

-----  
Dear Charlie McCarthy:

Always you've been my favorite, my model, no less. But what I've just read about you gives me a deep throbbing pain under the dandruff, where you certainly never feel pain, not acute pain such as this.

The papers say that you, as U.S. Dummy No. 1, have just received from Northwestern's Dean Dennis the degree, Master of Innuendo and Snappy Comeback.

If I read the papers right, the Dean glorified you, as deans will do on such occasions, in the following citation:

"He (meaning you, Charlie) is a prince of parasites, violent in company, churlish in behavior, acid in conversation, wooden-faced in all relationships, and in all other respects a typical product of higher learning in America."

Now, now, Charles, you fraud. Let's take that "prince of parasites." Why, my old man puts up the cash to buy my groceries and clothes and books, to pay my tuition, to supply my carfare and spending money, all on the supposition that I'm getting a college education.

Do you think I'm getting it? Don't be silly, Charles. It's like this. I too have my Bergen, from whom I get my assignments day by day, and next to whom I sit through all my exams. Get the idea? That's the answer. On the level now, Charlie, won't you, in the light of my performance, relinquish the title, prince of parasites and U.S. Dummy No. 1?

"Violent in company, churlish in behavior," they speak of you. Why, Charlie, you're just a little sissy in your monocle and plug hat. Take me. When I get into a big crowd at the movie--you know, off in the dark where they can't trace me--"churlish" is no word for the way I carry on. And talk about snappy innuendoes, wisecracks and guffaws. Why even a wooden man like you, Charlie, can't match me for wit. And, tish tish, Charlie, I'll bet that never in your life you've flung butter at a guy across the table, or helped hack street cars or bust up furniture. For this "violent in company" stuff, you don't by any means rate No. 1.

They say you're "wooden-faced in all relationships." Maybe, Chum, you've got me there. Only occasionally I hit it perfectly. This morning, for instance, when my Bergen was busy with another guy and the Prof asked me a question I was plenty wooden-faced.

I'll admit, Charlie, you're having a lot of success as a dummy, but my career has hardly begun. Wait and see what I do to your reputation. In the meantime, out of respect to me, please don't let them print it in the papers again that you're U. S. Dummy No. 1, when alongside me you rate 1001.

REFERENCES: (deceased) father of Joe Boland; uncle of Bob Cahill; (Anniversary) mother of Joe Petritz; Michael Barry, friend of John Kohn (Howard). Ill, brother of Jack Davis (Al); Sister Assumpta, friend of Geo. Alf's (Cav). Nine special intentions.

