

450 Guests To Attend Dance

Big Floor Show To be Featured

Drexel's Cadets will open their social season on their homegrounds tomorrow night with a dance in the Mirror Room of the Hotel Philadelphian, and according to present plans it promises to be one of the biggest social events of the summer season. Dancing will last from 9 to 1 to the music of Jimmie Reid and his Orchestra, featuring the popular young vocalist, Margie Ellis.

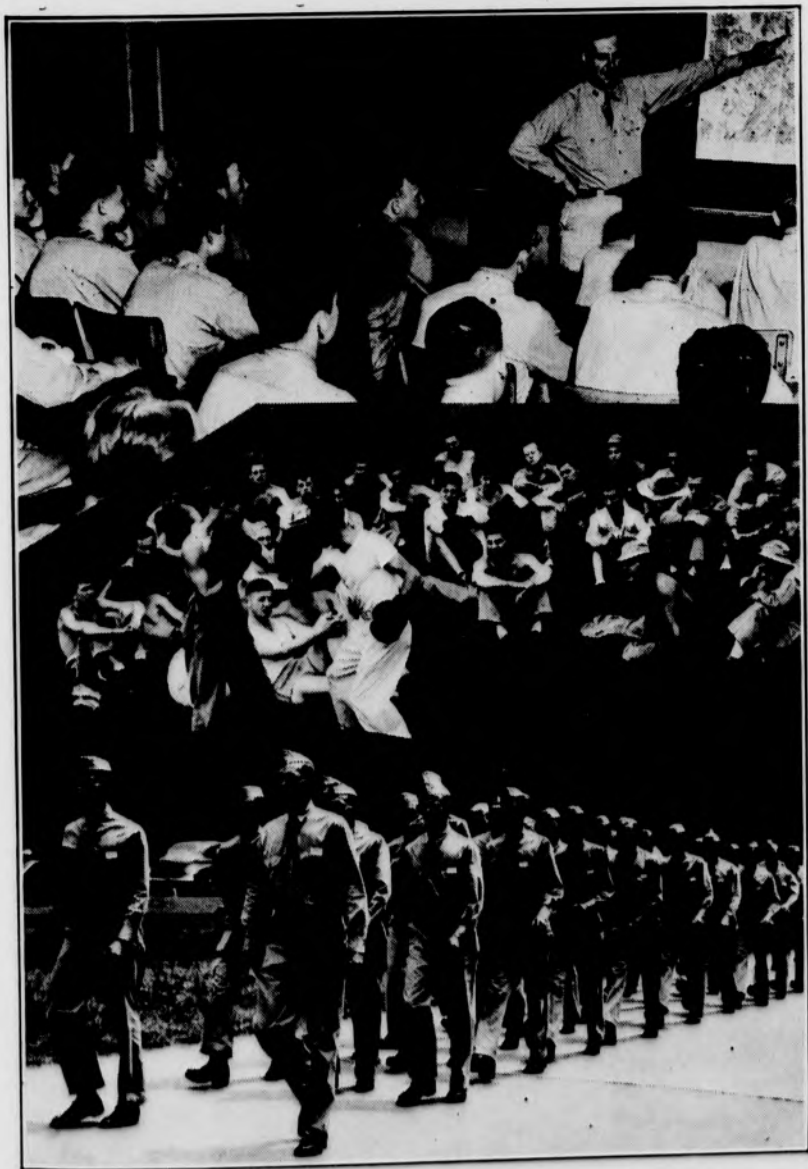
Although the dance will constitute the major source of entertainment for the 450 Cadets and girls expected to attend, other things such as a floor show, a War Bond raffle, and plenty of delicious refreshments should add up to make this one of the most enjoyable get-togethers planned for the boys in khaki during their stay at Drexel.

Jimmie Reid's Orchestra, the main attraction of the evening, is a popular hometown band that has a rosy future ahead of it. The band was organized two years ago and has scored major hits at Fort Dix, Fort Meade, and at many other Army camps in this vicinity.

The floor show will be staged by a troupe of professional artists who are now playing at one of the downtown clubs in Philadelphia. The show features a master of ceremonies who will relieve congenial Cadet Frank Ward, *DANCE on page 4*

Sr. Pictures Taken Now

Owing to the fact that the present seniors will graduate in December instead of in June, the 1944 *Lexerd* has started taking senior pictures. Appointments have been made at the Saroni studios for this week and the next and it is hoped that all the present seniors will be photographed in that time. The present juniors will be photographed next term. Though there will be two graduating classes next year, there will be only one *Lexerd*, which makes the job of getting the pictures taken a very difficult one. The *Lexerd* staff hopes everyone scheduled will have his picture at the appointed time.



THIS AIN'T THE ARMY, but it is Drexel's idea of the proper way to make an army. Future officers of Uncle Sam's fighting men need to know all of the "ands" and "buts" of Military Tactics, boxing, and marching.

Bargaining— with Bonds

Here's a chance actually to see one of those War Bonds that Uncle Sam has been taking out of your pay every month. At the dance, Saturday night, one or two War Bonds will be raffled away—depending on the number of fellows who kick in with their fifteen cent pieces, or the bargain price of two chances for a quarter. Those "unfortunates" who fail to win will be cheered by knowing that their coins went toward putting a pool table in the recreation room and keeping your newspaper going strong.

Tickets will be on sale Friday, Saturday, and Saturday night at the dance.

New Music Director

Wallace D. Heaton, Jr., of Drexel Hill, has accepted a position as full time director of all musical activities at Drexel, according to an announcement by President Rea on August 7.

Mr. Heaton, a native Philadelphian, is the organist and Director of Music at the First Methodist Church of Germantown; Assistant Conductor of the Choral Society of Philadelphia and Assistant Conductor of the Fortnightly Club of Philadelphia. He was Director of Music, Second National Conference on Religious Education at Lakeside, Ohio, in 1941.

It is Mr. Heaton's aim to develop and enlarge the music department at Drexel. He plans to enlarge the college band, and guide the activities participation of the students in the various musical organizations. Having separate glee clubs is another of his hopes. Mr. Heaton, as well as the student body, urges the boys who are here in the Army Specialized Unit to participate in the musical activities of the college. All those that are interested in anything musical and have any suggestions see Mr. Heaton, in the Student building.

The first meeting of the men's glee club was held on Tuesday in the auditorium during activities period with Wallace Heaton, new director of music, in charge. Meetings and rehearsals will be held each Tuesday afternoon at 1:30.

Plans are being made for various activities for the women's glee club including concerts, radio appearances and eventually, it is hoped, a tour.

HEATON on page 4

Ruth A. L. Dorsey Retires As Dean Of Drexel Women



Position Has Been Filled By Mrs. Elizabeth Seelbach, Sister of President Rea

Miss Ruth A. L. Dorsey, Dean of Women for 20 years at Drexel Institute, will start a sabbatical leave of absence on September 1, for a one year period. At the end of that time she will retire from active service as Dean of Women to be replaced by Mrs. Elizabeth Seelbach.

Tuition— Raised

Plans have been formulated for a general increase in the tuition rates by a committee headed by Dr. Wagon-seller. Home Economics, Library Science, and Business Administration rates have been increased by ten dollars per term, while those of the Engineering courses will now be twenty-five dollars higher. To date, no reason for this action has been extended by the committee, but it is believed that such announcement should appear in the near future.

