

There's one born for every office in history

There is one of these characters in every office, it seems. I mean the "Loud Mouth". He or she indulges in the practice of putting down other employees with loud remarks calling attention to physical defects, manner of dress, accompanied with raucous laughter, intended to recruit other "Loud Mouths" in the put-down.

One prays for the 'mot juste', the right response, to retaliate. More often than not, it doesn't come, and we are left out there, mouth open, red faced, angry, non-plussed, vexed, and all the other feelings that go with frustration.

The Laugh Clinic[®]

Joseph Patrick Lee

function, "How's the old pot head, Faust? Have you been down among us, lately?" Then over to the desk of Vinnie Dolan, bent over his desk, weighed down by his hunch-back, a sad cripple with rheumy-blue eyes, making it through life, working at figures efficiently enough to make a good living for those times. "How are doing, Vinnie, boy?" And he would pat Dolan on the hunch-back, calling attention to the deformity. A classic no-no.

I had watched McGraw operate in his cruel, inhuman fashion and was growing more and more disgusted that he seemed to get away with these shenanigans throughout the building, day in and day out.

I was sitting at Roy Bishop's desk, going over a problem that had come up, trying to brainstorm a solution with him. I looked across the desks and saw McGraw, jibing his usual targets and laughing maniacally, inducing others to laugh with him.

He moved to another area and I put him out of mind while I worked with Roy. Suddenly, he appeared at our desk. He slapped his files on my head, "That's a nice head of skin you have, Lee."

And he was off, running to the exit giggling over the having ribbed me about my prematurely balding pate.

"And that's a nice face of mouth you've got, McGraw." I heard me saying those words, not knowing where they came from. McGraw stopped aghast at my 'mot juste'.

"Touche, McGraw. That'll fix your wagon, you bastard."

Roy Bishop hollered and pointed his finger at McGraw, who turned and left our office.

The laughter was wild. Everyone was rocking at their desks. The whole office was in chaos, joyful chaos.

Word of the incident spread through the nine story building like wild fire. The tables were turned on McGraw. He was hoisted on his own petard, to coin a phrase. Within the week he had transferred to the Department of Agriculture.

Mike McGraw, was the office Loud Mouth when I worked in Washington, D. C. for the Treasury Department, back in 1938.

Our offices filled a nine-storied building on "G" Street, with various departments on each floor. I worked with Roy Bishop, head of Accounts, Miscellaneous. There were about 200 clerks, stenographers, accountants in AM, as we were called, on the fifth floor.

McGraw worked for another outfit on the eighth floor. He acted like a hyperactive kid, moving around the building, one floor after another, always carrying some file folders to give him an official cover where-ever he appeared.

He would breeze through our section, almost on a run. As he passed Mrs. Davis, an obese, compulsive eater, who munched all day long on fattening foods, he would call out, "How's that new diet of yours working, Mrs. D.?" Then on to Ed Faust, manic depressive, who popped uppers all day long to keep his spirits up so he could



in any condition; except alive.

Student Opinions

Compiled by Tara Powers

What do you expect campus security to do for you?



"Give me parking tickets."

Sean Maybee

"To be around when I lock my keys in my car."

Danelle Johnson



"Open up my car if my keys are locked inside."

John Keyantash



"I think they should protect my car while I'm at school and prevent vandalism."

David Tuckett

