

# MORE OF MOORE

By Robert L. Reiting

## "Hey" Ride

Very shortly the Easter vacation will be with us and no group looks forward to it with more pleasure than does the senior class of the Moore School. The reason for their anticipation is that they will have just finished their senior inspection tour and will be stranded in New York City on the opening days of the vacation. And what they plan to do—hey, hey. It would not be a bit surprising if a little bill would follow them home with a meaning that a certain group of Mechanicals once had made clear to them. The inspection tour will probably have a lighter side also. Remember the stories we used to hear about a certain professor turning cartwheels down Broadway and the time the whole squad got dates in Buffalo? Take heart ye underclassmen we all (?) become seniors eventually.

## Too Much Spinach

The other day Doug Mode was fussing around in the Moore School radio station, W3ABT, endeavoring to contact this station and that, when who should pound his ears but Spain. The Spanish operator and Doug fired a few sentences at each other—in English. Well, Doug thought this was his chance to have a little fun—he had not taken a half year of Spanish at the University of Pennsylvania for nothing—so he carefully sent a sentence in the beautiful Spanish language. For the next couple of minutes Doug heard a rather queer grating noise during the expiration of which he remarked that he liked contacting home stations better than foreign ones.

The radio room is taking on a new appearance. The panels now have a baked finish and the room in general is being put in order. But the latest pride and joy of all the members is the gold letter sign on the door "RADIO STATION W3ABT."

Our library has also taken on a new appearance and Miss Quinn now stands guard over a whole new book stack. We are still wondering about new books in the new book stack. Perhaps if we put Bogo or Cherub in there for a night they would come out with more new books than there are books in the library.

## The Big Day

Engineers' Day is with us and let us hope that every one carries out his duty. Every man in the Moore School has been assigned to a job and is supposed to attend to it

not only on the day itself but for several days before. Engineers' Day is not merely a day for us to work—it is a day for us to sell ourselves.

## Our Poet Mooreate

Cherub Plotkin is at it again and here is his thought for the month:

Pretty little Moore School

Sitting in the sun,

Full of clever students,

Each an engineer;

None of them are happy,

Each one has his fear,

Here it is for Juniors:

E.E. 1

Useful little More School,

Think of all it's done:

Bringing up its students,

Sending them away;

Some for fame and honor,

Some for jobs that pay,

But most of all for flunking.

E.E.1—

Cherub's effort is sincere no matter what you think of it, so maybe next month we will get him to return with the fear of the sophomore or sumpinsimilar.

## Personals

Henderson says he was just crazy to go dancing but he didn't know it until after the architects' ball—O—Schwartz took the book titled "One Thousand Things for Boys to Make" out of the library thinking he had the directory of a large girls' school—O—When Elwood's English 1 professor asked him why he didn't put a period after "kiss", Elwood said—Because I never stop there—O—When Bockman's girl told him the man she marries must be a hero, John said—He will be—O—Smith said he missed the best things in Life by subscribing to Judge—O—Hoffman last summer wanted to travel in the worst way so he took an oil tanker to Liberia—O—Fink's girl wanted to know why he didn't write to her so he told her he didn't care three cents for her—O—When a neighbor asked Haines why he wasn't getting as much milk from that cow, Haines replied—I guess I jest lost my pull, neighbor—O—Ixen says—Two heads are better than one, especially on a coin.