Bob Cording Senior Prexy

The election of class officers for the December and June graduating classes produced the following results:

Senior Class officers: President, Robert Cording; Vice-President, W. E. Turner; Treasurer, Paul Maedel, Jr.; Secretary, Dominick Rosato.

Junior Class officers: President, Morton Simon; Vice-President, Arthur Watkins; Treasurer, Richard Ashmead; Secretary, William Hoch.

Members of Student Council: President, Charles Scheffey; Vice-President, Donald A. Corneal; Representatives, Ralph Scheffey, Charles Etter, Wayne Gerson, Jay Mirshall, Albert Soffa.

Lexerd Staff: Managing Editor, John Kaufman; Junior Editor, George Bodenstein; Business Manager, Jack Hanley; Representatives, Donald Hartranft and Albert Weinhardt.

The TRIANGLE extends congratulations to those elected and wishes them a successful year in their positions.

Tau Beta Elects New Officers

Tau Beta Pi, honorary engineering society, elected four new officers last week, vice-president, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, and cataloger. New officers are: William H. Linton, Paul J. Leinheiser, Carl Pacifico, and Lawrence Carapellotti, respectively, who will fill the positions left vacant by Allan T. Cowell, William D. Rice, and William Bernard.

Those elected, in this the fraternity's third meeting of the summer term, will remain in office for the coming school year along with Charles W. Scheffey, president. Professor Sam Leonard remains treasurer of the organization.

Kerchner Bn. Major

Cadet Officers for the next two weeks will be led by Cadet J. H. Kerchner acting as Battalion Commander. Cadets A. W. Seelberger and E. R. Day will serve as Battalion Executive and Adjutant, respectively.

The following are the company and platoon officers:

Co. "A"	Duty	Co. "B"
Williams	Co. Comdr.	Medaglia
Corrigan	Co. Exec.	Apgar
Holohan	1st Plat. Ldr.	O'Brien
Nelson	2nd Plat. Ldr.	Steel
Vanderploeg	3rd Plat. Ldr.	Whitby
Weidman	4th Plat. Ldr.	Weekbach
Harlan	5th Plat. Ldr.	O'Hearn
Coyle	6th Plat. Ldr.	Unger
Heffernan	7th Plat. Ldr.	Schofield
Birdsall	8th Plat. Ldr.	
Dambrowski	1st Sergeant	McHale

Men Plan Frosh Camp

On September 20, 21 and 22 the Drexel Y.M.C.A. is going to hold its Freshman Orientation Camp at Camp Ochanickon, in New Jersey. Invited this year are the February, March and June frosh of 1943 as well as the incoming freshmen for the fall term. However, unless the Y receives sufficient registrations for the camp before August 20, after which date the tentative hold for those three days in September must be relinquished, the Y.M.C.A. will have to again change its plans.

The Y urges all present freshmen to take advantage of the three days to be spent at camp. The cost is negligible as compared with the good time to be had by all. Any upper classman who has attended will testify to that fact. There will be swimming, boating, football, baseball, and other sports; as well as talks, formal and informal, by the faculty and school organization leaders.

Get your names in now to Oliver Keely or Dr. Sones in the Student Building, and let's get out and end our vacation with a bang! Remember—August 20 is the deadline for signing up.

A Week at Drexel Some Ten Years Ago

Now that the Army is firmly entrenched at Drexel, it was decided that the men might be interested in a little of the Institute's past history. Digging into some ancient copies of the TRIANGLE the following tid-bits were found by one of the more ambitious cub reporters. Since there were no issues of the TRIANGLE during the summer months (no summer classes), these excerpts are from the June, 1933, issue.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, member of the Drexel Board of Trustees, publisher, etc., succumbed at the age of 83.

All classes were excused for the afternoon out of respect for Mr. Curtis.

A Depression Club blackballed any girl "who consumes more than one 'coke' and two cigarettes on a date."

Dean Disque, then known as Academic Dean, was transferred to the titles of Dean of Engineering and Dean of Faculty.

A cigarette ad showed how to make 100 cups of coffee from one pot. (Just a magic trick then, but it sure would come in handy now.)

Drexel trackmen completed an undefeated season by winning the Central Pennsylvania Crown.

Definition of a kiss—"An anatomical juxtaposition of the two orbicular muscles in a state of contraction with the mutual touching of compound squamous epithelium." (Get out your dictionaries.)

Pi Tau Sigma, the National Honorary Mechanical Engineering Society, was installed in Drexel by the Lehigh Theta Chapter.

Mrs. Seelbach, sister of George Rea, president of Drexel, assumed her new duties last Monday, August 9. For the past twenty-one years she has been Librarian of the Hamburg Free Library in Hamburg, New York. She received her education at various private schools and took a course in kindergarten study at Miss Elder's School for kindergarten teachers. For her background in the literary field she attended several sessions of summer study at the University of Buffalo. Though not specifically trained for the position of Dean of Women, she has full confidence in her capability and hopes to fill the position vacated by Miss Dorsey in as thorough and as friendly a manner as possible.

During the last war, Mrs. Seelbach served in a Red Cross Canteen overseas and is now an active member of the American Women's Overseas League. Before coming to Philadelphia she took an active part in the work of the League in the Induction Center Canteen in Buffalo. She hopes to promote such a canteen here, as soon as she becomes acclimated and accustomed to her new duties.

Mrs. Seelbach is now living at the Drexel dormitory and likes it very much. Best of all, however, she says that she likes handing over her ration points to Miss Hanold. She thinks that shopping with points was fun, up to a certain point.

Miss Dorsey, former Dean of Women, since her arrival at Drexel Institute has been in charge of all women's activities. Her eligibility for college personnel work was gained by *DEAN on page 4*

Army Food Improves

Long awaited improvements in the food situation at the Hotel for the cadets are finally materializing. According to Lt. Paul Jordan, mess officer, new equipment has been ordered and rapid delivery is expected.

The new purchases will consist of friers, large griddles, refrigeration units, warmers, and storage cabinets. Many new items will appear in the daily menu as a result of this equipment. French fried potatoes, griddle cakes, wheat cakes, and the like will soon be served. In addition, certain meats are on order now that warmers will be available to keep them in the best of condition before serving.

Lt. Jordan also announced that ice cream will be served more frequently from now on. This was made possible after the many requests from cadets. On the other hand, the frequency of cold cuts will be limited to a minimum.

Other changes will soon be put into effect. Slowly, but surely, chow time will become less of a duty and more of a pleasure.

CADET CALENDAR AUGUST

- 14—Battalion Dance in the Mirror Room of the Hotel Philadelphian, 9 to 1.
- 21—Swimming-Dancing Party at the Drexel Hill Pool, 5 to 12. Formal Dance at the Dorm, 8:30 to 2.
- 28—Battalion Dance in the Drexel Court. Music furnished by the Cadet Orchestra. Dance at Sergeant Hall. University of Pennsylvania girls. 9 to 1.

Special Privileges

AT last special privileges have been inaugurated for the cadets. Before reviewing just how liberal these new concessions are, let us quote some significant lines from various letters received by cadets in this Unit from friends and relatives in other Army Specialized Training Units.

"Here at N.Y.U., after a short trial period, the Colonel was so pleased at the conduct of the men that he granted Class 'A' passes for us every night good for 50 miles. As long as we maintain passing grades we can keep these passes. On Saturdays we're through at noon and we don't have to be back until reveille Monday morning. . . ."

" . . . and we can go into town every night. Our studying is on the honor system, but in order to keep conditions like this we must keep up to par in our class work. We, too, had trouble with physics in the beginning, but now we go slower so that practically everyone understands the theory before he works any problems." (Louisiana State University.)

