Fuess would have sense enough to follow the water-ways to safety.

"If he don't", said the Upper Tallahassee Captain, "I fear for his soul." However, most men in the mobilized crew were more confident as they adjusted their packs of week-long food supplies, survival-kits, snake boots, fire-arms, and tropical helmets.

### M.J.C.C. Contest to Give Scholarship

Continued from Page 2—

of Commerce. No entries will be returned.

3. All essays will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity, neatness and expression.

4. All entries must be written by hand and in ink. Mimeographed manuscripts will not be accepted. Please write legibly in Korean, Chinese, Japanese, Manchurian, Mongolian, or English.

5. No contestant may be affiliated in any way with the M. J. C. C., or its advertising agencies.

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