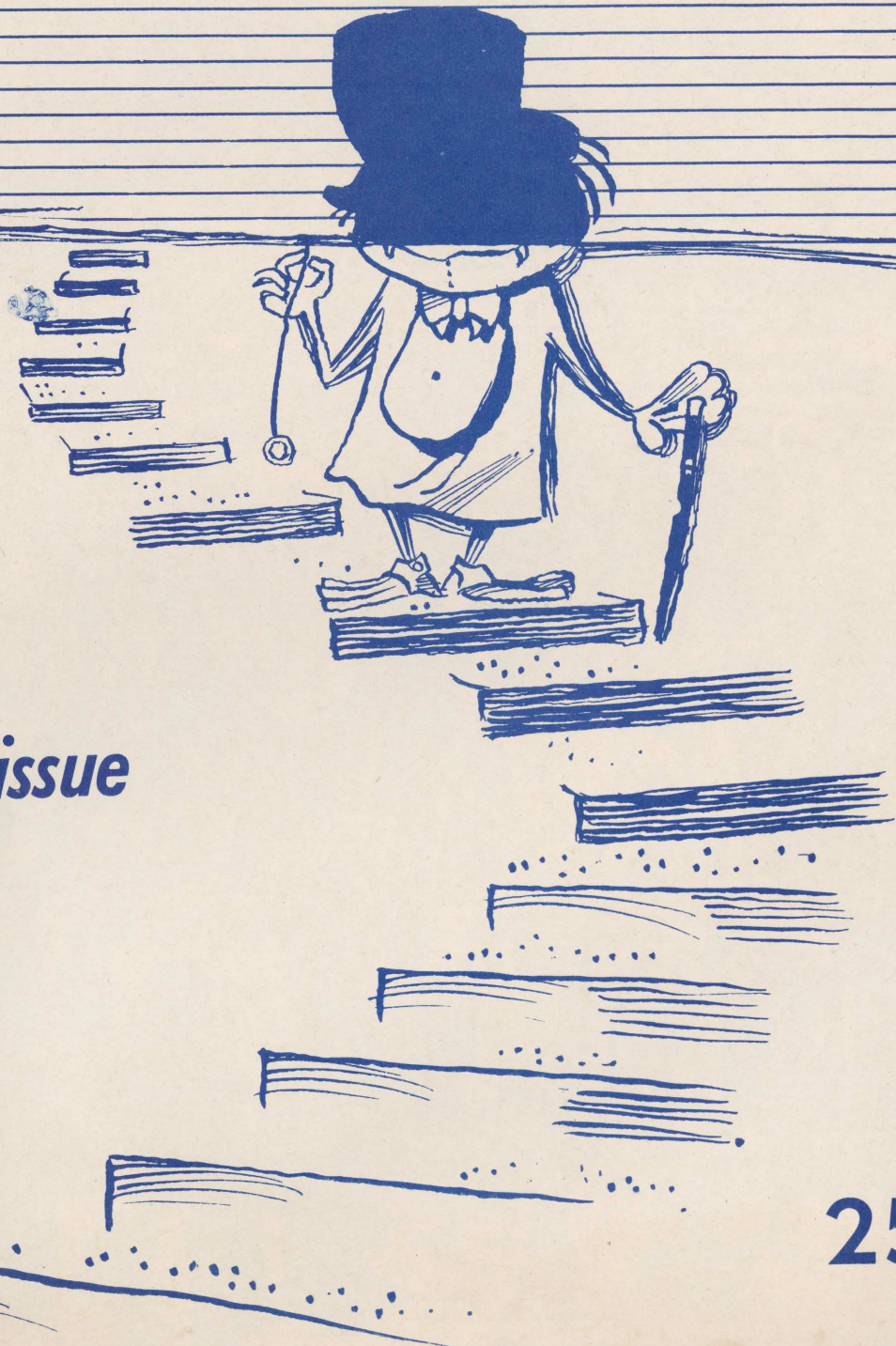


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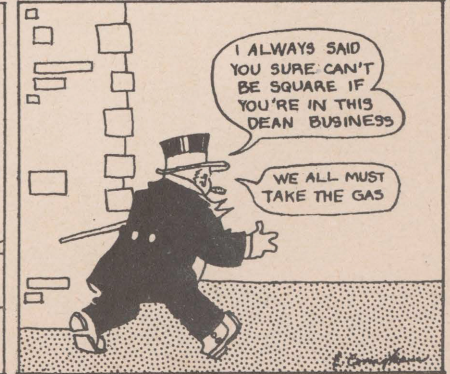
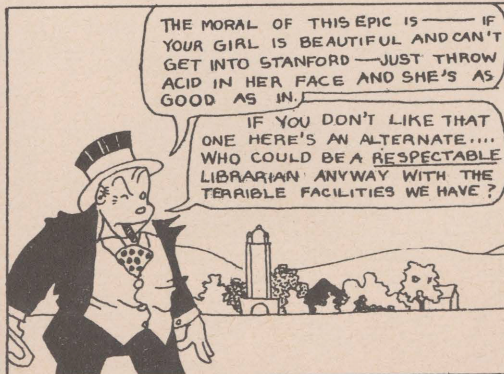
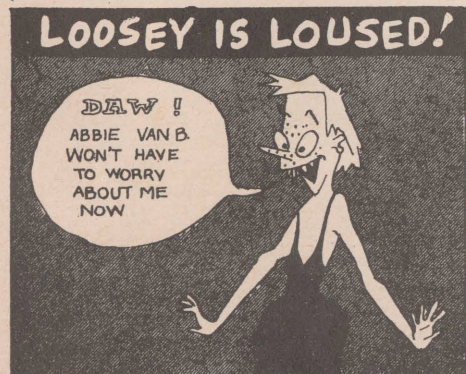
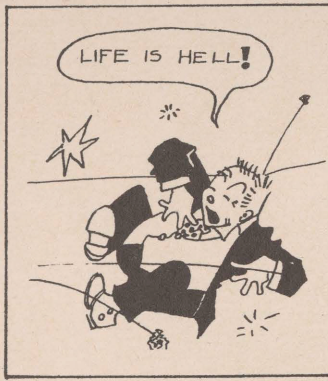
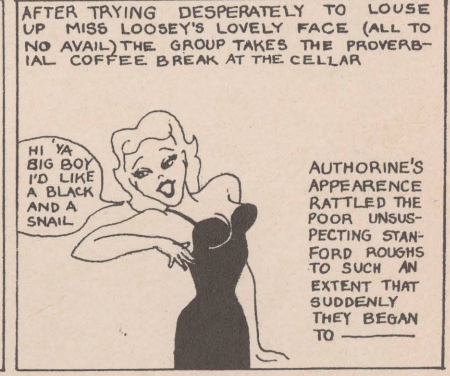
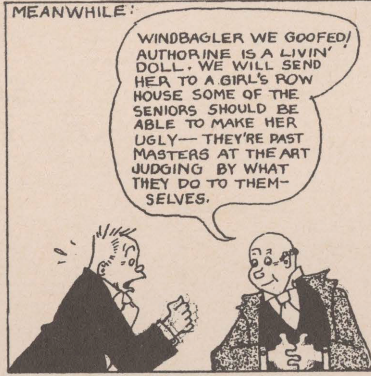
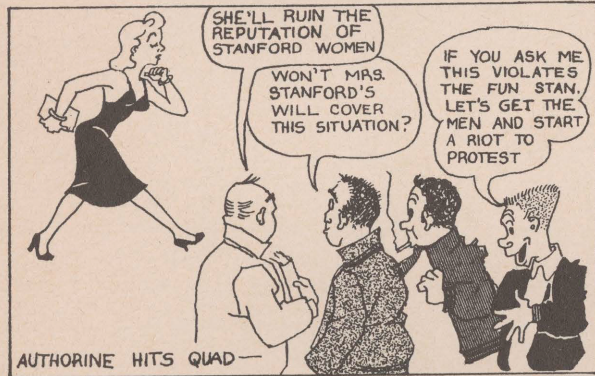
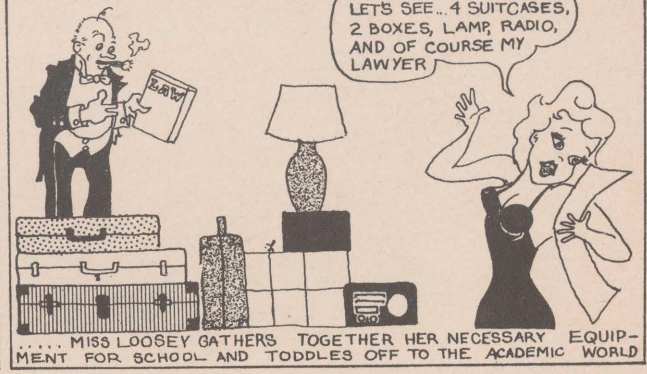
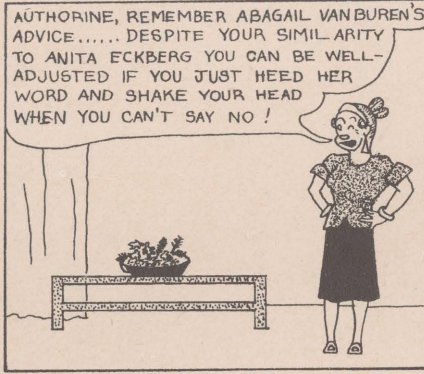