"The men are disgusted today. The Colonel just ordered us to stay in two nights a week because some men are getting in late for bed-check. However, Fordham is a pretty good school. . . ."

" . . . Boy, you really must study up there! Our study hours in the evening are only from 7:30 to 8:30." (Niagara University.)

" . . . And so it goes. Many schools seem to have privileges that Drexel cadets have not as yet experienced. Even the new concessions for those maintaining high averages do not rival conditions existing for one and all at other schools, for we must make up in late study that time lost in the enjoyment of a "special privilege." Besides that, the percentage of "A" and "B" students is so small that it almost isn't worth mentioning.

Just a few blocks away on the University of Pennsylvania campus no compulsory study is enforced for the A.S.T.U. Class "A" passes are in effect at all times providing a trainee is not on probation for especially poor class work or for violations of army regulations. Weekend passes begin from Saturday 12:00 and end at Monday morning reveille.

We don't want to kick. We know we're here to study, and we know that too much play and no work don't mix. But if a student can maintain his high average, can't he enjoy his privileges without the make-up provision? Surely he realizes the consequences if he doesn't keep up his good work. And we've yet to see a good man take off some evening when he isn't too sure of that math test the next day.

Should the evening study enforcement be relaxed just a bit—say for one night a week for all—the mass violation of it probably would end, and things would be done legally for a change.

Yes, we're here to study, but just so much can be done. Who knows?—a change in the privileges may bring about a change for the better!

L. F.

Drexel's Standards Too High?

THE main topic around the hotel nowadays is the worried discussions of at least 80 per cent of the boys (and that's not exaggerated) on why their grades are so low and can they pass. What a passing grade is seems to be very vague. Upon questioning one of the professors the other day, we learned that no standard of grading has been received from the army. If this is true there can be only two other factors on which the grading can be based. (1) It may be based on the standards Drexel has set; in which case there are only very few Cadets with the academic background for the course. (2) It may be based on the fact that the men are being taken as a group and divided into the various classes according to their marks. This though, we doubt is the deal.

The biggest percentage of the fellows want to complete this course. There are, of course, a very small group that did not want the course and are here against their will. But what is wrong with the rest is the question. Don't we study hard enough? Are we lazy? Or is it that we just don't give a damn. Believe me, it's none of these.

Cadets here receive letters every day from Purdue, Fordham, Arkansas Tech, and many others, telling how well they are getting along. When these letters come, we start to wonder how it could be that four hundred men, picked by the army, could be so illiterate. Or is it that? Could it be that Drexel wants to turn out the finest engineers in the country regardless of how many really intelligent and industrious men they do have to return to the troops because they couldn't be taught a year of college engineering in three months, when these men did not have even the basic requirements to enter a school like Drexel? If this is the case, why weren't the intellectual supermen, throughout the army, sent here and the rest of us sent to some other school where perfection isn't absolutely necessary and average is not low enough to flunk out on. When someone invents a machine in which you can put a man, with a year and a half of high school math, in a chair, turn on a switch, and bring forth a young Einstein, then, and only then, will Drexel be able to uphold the standards it has set.

C. T.

The Drexel Triangle

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Business Manager

Managing Editor

Associate Editor

News Editor

Assistant News Editor

Columnist

Reporters

Typists

Tech vs. Cadets

EVER since the end of June, Drexel has been housing a new type of student, a student who has been taken out of his natural environment and put in the classrooms of Drexel Tech. He is here in this heterogenous grouping, not always by his own will, but sometimes by a command from his superiors, who told him he is to be an army engineer. He was perhaps majoring in commercial art, psychology, teaching, or some other field which does not, by any stretch of the imagination, have the slightest bearing on or connection with his instruction in engineering.

His instructors often infer that he is not a Drexel student and probably never will be; so he gives up in disgust and stops trying. Not only must he take it from the professors, but he also must remain an outsider to the civilian student body, because he isn't accepted in their company. He has to take an egotistic attitude to build up his morale.

Drexel is merely housing these cadets when we should be accommodating them. Sure—we've had dances for them and a few have found their place in Drexel society, but many are still out in the cold. If these boys are given half a chance to be friends and are made to feel at home here at Drexel, their so-called conceit will take on a more social and friendly aspect and good old D.I.T. will have a few more loyal rooters.

Penn Co-eds?

THERE were many complaints from the Drexel Co-eds about last week's Army dance. It seems that they resented the intrusion of the Penn girls who were called in at the last moment. The reason for the Penn girls being present at the dance was that not enough Drexel girls had signed up signifying that they wished to attend. A quota of 50 girls is needed for each dance and because this quota was not reached it was necessary to go elsewhere. When our own girls showed up at the dance and caused a surplus of women, they then took it upon themselves to complain about the Penn wolverines. This does not seem very cooperative and if such a situation is to be remedied, you Drexel co-eds will have to sign up in the early part of the week, letting the committee know they are interested. Otherwise it will be a case of causing general confusion for the committee.

Attendance Sad--

THE Stage Door Canteen must have put on a "bang-up" show last Saturday night. In fact it must have been even better than that to lure 290 of the 300 A. S. T. U. Cadets who took tickets to our own insignificant attempt at entertainment.

According to comments heard, and even forcibly brought to our attention, the Army attendance was definitely far below par, especially when one considers the effort, to say nothing of the cost that went into the production. It's too bad that more support couldn't have been given, if only to encourage such actions in the future.

G. A.

Grippers' Corner

As one griper to another I have these pet gripes to present: Cadets, your response to the social life presented by the Drexel girls has been nil for the past week-end. We are still pretty hot under the collar about our adverse publicity, but did you ever think that some of it might have a little foundation?

If you haven't been getting enough aqua to quench your thirst, the reason isn't altogether the hot weather but the miniature paper cups being used in the mess hall. Need more be said? Another thing that we would like to have explained is why the water fountain in the recreation room isn't connected. We also suggest a few cold water fountains be installed on the floors.

Did you hear about all the battles occurring in the rec. hall? Yes, the battles of man vs. insects. It seems the insects are on the winning side.

Skip, hut, hoop—skip again. No reflection on the cadence counters but I would think you cadets could keep in step, just once.

I hope I am not blackballed for this but don't you think a few G.I. inspections are in order? Your uniforms could be kept clean if you wouldn't try to dry mop the field shower room floor and dust off all the chairs.

Sir, is it an order through channels that the cotton O.D. must be worn to and from the drill field or

just a ground rule? The shower taken at the field doesn't help at all because when arriving at the hotel we must take another shower to prevent B.O. The uniform is also soaked and is mighty uncomfortable. Even four or five sets of Khakis are not enough with laundry and dry cleaning facilities as they are. We would all rather wear fatigues. The populus of the neighborhood is used to seeing us in fatigues and also our present route does not present the battalion to the public eye.

Why hasn't some aggressive young cadet picked up the step of the vivacious black-haired A&P girl who strolls the opposite sidewalk each noon? Could the reason be that we are not wolves, anymore?

Suggestion: A boost to the morale and also an aid to digestion would be a little of boogie-woogie, a little Gershwin, and a little of sweet swing from records. There is a public address system already installed in the mess hall. All we need is a record player plus records. This equipment shouldn't be too hard to get and we surely will appreciate your efforts.

FISHER'S FINDINGS

DRAMA?

