

MORE OF MOORE

By ROBERT L. REITINGER

WITH the coming of every new class the Moore School seems to double its school spirit. This year's freshman class, ranging everywhere from fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds per specimen, started off with a bang. They did not like to polish panels, like all good freshmen should, and they bawled up their first election. But they are coming along all right now under the leadership of Elwood, alias Baron Burp. As a matter of fact the Juniors and Sophs had better keep in good trim or they are likely to take a terrible drubbing when the interclass basketball tournaments are staged. The Sophomores are taking a large interest in the radio club and are providing the brains (?) and hands for the construction of the new station, W3ABT. If the reader wants to see a dream in progress he should drop in on station W3ABT and witness the results of one of the finest pieces of extra curricula work that has been attempted around the engineering schools in a long time. (Hear, Hear!—Ed. Note) The Juniors, having now gotten over the scare of little pink valentines, are doing their best to whip into shape a basketball team that will take over any organization that thinks it is good enough to look them in the face. And believe it or not, it looks as tho they have a team that can do it. Come on Towne, we beat you at football and we can do it again at basketball.

And So:

Henderson of the senior class has been talking up the AIEE to all the juniors and so far seems to have signed up about two-thirds of the class. They all would like to join but there is something more than "desire" required for membership in the organization.

Professor Weyl, we regret to say, is spending the next few months in Europe and will not be with us again until next September. The Junior class showed their

appreciation of his instruction by presenting him with a cigarette lighter. The presentation oration was made by Dr. Fred Stewart, B.S. of Bloney University. His act was enjoyed by all. Mr. Warren will take over the class during Professor Weyl's absence. How he will take it over is what the Juniors are worrying about. They are hoping that Mr. Warren does not know what pink slips are for, but that is hardly possible for he used to assist Mr. Weyl. One day, after having issued quite a batch of these pro cards, Mr. Weyl was lecturing along in his smooth manner when Dr. Pender looked in on the class. "You have quite a large class here," said Dr. Pender. To which Prof. Weyl, all smiles, returned, "Yes, but not for long." But we love our teachers just the same and don't let anybody tell you otherwise.

The Graduate students have been having a lot of fun trying to solve word puzzles that seem to turn up from nowhere. Here is one of them. Fill in the blank spaces with a four letter word. The same letters must be used for each word but the combination must be different.

So we'll fill the——full well

Until the——run over;

Tonight we'll——at the village inn

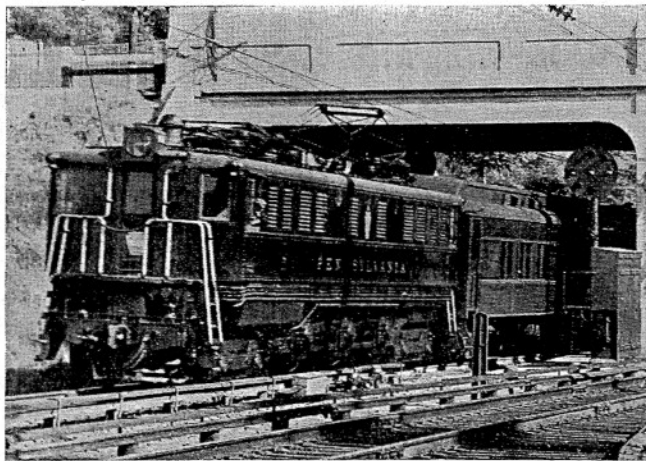
And tomorrow we'll——to Dover.

Sinnott fixed this one up in two minutes. He must have had an experience with one of the words.

Noxen Sox, our dear old keyholer in the Moore School Record, asked Santa Claus for some presents for the boys. Wonder if Hoffman got his field goat, or Plotkin his "Just a few more inches"? It was mentioned that Cairone wanted something that could not be printed. Well?

For deeds done during the past year certain medals were awarded the boys. Clark received one for chiseling—ask Sutton. Bockman

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—Civil Engineering.
New Pennsylvania electric locomotive for use on the New York to Philadelphia division, now nearing completion