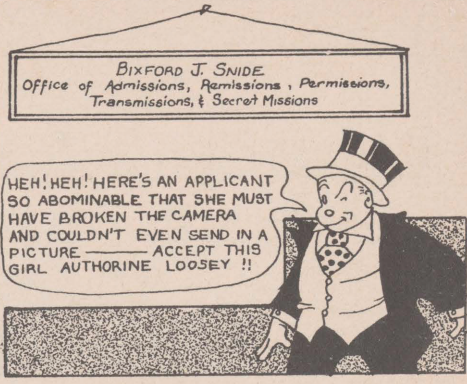
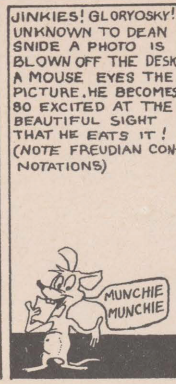
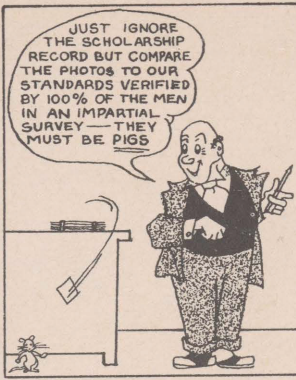
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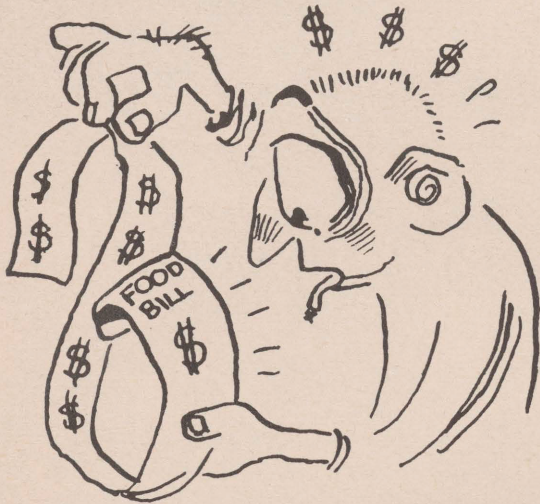
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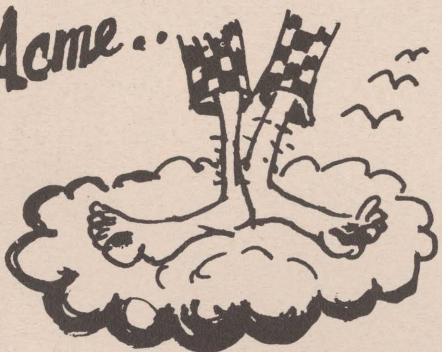
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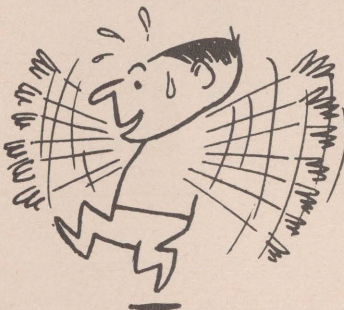
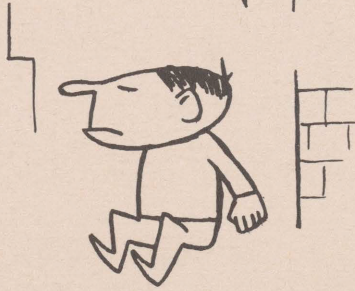