Alpha Psi Omega's presentation of "The Red Velvet Goat" was not the finest thing ever produced here at D.I.T. The running mate, "The Noble Lord," was better although it was still far below former efforts. However, I firmly believe that most people who attended (and they were very few) expected too much. Certainly no one should expect an outstanding performance from a group working for pure love, on short notice, and during the summer. It certainly takes a lot of courage to harshly criticize two plays, a dance and refreshments when admission was free for the asking.

I saw three plays last week, two here at D.I.T. and one, "The Romantic Young Lady," at the Bucks County Playhouse. Frankly I must say that I could sit through the Alpha Psi Omega affairs once again but "The Romantic Young Lady" never again please.

RUMORS:

Well last week the women certainly showed the men how to keep a secret. Last Spring when the E.R.C. situation was at its height rumors were flying thick and fast; everyone had the

TRITE ANGLES

It's going to be sort of hard to talk through a muzzle this week, but what the heck—after all I've gone through the past week or two anything is possible. Yes, I guess the war is really on in earnest. OK, boys, I'm in it too . . .

But first of all, around and about. Surprise of the week: Mrs. Seelbach, our new dean of women. Keeping it right around home, Mrs. Seelbach is the sister of President Rea and—well, I like her. She seems to be a really swell person and judging from all appearances she and the co-eds will hit it off all right. Good luck to you, Mrs. Seelbach!

Well, I managed to make a couple of classes last week. When I walked into one the instructor looked very surprised and shocked—more surprised than shocked—and lit off with "Why, are you taking this course?" And me his star pupil . . .

My batting average gets better and better. In one class that we've had just four miserable times so far, I stand supreme with three cuts. Not bad for a beginner . . .

And talking about me—which you may attribute to gross conceit—people who haven't even met me yet know all about me. One instructor I never even saw before came out from behind all his books long enough to say, I quote—"Was that your picture I saw on the blackboard last hour?" "Yes," quoth I, "it was." "Um-m," he said—and walked on. Now my problem is this: do you think he saw the resemblance—or did he? . . .

Talk about action—well boys, I must hand it to you. When necessary, it's there. Now how about settling down and diverting it into the proper channels. Moral of the story: all play and no work—wash, wash . . .

I understand the play last weekend had quite a turnout—three soldiers. Now it isn't that I don't want you boys to study (see above) but tell me, were you all cramming away on a Saturday night—now were you? After all, the players gave the little performance for you—and where were you? My oh my . . .

Which reminds me. Long issues back I suggested that a system be set up at Drexel dances whereby the fellas and girls could get met up. To date, no such arrangement has been worked out. If you don't know how to do it, I'll be glad to help. Plug . . .

And another suggestion. How about opening the Student building on Sundays as a sort of canteen. They tell me that having lived at the Philadelphia six days a week, the seventh—being a day of rest—is best lived elsewhere. With the Student building open and the co-eds hostessing, I think an ideal solution to that seventh day problem could be reached. Well, fellas, what's your ideas? Now is the time for etc. . . .

Gripe of the Week: the drinking fountains. Having made a complete survey of them all, in a futile effort to get me a really thirst-quenching drink of that stuff commonly known as water—oh delectable stuff—I return to present to you this most startling and vital discovery . . .

Of all the drinking fountains in the entire building, the only one that you don't have to practically dive into in an effort to get that refresher, is the one in front of the executive offices on the first floor.

Now I ask you—why do you imagine that is? Is it that the faculty is more thirsty than we are on these hot summer days? Is it that we're supposed to do our drinking at the Railroad? Or is it? Frankly, it's got me puzzled—

How in the world, when you're trying to keep out from under the eagle eye of the faculty—as I am—can you get a drink—as things stand . . .

Oh gloom . . .

Twenty-four more days of school and then. Yes, then. So here I sit—in a muddle of things Mr. McMullan calls figures for the determination of Seasonal Variations by a number of different methods, with a book on the Psychology of Fashion supported on my weary knees, with my left eye looking toward Spanish—habláis ustedes español?—and my right toward something cooler. So here I sit.

But enough. The prickly heat under my muzzle begins to remind me that closing time at the dog kennel is near—so, so will I—close, I mean—'til I hear your lovely little voices chirping 'round me once again and know it's time to spring—so far—so long. . . .

Love and kisses,

Emily.

straight information. "We're going next week, next month, we won't go at all, etc." However, rumors about the new Dean were worse than scarce; there were none. Consultation with Nancy Gundrum, prexy of the W.S.G.A., did not produce results until the Wednesday before the new arrival, when Nancy released the correct information. I have always believed that women couldn't keep a FINDINGS on page 4

"Out Your Barracks Bags"

Five weeks have elapsed, excluding refresher courses, since we started our courses at the Drexel Institute, and still many of us are in doubt concerning the many rules and laws of physics. Will some kind soul help approximately 350 cadets with an explanation of why a body falls upward.

Has anyone heard a new rumor recently? It seems that whenever anything happens in this man's army, there is always a contradictory rumor accompanying it. The latest is that a large group of cadets are destined to return to the troops. (To Emily: this may solve your problem.)

But why spend all my time with unimportant facts concerning almost nothing. With a group of 400 of Uncle Sam's "Fighting Sons of Freedom" quartered in a hotel in a large city, many interesting happenings are sure to occur. Will anyone deny a group of fellows the privilege of keeping pets? I wonder if there isn't a motive behind the madness of the occupants of room 317 who have taken to the task of fattening a flock of pigeons. So that's where the meat is coming from. . . . "Airplane Spotter" WOLFBURG, that illustrious member of B-6, is now gazing out of the windows of Valley Forge General Hospital instead of from those of room 306 of the Hotel Philadelphia.

Company A is wondering who taught their cadet C.O. to count cadence. Could it have been the C.O. of Company B who has added a touch of "boogy-woogy." 1-2-3, 4? Better luck next time, fellows. . . . Have fly-papers been placed on the ration list? A-2 is now eating more flies than food in the dining hall; this might be a solution to the meat situation. . . . A request that A-1 refrain from P.T. in the hallways while others are trying to rest has been submitted. . . . I hope that all are enjoying the food which is already on the trays and silverware when they are picked up. The army never allows a man to go hungry. . . .

Dear professor, are you annoyed by men sleeping in class? I suggest the method used by VANDERSLOOT, who is now wearing sunglasses in class. Seems to be a new angle on "How to sleep in class and not annoy the lecturer." . . . The fog in Professor McNEARY's first period mathematics class is denser than the London fog. . . . Cadet Sergeants VANDERFLOEG and KRULL must be bucking for a Pfc. rating; good luck, fellows. . . . THOMPSON was seen rushing into a room flatterer the occupants with the salutation, "Gentlemen"—the result, "Does anyone have a quarter?" . . . H. WAGSHUL has now indulged in writing poetry to his betrothed, while his roommate WAGNER carries a torch for Rose.

The title of "the best fed rug of the week" is hereby bestowed upon the floor-covering in room 355—Does the O.P.A. know, boys? . . . Might I suggest that the telephone company install a private phone in room 320 for the exclusive use of JOSEPHS—other fellows would like to use the telephones. . . . Why do the cadets always have the girl friend call them in the middle of the night? . . . Everyone is overjoyed with the cold refreshing water which can now be gotten from the drinking fountain in the recreation hall. For your information, there is a plumber on the second floor who will be only too glad to connect it.

TIMBERLAKE is asking for contributions to help fill the penny bank he has started for the twins. . . . In answer to Emily, the members of B-4 now spend their pre-class time greeting the Drexel co-eds as they ascend the steps from the court. . . . "G-2" MILLER is shocked at the attitude of the D.I.T. co-eds who spend the ten-minute intervals between classes leaning over the railings and "wolfing" the cadets, causing no end of embarrassment to the shy, but hard-working students. . . . Anyone desiring advice to the lovelorn will kindly contact "Bluebeard" BIRESE, who now calls the roll of his admirers. . . . Yes, it is possible for one platoon to count cadence as loudly and sing as fervently as a whole company. B-6 proved this when they were left behind because they wanted to learn some physics.

Wedding bells have been ringing for the cadets of D.I.T. ERNEST CHAMBERLAIN and the former HELEN KIMBALL were united in the bonds of holy matrimony last Saturday at St. Francis DeSales Church. A short honeymoon was spent at Bear Mountain, N. Y. At the next class of military training, Captain CAZIARC asked, "Cadet Chamberlain, how does it feel today . . . to be married, I mean." . . . BERT CARR has also joined the ranks of the married men of the battalion.

And with the refrain of the wedding march still sounding in my ears, I put my faithful Henriette—don't misunderstand me, fellows, she's my type-writer—to bed.

Army Cats Jumpin' On Their Own

A soldier without music is like a fish out of water. That's what McCarthy thought and decided to do something about it.

After a hectic session of dickering and getting hep to the jive, a band (oh, I beg your pardon, an orchestra) was born. It was found, to the surprise of everyone, that the name A.S.T.P. was a coverup for a parcel of excellent talent. The first practice, held Monday evening with everyone swinging at top form, was a huge success and the outlook is very rosy.

The orchestra is, at present, made up of twelve members. Brick McCarthy and Bud Dillon are the initial men. Brick will be rattling keys on the piano and Bud will be sweetly swinging on the sax. The bass section will be made up of Tex Vance and Bud Pannegar, both on the trombone, Curley Derschner on the Bass Viol, and Phil Rubins on the Drums. On the reeds there'll be Bud, Johnny Beilein, Dick Mavis, and Louie Cohn. The brass section will be emphasized by Dick Engebretsen and W. C. Johnson, both on the trumpets, and Cleats Huey playing lead trumpet.

These boys are putting a lot into it and we believe the Cadets won't be disappointed at the outcome. We'll be seeing a lot of these boys around the dances in the future and we're sure their presence will do much toward added entertainment.

Dear Emily—Love, Kadets

Dear Emily:

This is just a poor G.I., trying in his humble way to apologize for not having "helped much."

We're sorry, if in the short month we've been here, we haven't been able to restore your beloved Drexel to its old self.

You know, Emily, we realize that Drexel "carried on" before we got here and that it will stumble along after we've left. The same applies to you, Emily dear, fifty-one years without you, too.

But we're not here for the express purpose of replacing the senior class. We didn't ask to come here and disappoint you, and the Army didn't send us here to make your school life and social affairs more glad some. We're not conceited either, Emily. Maybe we're just bashful, or maybe we just don't warm to you and your type.

Platoon B-2.

Heil Emily:

So you chicks want a new order? Well, Emily, you're breaking our hearts(?). Of course, Emily, we realize that you represent a minute minority of the co-eds at Drexel. We wonder Emily, if you have not been ignored or neglected by the armed forces. The Army loves to gripe, but if commissions were given for the biggest grippers, we think you would rate commander-in-chief. Your article told us that Drexel has done without the Army for 51 years. It might be said that the Army has done without Drexel for the same amount of time, and probably will continue to do so when the main court is but dusty ruins.

In your article, you infer that we object too much to our sumptuous suppers of cold cuts. May I take this opportunity to invite you to chow some time—when we have cold cuts, or a scrapple breakfast. We are sure that you would enjoy a meal of this sort.

You're a great morale builder-upper, Emily. While others are giving their all toward the war effort, you're still holding out on the gripe front. So keep it up, Emily. You go off in your little corner all by yourself and write some more sarcastic articles about the ASTU. No doubt, sarcasm is one of the strong points in your character. Our reply to you is only the age old Army remark to comments such as yours, Emily . . . BLOW IT OUT YOU BARRACKS BAG!!!!!!

Platoon B-1.

Dear Emily:

After reading the *Drexel Dragon* from cover to cover, your article was brought to my attention by a radical member of our wonderful organization. Beginning from the rear, which seems only sensible, let me assure you that "heaven will wait," and although it may be contrary to rules, we will lean over the court-trail and in cadence, but gracefully, thumb our noses at you.

And as for Drexel, well, after carrying on for 51 years, it seems about time that someone carried "it" for awhile. But, don't forget, Emily, your seniors went to where we came from, so you see we have another reason besides you to feel sorry for them.

Oh yes, Emily dear, you said you



wanted action. . . . babe, you don't get around much any more.

Platoon B-3.

Dear Emily:

Here I am, one of your newly found ardent readers, and I must write to you. Through no fault of my own, however, I am clothed with the khaki of Uncle Sam's Army, the khaki you apparently hate so much. Being I am now hopelessly attached to the "you," I've grown to know through reading your column. I would shed these garments immediately and don a suit of 4-F clothes, if it would please your highness.

Of course, it is not through my own choice that I am now at Drexel, but I must say it has all the indications of becoming a happy experience. When my beloved Uncle Sam told me I was going to college to better prepare myself for my army career I was overjoyed. Upon my arrival at Drexel, however, and after spending these past weeks in its magnificent portals, things are beginning to take on a new light. In your sweet little column, Emily, my dear, it is very apparent that you feel the men of our country's forces more or less have invaded your beloved Alma Mater. I'm very sorry you feel this way and my heart bleeds for you. Oh! how it bleeds for you, but I must repeat that we're not here because we want to be.

I now feel that if the Army is going to send men to a school and if there is any feeling such as that shown on your part, they should either take over the school entirely, excluding all civilian students or just not send any men at all to such a place. I have friends at other colleges included in the A.S.T. program in other parts of the country, under a set-up similar to that here at Drexel and oddly enough the civilian co-eds and the Cadets have blended very nicely.

You speak of us as being conceited. I know what the word means, but I don't know in what direction you are applying it. Haven't our little "Cadets" been nice to you, Emily, my dear? Purely an accidental mistake I'm sure. They probably haven't seen you, or maybe they have. Do you think that's your trouble? Things will work out for the best, I'm sure, and your dream man will come along one of these days. Oh yes! I had a nightmare the other night and I'd gladly introduce you to one of the characters I met in it. Would you like that? You'd make a ghastly couple, I'm sure.

You also speak of action. Now, I'm not certain what kind of action you mean, but if it's what I think you mean, I'm sure in most cases the fellow would gladly oblige. In Philadelphia, the horn of plenty has been very kind to us and we've met lots of swell people, but at this writing I would gladly take on that cute red head that graces the second floor occasionally. I'm sure somewhere among these 400 "maniacs" there must be someone who will take our dear "little" Emily under his wing, and make her life more bearable.

Platoon B-6.

Jonathan Kadet.

To Emily:

Now the Army came to Drexel just

to give co-eds a thrill, They looked us over, up and down, really put us through the mill . .

We were measured, tagged and counted, And were just not what they wanted, So we're editorially taunted, With: Bless their hearts but take 'em back, For it's a long established fact, That Drexel and her seniors were, for fifty years or more Unassisted by the Army, undisturbed by G.I. bore.

We would like to remind "Trite Angles" that it's pretty well known That the Army was and will be here when seniors, Drexel, and Em'ly are gone.