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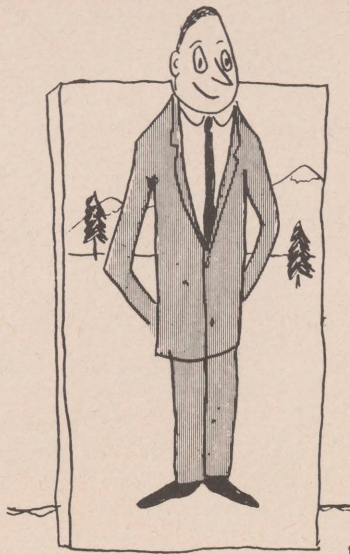
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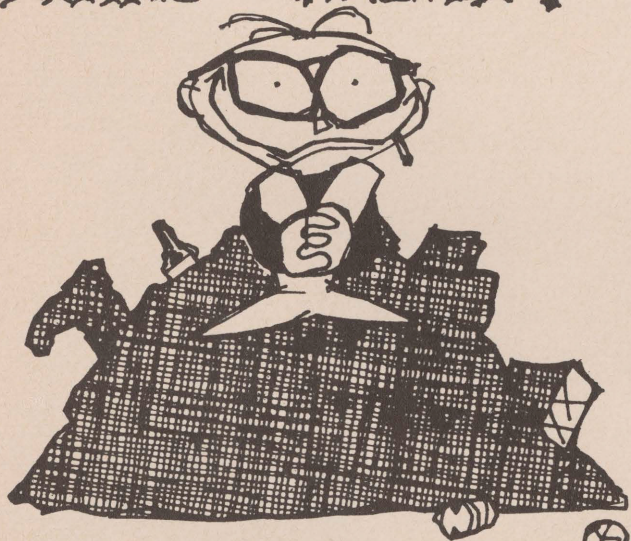
"I see Helen's back in school."



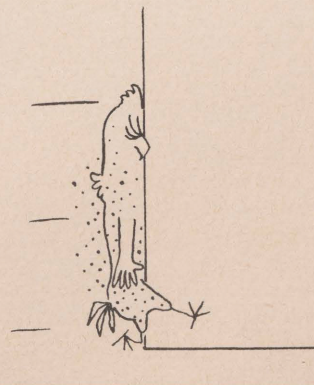
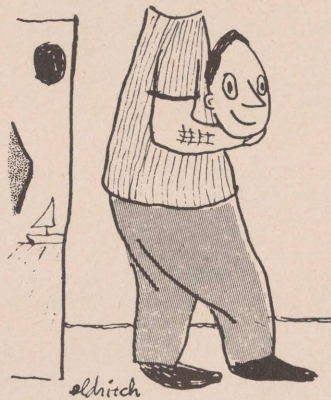
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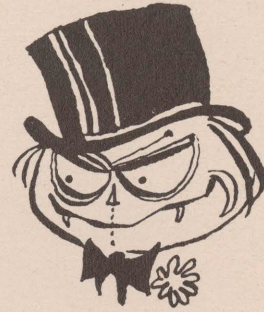
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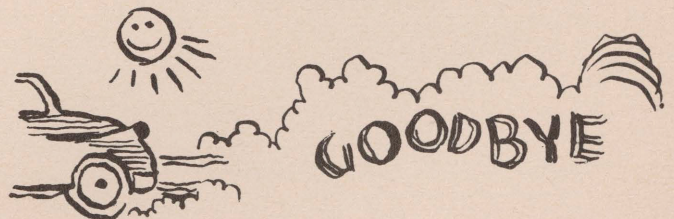
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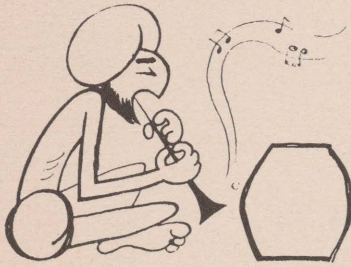
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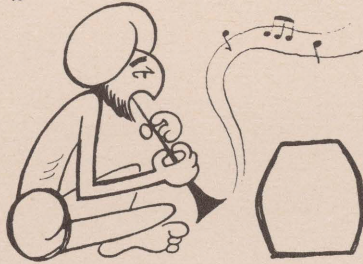


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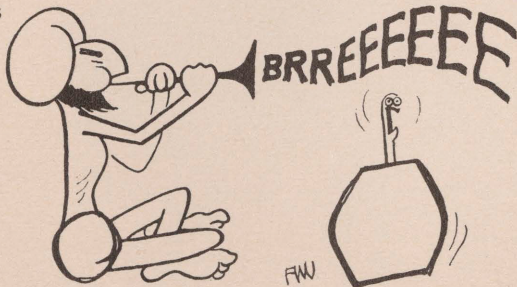
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5



The Yale Record



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are...



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He drinks only to calm himself,
His steadiness to improve,
Last night he got so steady
He couldn't even move.

The gangster had just died. The funeral was well attended by his cohorts and others in allied professions. In eulogy the speaker said, "Willie is not dead. He only sleeps." From the rear of the assembled throng came a voice, "I got a hundred dollars that says he won't wake up."



"Oh yes,—he was our last customer—"

HADLEY and JACK

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Plenty of Parking in the Education Hall

Parking Lot!