Platoon A-4.

Dear Emily:

Here is one "little GI" who feels the time has come to put one little "Trite Angle" back into position. The basis for this rather rude fan letter can be found in your column of July 30.

Being in the Army develops one's sense of broad mindedness as nothing else can ever do. We've waded through more good natured (?) mud than can be found on a Ft. Eustis obstacle course, and there's no question but that we'll wade through a heck of a lot more, so I guess I shouldn't let your poetic lines bother me, but just this once, I've got to get a few things off my chest.

You mention the fact that "dear A.J." is probably doing a quick turn over at the "sudden influx of talent"—(that's us) and that poor Drexel just isn't the same anymore, which gives me reason to wonder just what DIT was back in "them thar' days." Your phrase, "too much conceit and not enough action" really rankles this Ka-det through! You proceeded in your merry way to make it quite plain that Drexel was well off in most respects before the "cold cut" brigade marched through "the sacred portals" and that it will continue to remain that way after we leave.

Look, honey, have you ever stopped to think how many of us hadn't the slightest intentions of desecrating Drexel. Studying Engineering is our assignment, heaven only knows a lot of us would rather be helping our buddies over there.

As for "conceit and no action"—if there is any conceit present it's only that we're pretty damn proud of being accepted into this program. Sure, we'll gripe and kick, but the reasons are obvious—we're still Army. "Little action," well you've got me, though not the way you think. Practically all of us have come from six, seven, or eight months in the field and even you must admit that readin', writin', and slide rule take the back seat there. Then it's been quite some time since those high school or frosh years, and we're kinda' rusty in a lot of things but we're learning, and that physics problem is going to look a heck of a lot easier one of these days.

We're here Emily, not because we chose to take Engineering or to decerate Drexel, but because this is where they sent us. We like DIT and we rather hoped you'd like us. We've got plenty of faults, sure, but we're

Around the Town

SATURDAY—

Are you, also, afflicted with that simply-must-get-away-from-it-all feeling?

Have you been contemplating a weekend of diverting entertainment? If it's light romance and gay melodies you crave, then seek no longer.

Does meat rationing provoke you? Have you been caught with your "points" down? Do you have to bribe your butcher with a kiss simply to purchase a steak? Here is an opportunity to attend an old-fashioned barbecue at the South Broad Street U.S.O. Preceding this grand treat is a variety show worthy of the most particular connoisseur's attention. Rounding out an evening of complete enjoyment are dancing and cooling refreshments.

For a rollicking time, with excellent entertainment and good food, join the many throngs flocking to the Benedict Club, where the Bishop Neuman Council, K. of C., is sponsoring a gala party.

Beat the heat, let yourself be refreshed by the cooling breezes circulating on the Roof Garden of the Army-Navy "Y." Dance, in an atmosphere charged with romance, under a blanket of blue, to the rhythm of Bill McNulty's musicmakers. Music commences at 8:30 p.m.

Do you have vocal aspirations? Here is a chance to sing the songs that are your favorites. Join the crowd on City Hall Plaza, opposite Reyburn Plaza, where Stanley Hyde leads a gay Midnight Song Fest. Remember the song is the thing; the hour is midnight.

Dance with your date or select a partner from among the bevy of beauties adorning the U.S.O. Labor-Reyburn Plaza with their radiant loveliness. Glide to the music of Leo Zollo and his 14-piece dance band and be transported right "out of this world." Open from 6:00 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

SUNDAY—

Tiring under the exhilarating pace? Here is an opportunity to relax at the J.W.B. Club and Canteen. Enjoy a brunch at 11 a.m. If its exercise you need, take a light workout in the gym or a cool, refreshing dip in the pool. For that healthy complexion go on the roof and get your supply of Vitamin D. Make a recording of your voice and send it to your sweetheart.

Attend a pre-vue of a new movie at the Variety Club in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Delicious refreshments will be served. The show begins promptly at 12:30 p.m. Procure your tickets from the Hospitality Center as soon as possible.

"Don't get around much anymore?" Well, here's your chance to see Philadelphia at its historical finest. To make it doubly interesting, girl guides conduct the tours and furnish you with all the answers. Meet at the Hospitality Center at 2 p.m.

Starting at 1:30 those fighting, fearless Phils play 2 games with Jimmy Wilson's boys from the Windy City. Be there promptly and get choice seats.

Until next time I'll be seeing you "Around the Town."

John Carter—Artist

Putting aside his studies for a very few minutes, now and then, to sketch, is amiable John Carter. There are probably a host more like him, but they have been keeping their talent all to themselves.

John, who hails from the Lone Star State, became proficient in portrait painting and sculpturing at the Dallas Art Institute. He has already done some charcoal sketches at the Stage Door Canteen here in town. His greatest thrill is that of being able to capture different poses of his wife with the paint brush.

not that bad—honest!

Ditto those kisses and love, A "see-sick" Cadet and a few of the "court-rail" boys.

Dear Editor:

Who's this thar Emily? A very spirited gal, from the way she demerits us. Please, oh please, Emily, take back those fighting words. The poor boys are bawling their eyes out.

Emily, ole gal, we understand why you hate us. It wasn't your grand-pap's fault that he was kicked out of basic training, and put in boot camp during the Revolutionary War. After all, we can't all be soldiers.

Action you say. Well, we are fast learning how to woo women, if that's what you mean. I have the side body block and the kick in the teeth almost perfect now. Some of us boys from the South are still a little old fashioned. In closing, Emily, I want to say that the school may have existed for 51 years, but it didn't live until the good ol' US Army took over.

Platoon A-5.

Fraternity Row

• Lambda Chi Alpha

This weekend will be featured by a house dance and a formal initiation at the Lambda Chi House. The men to be initiated are Charles Scheffey, John W. Weaver, and John Whalen.

The Lambda Chi's have recently received word that a baby boy was born to Lt. and Mrs. Earl Burrier on July 17. Mrs. Burrier will be remembered as the former Betty Bardenheuer, '42. Betty was a member of our sister sorority, Delta Sigma Epsilon, while here at Drexel.

• Delta Sigma Epsilon

Delt fame sure does travel—like lightning! Why, for instance, last week we heard a report on Jerry Tingle, who is a married woman of four weeks living in Puerto Rico, where "hubby" is stationed with the Army. Apparently the couple is very happy and becoming acclimated to married life and the new country exceedingly well. It was quite a coincidence that a resident of Puerto Rico should know the couple and be drawn into conversation with another Delt who happened to be waiting on her at Gimbel's. It really is a small world after all—isn't it? (Uh-huh—'cept when "Johnny" is in California.)

To those who were interested in Shirley Kraft's trip to Wittenburg College, Ohio, to see Bill, we wish to say that the weekend was more fun than anyone had hoped for. Three Drexel fellows certainly were glad to see her familiar sunny face—namely Bill "Spanky" Clark, Jack Colehauer, and Jack Bosley. What a way to help a fellow celebrate his twenty-first birthday!

The Ocean City beach is peppered with beautiful Deltos on week-ends. Some of them, like the Mildreds, Hudson, Hoser and Link, met and room together. That's when the news and jokes fly! Wish we could have listened in on their session last week. Laura Lou Courtney and Gertrude Garfield are frequently seen on the boards of the seaside town too.

A casual chat with Jane Cleary reassured us that all is well in Camden and that the sun still shines there. She insists the weather is better in Camden than in Germantown.