"THE PADDED CELL"



Mr. Piggs went to market



We were in class when the principal came in followed by another 'new teacher,' a young fellow this time who looked not at all like we had expected. Those who had been talking shut up, and everyone as if innocent of the new replacement again pretended surprised. We would give this newcomer a try and might even let him stay on.

The principal made his usual sign for us to quiet down. Then waiting for that same pin-drop-silence of his, finally said to us in his usual demanding voice.

"Class, here is a young man who shall be your teacher; he'll be here the remainder of the year. If you work and conduct yourselves like adults, he will be more than lenient with you."

The new teacher standing alone in front of the room so that he could easily see us was a young man of about twenty-four and stiffer than the last one. His hair was neatly cut and began high on his forehead like a genius, of course, and he looked strict enough, but seemed tightened up and very ill at ease.

Ready to listen like church-mice with our ears stretched to the biggest we were as attentive as if waiting for God to speak, not daring to look at one another or even move. We began with the first lesson.

"My name is Mr. Piggs."

And he seemed not to know what to do with his hands.

We of course didn't know what to say—not any of us, so we shuffled our feet on the floor a little and a few of us were even polite enough to cough slightly just to bring some noise back to our ears. But the fellow who sat in the second seat third row was the one who put us all at ease. He sneezed.

Finally ready to start on again with our lesson, we waited patiently for Mr. Piggs. But Mr. Piggs was dead silent and still didn't seem to know what to do with his hands. We looked at one another, then at Mr. Piggs, and Mr. Piggs looked at us and we looked at one another. He had singled out the fellow who sat in the second seat third row. So we all looked towards this fellow instead.

"Stand!" said Mr. Piggs.

But whether the fellow who sneezed had not noticed Mr. Piggs or couldn't believe that Mr. Piggs was glaring at him looked around in his seat at the student sitting in the desk directly behind. He glanced all around then, catching on, looked up at Mr. Piggs.

"Stand," repeated Mr. Piggs, "and excuse yourself."

The fellow stood up. His eyes fell. The whole class began to laugh. He looked up. Mr. Piggs was still staring at him all right. He glanced to the floor again; he looked up once more.

"Excuse yourself!" said Mr. Piggs who was a bit too priggish to suit us.

But anyway, as a matter of course, there was another burst of laughter from the class, which so thoroughly embarrassed the fellow that he seemed not to know whether to sit down, remain standing or gush tears. He looked at the students sitting around him and laughed with the rest of us.

"Silence!" shouted Mr. Piggs.

We froze. Senseless, our feelings dull at first became hardened, then calloused, finally impervious to this otherwise outrageous demand. We were not in the habit of standing and excusing ourselves when we sneezed. It just wasn't done. Therefore, Mr. Piggs was joking of course.

"Stand!" said Mr. Piggs.

The poor fellow stood once more.

"Excuse yourself!"

The fellow sputtered out a few meaningless sounds, but they sounded like 'excuse me' to us, and he looked sorry enough.

"Again!" said Mr. Piggs.

He articulated the same unintelligible words.

"Again!"

"S'cuzeme."

"EX-CU-zze-me!" said Mr. Piggs pronouncing each syllable, spacing them with exact precision.

"Ex'sczeme."

"EX-CU-ZE---ME!" insisted Mr. Piggs.

"X-cu-zeme."

The fellow looked around and laughed.

"Again."

"EX-CU-ZE-ME!" shouted the fellow eloquently and popped down in his seat, glancing about for our approval. He had done excellently and we all wanted to cheer. But,

"Stand!" said Mr. Piggs.

The persecuted fellow pulled himself to his feet, said, "Excuse me," and was about to sit down once more when he was nailed again by Mr. Piggs.

"And your name is?"

The fellow told him his name. It was Hodgkiss. And as Mr. Piggs continued to drill discipline into the unsuspecting victim, we all sat back in our seats, some of us scratched our heads, and all of us began to wonder if the new teacher was able to meet our requirements. Though Mr. Piggs looked eliable to us at first, now we couldn't tell. He would have to toe the mark if he ever hoped to stay on with us. And certainly he must not forget that he was still on trial and this discipline business was a delightful joke to tart the class off with a jolly mood, of course—it made an excellent impression—but as Mr. Piggs pounded on at Hodgkiss the glamour of this new teacher was already leaving us.

continued next page

He surely remembered that he was still new; his very first day and he certainly wasn't at all indispensable. He could be replaced; like the others. At first we thought he was joking, but he wasn't. Mr. Piggs was quite serious and serious teachers had come and gone before him. This made him a burden. We didn't as yet feel that we would go mad, at the same time we could not bear Mr. Piggs devastating us. Besides he might even throw fits and lay all of us in our graves. We suspected that his own life was a torture to him and that his presence might even be unbearable to his wife. Finally upon Mr. Piggs' command. "Sit!" Hodgkiss fell completely exhausted into his seat with a loud thud. At that instant we knew Mr. Piggs was chewing down to the bottom of our souls.

Our suspicion about this new teacher was confirmed later that morning shortly after Hodgkiss' fall.

When each of us came to our turn to recite, we were developing the habit of standing, passing to the front of the classroom and we turned facing the class so as to be easily seen by the rest. We were drilled by Mr. Piggs to echo the lesson to the class so that our voices sounded more distinct in the manner he was training us; it was "just better" that way.

We were repeating the lesson when Squinty Bodes crept in and slipped into his seat near the door. He listened with all his ears just like he had always done when he was late. He pretended not to have been seen and as if present all along he did not dare to lean on his elbow or even look around him.

When the moment came for the latecomer's turn to recite, he looked up as if just surprised from his work, and we expected that Mr. Piggs would be obliged to tell him to stand, pass, turn, recite and listen for the echo like the rest of us. But instead,

"So!" cried Mr. Piggs turning abruptly, "I caught you, boy!"

We were amazed. We couldn't even speak; none of us.

"Now boy, stand!"

He stood up.

"Excuse yourself!"

"Excuse me."

"Pass!"

He passed to the front of the room.

"Turn!"

He turned and faced the rest of us.

"You're tardy!"

"But—"

"You're infinitely late!"

"But—"

"And your name is?"

"But—"

"Your name?"

"B-B-Bodes, Sir—Pete—Peter Bodes."

"Bodes, put on your glasses!"

"B-But si-sir, I don't we-wear glasses."

"You will wear your glasses, Bodes," demanded Mr. Piggs.

B-But every—everybody on the t-team says I don't n-need g-glasses."

"Put on your glasses!"

"B-but nob-body else wears g-glasses."

The whole class wondered how Mr. Piggs new Squinty Bodes wore glasses, while Mr. Piggs stood firm; unmoved in his silence.

"Bu-but they'll all st-stare at m-me!" cried he fellow.

We were used to Bodes always blurting out honestly with his feelings. He was extravagantly stupid that way but we didn't mind a bit any more.

Still Mr. Piggs remained rigid, unbending o the boy's plea.

"B-but I'll be a sissy!"

Mr. Piggs did not answer. He didn't yield n inch.

"I won't we-wear g-glasses!"

"We address our elders with respect," said Mr. Piggs.

That was true. Mr. Piggs was right. We address our elders with respect.

"B-but I won-won't wear them out-out-side!"

"You need to see both outside and in, Bodes."

Yes, that was true too. Mr. Piggs was right again. Bodes would need to see when he went outside and came in again.

"B-but it's be-been so dusty—lately!"

Most yes, Bodes was right, it had been dusty lately.

"Put on your glasses, Bodes!"

"B-but I broke them on the s-stairs!"

"BODGES! DON'T DWODLE!"

"Y-yes s-sir."

He slowly pulled the case from his shirt pocket, put on his glasses and looked around at the class. We were glum; all of us.

"B-but everybody else on the team doesn't we-wear 'em."

"That will be enough, Bodes."

"B-but everybody's against me. The whole world's against m-me!"

"Bodes! Be seated!" And as an afterthought Mr. Piggs turned towards the fellow and added,

"Antiquated as this ancient world of ours may be, we're still stuck with a rusty old four demensions. Besides, the rest of the world can see it's on time!"

Another casualty. And Bodes sat down.

As we continued with the recitation we could not bring our minds to concentrate on the lesson. In a sort of panic we tried to wrap ourselves up even further in the fact that Mr. Piggs' first day. He simply didn't understand us. So we forced our old spontaneous cheerfulness, smiled and tried to endure breaking in this new teacher as best we could. But the effort was costing us almost too much. We knew we couldn't keep it up. We felt we would scream with the strain and we would have given him his walking papers, but we longed to give Mr. Piggs a fair crack at us; it gave us an overwhelming joy to have him entirely to ourselves. And yet, again when he had gone into one of his fiendish tantrums, we could not bear him; we could not bear ourselves and a few of us wished he could be snatched away off the earth altogether.

After recitation, and when quiet was restored, our heads bent over our desks. The new teacher remained for a few minutes in an exemplary attitude, although from time to time he glared at us fiercely when our eyes left our books. But he wiped his face with his handkerchief and continued watching over us—still not knowing where to put his hands.

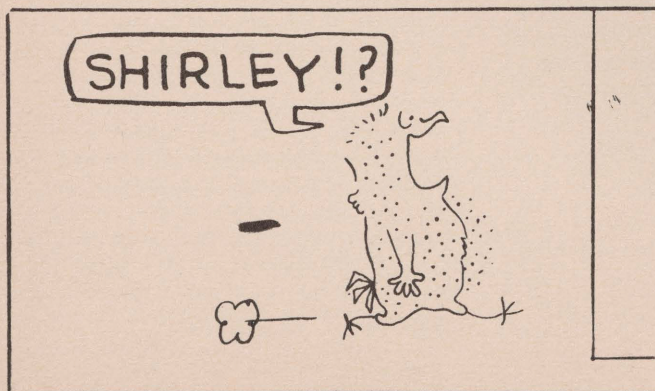
In the few minutes he had given us for preparation we watched him place his book on his new desk, arrange his pen and ink and carefully straightened our stack of papers. We saw him working conscientiously, looking out at us every few moments and taking the greatest pains to see that we were studying.

He seemed willing enough but acted awfully strange in the way he took care of us. Even though he knew his subject passably well he had little polish in presenting the material, and we still had no idea how finished he was at composition.

But the time he had given us for preparation was interrupted.

"In the name of heaven," shouted Mr. Piggs jumping up from his new desk suddenly, "You there, boy!" and he was pointing his finger at a fellow in the first row. We had most cleverly nicknamed this fellow Porky though that wasn't his real name. He just looked roly-polly.

continued next page



"Stand!"

The condemned boy looked from side to side, then slowly rose to his feet.

"Get rid of that gum," said Mr. Piggs who was a bit annoyed.

Naturally there was the burst of laughter from the class again which so thoroughly put this fellow out of ease that he seemed not to know whether to keep the gum in his mouth, spit it out onto the floor, or stick it under the desk. He swallowed it.

"And your name is?"

"LeRoy Manninghamway," mumbled the fellow.

"Again!"

"LeRoy Manninghamway."

The whole class thought many times before that if the fellow had any practical ideas of life he would have changed his name to Le or Roy. That would have been more efficient. But he hadn't.

"Again" shouted Mr. Piggs.

"LeRoy Manninghamway!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Piggs.

"The name was my mother's choice," replied the boy. "When I was born, I was going to be a movie star."

The whispering sounds from the class made such a disturbance that Mr. Piggs was compelled to stare at us most indignantly. As our heads bent to one another, we were about to fly into a violent fury tossing our arms about wildly protesting against Mr. Piggs' outrageous demands. But we didn't. He only stared us down into submissive silence instead.

"And when are you going to Hollywood?"

The chubby boy articulated in a stammering voice an un-intelligible numbling of sounds.

"To Hollywood—When are you going?" asked Mr. Piggs.

The same sputtering of syllables was heard, drowned by the protests of the class.

"Well, boy?" repeated Mr. Piggs, "speak up!"