A seasoned pledge asks her sisters to drop in Gimbel's College Shop on the third floor for a visit any day and invites all Drexel girls to come in and have a look around.

• Alpha Sigma Alpha

This fall the Alpha Sigs will be full of candy for just last week Vivian Albright, '41, announced her engagement to C. Wilmer Brobyn who is studying at the Hahnemann Medical College.

If you look real hard you see Bobby Butterworth way over there in Jersey. Bobby is doing a grand job for Uncle Sam by working on the Land Conservation Corp. Good luck Bobby.

Our little southern lassy Dana Davis is spending the summer up Lancaster

way with Suzie Baker.

Since Ginny Hutton has finished her Home Ec. Summer School work—we will now find her loafing on the cool beach of Ocean City.

Just heard that Mrs. Jane Pryse Ehlers is seeing the sights of Boston with another Army wife. Jane, let's hope that Lt. Ehlers hasn't deserted his new bride.

See that Marion Hautz gets a vacation from her summer job in the Poconos—and where does she spend her free time? Yes, you're right, at Drexel.

Bertie Pearson breezed into D.I.T. to show us the beautiful tan she got while spending a month in Fla. visiting down around Miami way. Could it be a certain soldier, Bertie?

Just had word that Meredith Budd, '41, and Lee Gehr, T.K.E., '42, were married on July 28th at Pennsauken, New Jersey.

• Tau Kappa Epsilon

The Teke roll call brought up some interesting non-fiction. Way up in M.I.T. with the Naval Reserve Unit, Bill Montgomery is commanding officer of his company, Harry Harker (better known to most of the Tekes as "Atlas Maidenswoon") is a chief petty officer, and Vic Ezykowski is a platoon leader. Also up in Massachusetts with Harry, "Monty," and Vic are Ken Fishbeck, Jimmy Wood, Ed Towill, Ed Engle, and Walt Moocy (a pledge).

Fred Koenig, Al Gres, and "Bunky" Stanton are stationed in Alabama and the last reports on Walt Duda, Tommy Garwood, and "Bud" Landis were that they are in the reasonable vicinity of Miami Beach, Florida. By now they should have moved on to an advanced training base.

"Snap" Oliver is up in New York at LaGuardia Field with the ground crew of the Army Air Force while Dick Dowd and Bill Dreibelbis are buzzing around "upstairs" somewhere in the western part of the country.

Bob Smith blew in from Kansas last week to say that the Mechanized Cavalry is the best service to get in although he has lost the best ten years of his life from driving a jeep at 35 m.p.h. in a blackout.

Lou Umlauf has entered West Point and on August 28 Bob Werner leaves for Annapolis. That is going to be quite a going-away party Bob is having (what with a half a keg and nine or ten quarts of joy-gargle). Oh, Brother!!

Now for the news at home. Jack Darlington's \$1.19 two date week-ends are too much for us. Jay Dee seems to be the only man (?) in the world who can give his date bread and water and then make her say she liked it. Oh well, his day will come.

Dance

(Continued from page 1)

chairman of the Social Committee. Before the final strains of music float through the Mirror Room, several lucky Cadets or their gals will find themselves richer by a \$25 War Bond, due to the War Bond raffle to be held tomorrow night. Tickets for the raffle will be sold before and at the dance and the proceeds received will be used to purchase a pool table for the recreation hall at the hotel and also to help pay the balance of the debt the Unit owes Drexel toward the publishing costs of the TRIANGLE.

Chaperones for the evening will be Capt. Donald R. Caziarc, popular Commanding Officer of "B" Company; Lt. Charles Nicholson, Recreation Officer, who was instrumental in obtaining the entertainment for the dance; Dr. A. M. Sones, assistant Dean of Men, and his wife; and Dr. Ernest J. Hall, professor of English, and his wife.

Dean

(Continued from page 1)

way of supervisory experience in secondary education. For her distinguished service in this field as well as in the educational field, she has been honored by the State of Colorado.

She is a member of the American Association of University Women; the Women's University Club of Philadelphia; the Philadelphia Alumni Club of the University of Nebraska, having been the first president of the organization; the National Association of Deans of Women; and of the Pennsylvania Association of Deans of Women. She has been active in the councils of the latter association and has contributed especially to its activities as a forum leader.

Miss Dorsey is also a member of Altrusa International, and was formerly first Vice-President and member of the national executive board of that organization, as well as a former president of the Philadelphia Altrusa organization, and a representative of its international relations.

During World War I she held an

Intramurals Progress For Army

ASTU Cadets have been griping about the higher mathematics they have to deal with in the classroom, yet when they romp on the athletic field they continue to indulge in semi-astronomical figures. Witness the opening game scores in the tournament play.

In baseball B-7 mercilessly hammered a 23-0 victory over B-6. A-3 topped A-4 by 20-8, while B-1 crossed the platter 19 times while A-8 left it unscathed. Coming down to earth B-2 knocked off A-5 10-9, B-5 squelched B-4 10-1, A-2 squeezed out a 9-7 decision over A-1, and A-7 and A-6 engaged in a 7-3 fracas going to the former.

In touch football meanwhile A-7 swamped A-6 30-0, A-1 walloped A-2 26-8, B-6 tumbled B-7 7-0, and A-3 and A-4 battled to a scoreless deadlock. The other platoons failed to supply enough men to play out their scheduled football contests.

As powerful as the vitamin itself, Platoon B-1 has overwhelmed all opponents in softball to date. In three straight games with platoons of Company A, B-1 has rolled up a total of 98 runs to 21, winning games by scores of 65-4, 17-9, and 16-8. Any platoon wishing to challenge this record is welcomed!



Leafing Thru

SHORT-CUT TO TOKYO, by Corey Ford.

On far-flung battlefields, on fronts the world over, our war is being fought as Mr. and Mrs. America diligently watch the newspaper maps and check their home atlases. And still there remains an air of mystery and a lot that is unknown about that northern fog-shrouded archipelago, the Aleutian islands. Corey Ford lived with our brave men of the North—the pilots of the Army Air Forces who are writing American history in a far-distant place of snow and gales, sky and water—men who know that one day their greatest enemy—weather—will get them, and they'll never come back to finish the cribbage game. He writes of these heroes who say, "When you write about us, don't make us out heroes," because heroes don't have wet feet, and heroes never get lonely. And yet, he assures us, they wouldn't want it otherwise, and when the combat crews gather each morning to hear the mission briefed, there's a gleam in their eyes, for they're out to blast the Japs from the Aleutians, and to pave the American way, return trip guaranteed, for a short-cut to Tokyo.

YES MA'AM!, by Elizabeth R. Pollock.

Privates have written books, "yardbirds" have drawn the pictures, and even "occifers" have had a thing or two to say in best-sellers about the Army—what it eats, why it works, how it learns to sew, and other lucid bits of information on the private life of our hero of the day, the boy next door. Which is all very fine, say the gals, 'cause "we love 'em good," but look at us too—we're in the Army now. So the Wacs have a word for it (for even in the Army, a woman's freedom of speech cannot be denied), and Auxiliary Pollock tells all in her amusing collection of letters to "the folks." This is one of the lighter books of the war, and it shouldn't be missed.

ATLANTIC MEETING, by H. V. Morton.