Finally resolved, the chubby boy spoke as if quite unconcerned about the whole boring affair like he had always done when he was excited.

"Oh," he said, "I'm not going to Hollywood now, since we have changed our minds. We thought—my mother thought—I should take violin lessons instead—on the new lay-away plan you know!"

We were used to overlooking Porky's nervous remarks.

"People all over!" cried Mr. Piggs. "People from head to toe!"

"Mrs. Manninghamway," shouted the boy, "is my mother and she is on the school board and if you dare to speak unkindly about her, I'll tell on you!"

That did it! No more peaceful co-existence with this wog. We made a point of order and declared war with Mr. Piggs and we would have him removed; all of us.

First we would start with the adult-treatment but we would have to take a few considerations into account before our attack. Since our enemy, Mr. Piggs, was smug, affectedly precise, a neat man of letters no doubt, a spruce teacher of the intellectual type, quick, ironical, prim and we suspected infinitely cruel if not a barbaric beast who without a flinch would pounce upon us little people, he would therefore have to leave us suddenly.

Like always with the first treatment—the adult treatment—our hubbub broke out, rose to the usual sudden and violent sounds with burst of shrill shouts. We yelled, barked, stamped, erupting into an explosive discharge; a thunderburst of noise that always detonated a salvo of blow out sounds which became clamorous then almost fanatically turbulent and our uproarious boistrousness as usual ran amuck. The whole class heated into a flaming frenzy which was a violent furor of raging hysterics. Then we generally became intoxicated with our madness, a sort of fuming fever in which we foamed flying out with wild rantings and in matter of course we almost tore at one another. Then it was the custom for our noise to die away into a slow boil with impromptu flare-ups that ran riot. The usual routine was for us to finally harness our uncontrollable demonstration eventually subsiding with great difficulty like a kind of volcanic confusion churning our feelings in all directions.

When we finished, however, we found that Mr. Piggs was still with us.

Then we tried the tap-tap-tap treatment which would surely do him in. It invariably worked with the others.

With this treatment we always started by tapping our pencils on top of the desk and knocking our knees on the underneath side. Then we clicked our heels, thumping and banging our books slamming them to the floor with a crash. After that we always clapped a little and rattled the desks just to get used to the burst on our ears. When we felt warmed up enough then we began with a low drumming roar, raising our voices to a ratatat racket booming into a rumble, a sort of sonorous whirring drone that reverberated

off the windows shaking the whole room echoing from the walls and clattering our very teeth together.

We finished. Then we opened our eyes and looked.

But still Mr. Piggs stayed on.

Desperate, we were finally compelled to resort to the buzz-treatment. Only once before were we forced to use that treatment. Two grades back we used the treatment on an old fuddy-duddy hard head who we had resigned. It was dangerous. We knew that. The risk was hazardous. We knew that too. But we had no choice. Mr. Piggs had to go.

We started with an undertone murmur which very slowly rose to a muffled gurgle of many voices then a deep full powerful noise followed by a deafening yell screaming at the top of our lungs which last time jarred the whole building and knocked down a little plaster from the ceiling. Failing to see Mr. Piggs leave we tried this treatment again and then finally once again. Exhausted by this time we faintly gasped for breath and fell into a noiseless calm. Unable to speak or even whisper, a great stillness hushed over the room. We were unable to move, we were so tired.

Then Mr. Piggs spoke.

"Class?"

We weakly looked up.

"Stand!"

The class rose.

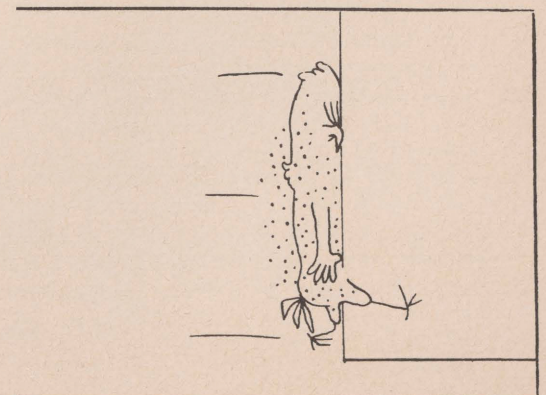
"Excuse yourself!"

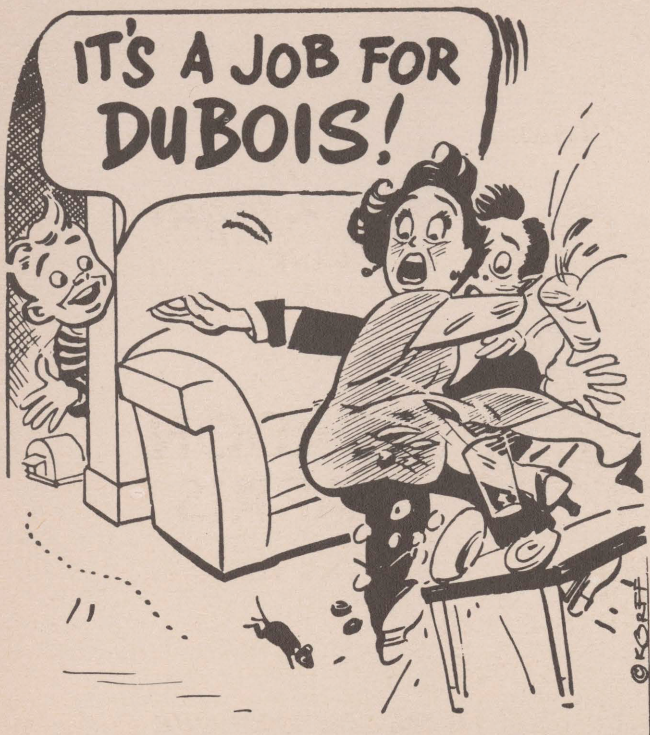
Unable to speak, we could only wearily mutter in worn out hoarse whispers.

"Well?" said Mr. Piggs, "Speak up!"

When we had returned to our seats after lunch we decided we had relatively adored our Mr. Piggs during the morning. So we put on the pressure. But by the early afternoon we had bored him with a thousand quips, our practical jokes, horse-play and roughhousing all of which only mildly estranged him. Scoffing once, mocking and railing, we tried chaffing, then ridicule, snickering and jibbing but in growing tired we had become (after the fashion of eggs that, exposed to their own air, turn to sterner stuff) ill-tempered with ourselves, grumbling and miserably irritable with one another. We were simply unable to provoke Mr. Piggs.

continued next page





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We, at first, had thought him an extravagant fop almost monstrous with his stiff formal mannerisms, his priggish conceit that made him out to be a numby-pumpy smugish prude.

But we were wrong. He wasn't the coxcomb beau, the dandy gentleman who might strut like the puritan rooster about town. We became the object and cause of our own ridicule. He saw to that. To raise a laugh, we became the laughing stock, the butt end of the game. He saw to that too. Mr. Piggs was no fool but rather an original oddity. We decided that he was a sort of queer fish who was a genius in turning ourselves into our own figure of fun. He was like a human mirror as we watched ourselves monkey around in our own buffoonery. We felt this odd man should be preserved. When we had seen him going after all our prankish stunts he had suffered so much without complaint.

At mid-afternoon, recess time, one of us stole to the blackboard behind his back and scrawled a picturet of a jackass printing the word 'teacher' below it. But this occurrence was a typical example of his turn about game with us. When Mr. Piggs discovered the brilliant execution he simply remarked that obviously the class already had a teacher and let the matter go at that.

Then our pride revolted. After this ruthless retaliation we were silent, burying our heads in more interesting work—our studies.

Mr. Piggs was promising. In fact some of us felt we could rely on him; confide our trust like something not to lean on but an ideal

figure we could look up to admire. He was constantly going about looking after our study matters. When we stumbled over big words Mr. Piggs helped us out. When we found ourselves stuck and couldn't read our own writing he always came through.

Once later that afternoon just to test Mr. Piggs, we had Gopsy, our worst writer, simply scrawl a bunch of curliques that looked liked writing and gave it to Mr. Piggs pretending that we couldn't decipher what we had written. Mr. Piggs quoted something in Greek that sounded like *Justo judicio Dei condemnatus sum*. That time we all cheered. We didn't know we could write Greek; not any of us. After that whenever we had any Greek to be written we just handed Gopsy a piece of paper and he whipped off just whatever we wanted to say with all the ease and skill like it was no trouble at all. We had Gopsy write our Greek on our books, inside our portfolios and on our home study work sheet papers. We found some extra scratch paper and we gave it to Gopsy to write our Greek for us. We saved stacks of it.

Mr. Piggs called on us to recite and so we liked to know the lesson. So he prepared our home-work assignments for us and at study time he was good enough to whisper to any of us who needed help with our study problems so as not to disturb the rest of the class. He practiced words with us; looked after our examinations which were coming up soon and he even helped us get ready for the hard parts over which we knew we would stumble when test week would come. Mr. Piggs troubled himself about every question we asked but he received so little from us in return.

Mr. Piggs knew us very well by afternoon. He knew our beautiful innocence and our youthful guiltless rambling experiments, also he knew our incurable weakness, which made us unable ever to understand the complexities and completely unreasonable demands made upon us by our elders. We were ashamed of ourselves because we could not grasp grown-ups; we could not comprehend the doting antiquated older generation. We wanted to do so. But we could not. At the center of us we were ignorant, helpless toe-heads; unexplored ground, unlearned empty headed know-nothings. We had given up hope, had ceased to expect any more than to want,

continued next page



not be able to have then to raise hell. But really accomplishing in our studies. When we behaved, we would get to learn and we were overjoyed with this opportunity. By late afternoon we realized that we would have no more indoctrination like the others had dished out but rather real honest to goodness learning. Mr. Piggs had given us hope. He had shown us a way. Hence he was a brilliant and successful teacher in our book, also a man of genius somehow and a great social success. At the center we felt ourselves void nothings and Mr. Piggs transformed us into real living things potentially able to rule the world; all of us. And one day perhaps if we worked hard enough, we would even know the universe—all of it. In short; he led us from adam to atom.

We pleaded with Mr. Piggs to stay on with us when we finally mustered courage enough we—Barney our good talker—excused us.

"I—We want to apologize," said Barney, "about that wretched stink bomb business. I—we assure you that if it had only been our affair we'd have put the thing right as soon as you asked. You were quite right. A stink bomb is an implicate guarantee of waging war. We saw from the first that we should have no chance if it came to the principal's attention. And besides, we think one ought to treat one's teacher as respectfully as one can. But the upper grade across the hall"—he lowered his voice—"the fact is that they like this sort of thing even when they know they're in the wrong to dare us the way they did. And besides, they hoped, we dare say, that you'd get tired of managing us and have the job done yourself—of quitting I mean. We told ourselves from the first that we ought to give in; but we wouldn't listen to one another. You see we enjoy it. Still, now we see that you must stay on with us. In the course of the next few days you'll be having our late homework—that the other teacher assigned. But we thought we'd just like to tell you how . . ."

But Barney choked over something that must have been caught in his throat. Our spokesman tried to look directly at Mr. Piggs, strained at his collar, tottered unsteadily, then gave way and allowed himself to feel like the rest of us,

continued next page

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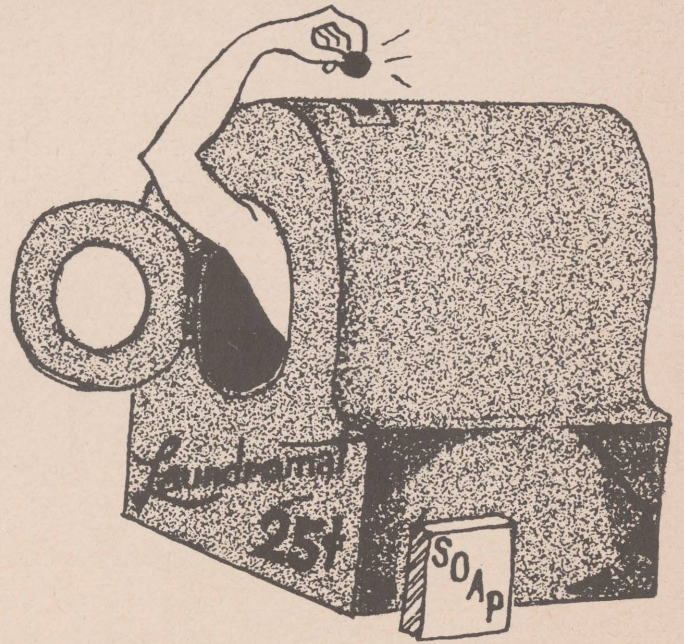
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CONAGHAN —



Two lobbyists met at a party in Washington
 "How's business?" one asked the other.