Asked to report to Britain's Minister of Information "without fail" at eleven o'clock on an English summer morning, H. V. Morton, journalist and travel-writer, arrived with a reporter's true love of adventure and curiosity in the unknown. There, an "extraordinary" proposition was made to him as he was asked to "leave England for three weeks to see history in the making, and to be present at one of the great moments of the war." His acceptance was immediate and enthusiastic. So it was that he and a group of other specially selected men found themselves aboard the "Prince of Wales" steaming across the Atlantic on one of the most important and secret missions of the war. Mr. Morton tells his account of the Atlantic meeting between Roosevelt and Churchill, describing the personalities of those aboard, in a vivid narrative which makes lively reading of another page in current history.

executive secretaryship in the Young Women's Christian Association and it was she who organized the student branch of the Red Cross at Drexel Institute last year. She is again active in the work of this war by serving in Civilian Defense.

THIS and THAT in SPORTS

The War Department, in a subtle way, last week finally let it be known that army trainees attending classes in various colleges and universities throughout the country would not be permitted to participate in intercollegiate athletic competition for those institutions. The preceding words equal no sports for Drexel this year. It all came about when Under-Secretary of War Patterson refused to accept a petition asking the Army to permit the soldier students to play in college competition. The petition presented by Representative Sam Weiss of Pennsylvania, and containing the signatures of over 250 members of Congress was turned down with a curt "the matter is not under discussion; it is a closed thing." However the army has not changed its policy of encouraging intra-unit athletics among the ASTP trainees.

A note on our desk informs us that the softball team of B-1 racked up the amazing total of 65 runs in a pre-tournament contest. It may be true, but a run a minute is an unheard of thing in softball, especially when the other team got up to bat long enough to score four times. Be it as it may, and B-1 has made an auspicious start in the tourney.

Letters to Matilda

The Society for the Betterment of Morons presents the second in an infinitesimal series of questions and answers to ethical problems by Matilda Muckleberry, author of such noted books as "How Not to Make Mary" and "The Last of the Spinners." Miss Muckleberry has also submitted several articles to "National Pornographic," which were never printed because of their delicate nature.

Miss Muckleberry has just returned from an extended tour of American and Canadian Prison Camps where she has been giving her aid in making life miserable for the inhabitants by giving speeches every evening and having her picture taken to be placed in every Prisoner's Barracks. According to statisticians the effect on morale has been frightening.

Dear Matilda:

I'm a beautiful and vivacious commuter who is in love with a private in the Army, and he is stationed at a nearby camp. He gets a weekend off but once a month, and always comes home to see me. However, since my mother is slightly narrow, she will never let me go out with boys, so I am therefore forced to stay home every weekend and I have to entertain my soldier boy on the sofa. However, my little red-haired brother with green eyes sleeps all afternoon and stays up to about three or four in the morning since he doesn't have to go to school during the summer. He always follows me like a hawk and will never let us alone, and mother will not order him to bed when she retires at 10:00 p.m. My boyfriend is broke because he spends his monthly paycheck in attempting to buy off my little brother, whose price it seems is the limit. How can I possibly get my little brother to go to sleep so that I can at least kiss my boyfriend goodbye?

"Unembraceable Me."

Dear "Unembraceable":

How can you get him to sleep? Poison the little brat is my solution. Matilda.

Dear Miss Muckleberry:

I am a young luscious Drexel coed and though I do say so myself, am about the most "whistled-at" thing on the campus. All my dates tell me I should be a movie star and then try and get me drunk. Right now I am being urgently sought after by a very insistent A.S.T.U. cut-up who spends half his time on "C.Q." and the other half "out of bounds" hunting me. Since, naturally, I have a great future in the cinema to look out for, I can't risk the adverse publicity of being entangled with this moron. My problem is—how in the — can I steer the bum off?

"Luscious."

Dear Luscious:

Take him home some night and feed him cold cuts!!

Matilda.

Dear Matilda:

I got troubles. You see, I am a deacon in a small town and last week I needed a haircut, so I went to the barber and asked for a shave. While in the chair, I fell asleep and my head fell forward. The barber being nearsighted though I had a heavy beard and shaved my skull. Not only that, but on my way home I walked under a ladder and a painter spilled luminous paint on my head. My problem is what to do in blackouts, for I can't go out in the streets at night without being shot at by policemen.

Deacon the Beacon.

B-4 opened its season against B-5 last week and probably was lost in the splurge this column threw it last issue. They fell completely apart in the first three innings, and although they matched B-5 the rest of the way it was too late.

This tournament is most certainly the novel one we have ever seen. Each platoon has two units and each must play an equal amount of softball and touch football. Most of the platoons have put the balance of their athletic strength in one unit. Therefore some platoon will be winning in each sport every other week. It is conceivable, therefore, that a platoon can finish in the middle of their league and still put out both the best softball and football team.

With a month and a half remaining of the baseball season it is very apparent that last year's world series contestants will be battling it out again come October. The Cardinals are way out front now, with the Pirates the only contenders. The Dodgers have lost eleven straight games at this August 10 writing, and only 6,000 Brooklyn folks were at the game last Sunday, which proves better than anything else how poorly the team is really doing. Them Bums are in fourth and may be giving the Phils a fight for sixth place before long.

In the junior circuit, the Yanks were in a hot race some weeks ago but then set a record by copping eight consecutive series. They are comfortably in front of Chicago, Washington, and Detroit. Pittsburgh's Truett Sewell is still leading all major league hurlers, with the Yanks' Spud Chandler topping the American loop fingers. Stan Musial of the Cards, the Cubs' Bill Nicholson, and Dodger Arky Vaughan lead most of the batting departments in the National League, while in the other league the same honors are more divided between Luke Appling of the White Sox, Rudy York of the Tigers, and the league leaders' Charley Keller, Nick Etten, and Bill Johnson.

DREXEL Thru the Week

• A.I.E.E.

At least 40 E.E.'s will gather at the Drexel Lodge for a gala picnic on Saturday, August 21. Plans have been completed to keep the lads amused with games, swimming and food. The feature of the day will be real Italian spaghetti and meat balls prepared by Mrs. Cavapelloti, mother of Lawrence S. P. Cavapelloti. Any E.E.'s who have not yet joined the A.I.E.E. can do so by contacting Oisten Bratlie.

A regular meeting of the A.I.E.E. will be held in the Student Building at 7:45 p.m. on Tuesday, August 17. The highlight of the evening will be Mr. E. W. Borhne of G.E. who will discuss some phase of Electrical Engineering. Further information concerning Mr. Borhne's topic will be posted on the bulletin board and the mailboxes in the near future. Refreshments and a general open discussion will follow.

• A.S.M.E.

Aircraft Flight Instrument will be the topic of discussion at the next meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers scheduled for next Thursday, August 19. Speaker on this topic will be Mr. Stradling, aviation expert and professor in the Mechanical Engineering department.

Other discussions to be presented at future meetings, decided by a poll of members are, in order of interest, Aeronautics, Diesel Engineering, Automotive Mechanics, Management and Production and Metallurgy.

The M.E.'s are planning an outing at the Lodge to replace the usual spring M.E. day for the seniors who will graduate in December.

For a recent field trip the Society members made a tour of the P.S.F.S. building, examining the air dryers, steam systems and sanitation methods. Along with the tour was an investigation of the 13,200 volt, 1300 kilowatt electrical power supply used by the 500 foot building.

Heaton

(Continued from page 1)

There will be an organization within the club to include the usual officers, student manager and student leaders.

Dear Heaton:

I hear Market St. at 93rd St. is missing a lamp post, 'cause Ben Franklin forgot to stick one there. This job has been vacant for the past one hundred years. Please apply at Dugan's Tavern at Market and Parkit Streets.

Matilda.