"Well you know how it is," said the other.
 "This business is like sex. When it's good it's
 wonderful. When it's bad, it's still pretty good."

What a day! I lost my job, I lost my billfold,
 my wife ran away with the electric light man, the
 Yanks lost to the Senators. It's unbelievable,
 leading by three in the eighth and they lost to the
 Senators.



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"...how sorry we are," he went on, as tears came to his eyes "that this resignation business..."

But it was no use. Barney smiled politely, made a little wiping of his eyes with his palms, as though he had suddenly caught himself being honest, said, "excuse me" and sat down.

Mr. Piggs took out his handkerchief and abandoned himself completely to our wailings.

Then, slowly at first, a great smile came over Mr. Piggs.

We looked at Mr. Piggs and smiled. Wiping our eyes, tucking our kerchiefs in our pockets we held back as long as we could then like an explosion we burst into one unified cheer. Overjoyed with happiness, we were the first class in Mr. Piggs' book and he was first in ours. Mr. Piggs and his hands would stay on with us and he was the best teacher we ever had.

Just before the bell sounded dismissing the class for the day the door burst open and the principal came rushing into our classroom. His wild eyes blazing, his hair streaming madly in his own wind, he frantically grabbed Mr. Piggs by the shoulders and shook him shouting uncontrollably into his face.

"You've done it! You've done it! You've kept them in the room the whole day!"

"Oh—My goodness—I was just..."

We thought Mr. Piggs would faint.

"Splendid!" shouted the principal, "excellent—fine work my boy—keep it up! An excellent job!"

"But—I was... w... I... Oh my goodness!"

"Come man!" yelled the principal, slapping Mr. Piggs on the back, "cheer up! You've done it! You made it! Nodenyngit! No modesty now!"

"W... well," said Mr. Piggs meekly, "You see... I... I've always had an ambition of being a teacher... and... and I know how short of teachers the c-community is..."

Mr. Piggs stuttered and stumbled and we thought he was going to faint. We hadn't seen him so confused all day.

"Well?" barked the principal.

"W-well..." continued Mr. Piggs, "well you s-see I was on an errand for my w-wife... to the market... to purchase a pound of a half of halibut... and... oh my goodness!"

"Yes," demanded the principal, "go on!"

"W-Well... on my way to the market I thought I would drop into the schoolhouse... down into the furnace room you know? ... where the furnace is? ... and see if the fire was banked up."

"On with it man!" commanded the principal, "what are you trying to say?"

Mr. Piggs was about to faint. We knew it and so we all rushed around him to catch him from falling onto the floor.

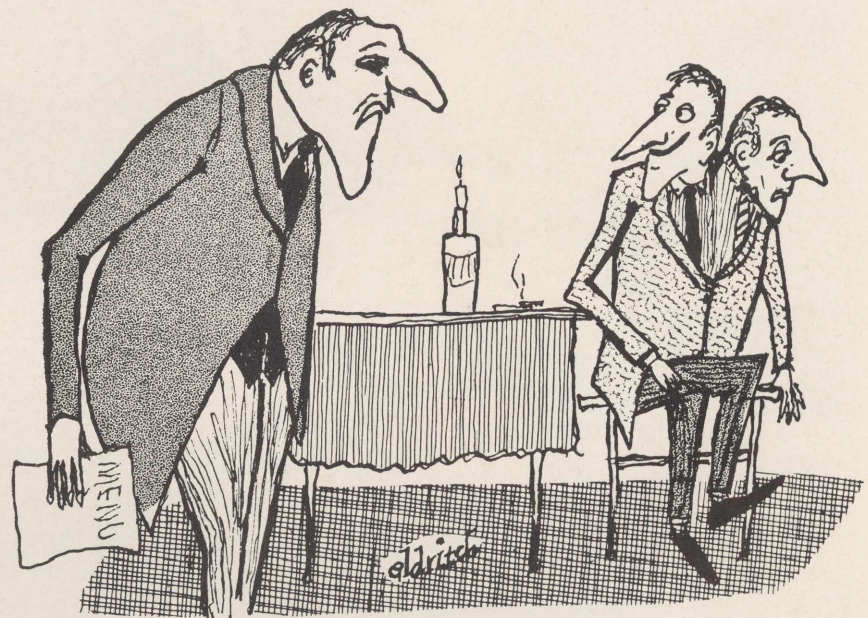
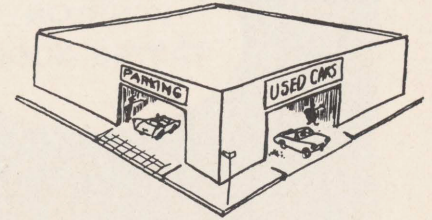
"W-Well... you see it's like th-this," continued Mr. Piggs, "oh my goodness!... I've got to be going now... My wife will be worrying where her pound and one-half of halibut is..."

The principal grabbed Mr. Piggs by the collar pulled the shaky little man right up to his own nose and shouted,

"You mean you are not the substitute teacher whom I was expecting this morning?"

"!!N-No... nono.no," mumbled Mr. Piggs trembling all over, "I... oh my goodness gracious... I-I-I am just the night janitor."

The bell rang ending the last class for the day and we, one by one, passed out.



"Was that a double scotch, sir?"



"I think it's about time someone else wore the pants in this family."

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