

7-28-1938

## Campus Crier

Central Washington University

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# THE SEATTLE P.-I.

CENTRAL WASHINGTON COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. No. 12 Z 797

ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1938

No. 36

## FACULTY CLUB TO PRODUCE PLAY!

### WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

--OR--

#### She Gave Her All for a Playboy's Love

What has gone on before: Virginia, a young and innocent Southern girl, engaged to Paul, a young mining engineer, falls in love with Derek Steele, young millionaire playboy when he is injured and stays at her parents' house for some time.

Derek was only amusing himself with Virginia, but in her youth and innocence she did not know. Derek returns to his New York home, and Virginia follows him, after giving her engagement ring back to Paul. In New York she meets Derek's fiancée, and after a stormy scene, Virginia, heart-broken, decides to lose herself in the city. She believes that Paul no longer loves her, and she sees Derek for what he is, at last.

#### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

Drearly she wandered the fog-wrapt streets. No work for such as she, who was raised to be taken care of by some strong man. She had no money, and her clothes needed pressing, but with a gallant lift to her chin, she led with it. She had cut herself off from all that she knew, and that wasn't very

(Continued on page 4)

### Can You Bear It?

Hopkins put his O. K. on pump priming. Everyone with his cup under the pump O. K.'s Roosevelt. Our royal family is a great guy. Our Hopkins is a great guy, too. He spends our money. My taxes are \$5 a year. His work is nice if you can get it. Then if you don't watch out it will get you. Do you get me?

\* \* \*

Mr. Roosevelt is grandpa again. Certain congressmen wish he'd pass out smiles along with cigars. Certain congressmen wish he'd pass out. But they keep it to themselves. Like the 3 Austrians reading a newspaper. They read the editorial.

One—Tisk, Tisk.  
Two— " " "  
Three—Say if you fellows are foolish enough to talk politics I'm leaving.

\* \* \*

When we voted Roosevelt in nobody drank. We had prohibition. Unemployment was at its height. He found us sort of high and dry—you might say, if your silly. The first day of repeal I shot my homebrew at the moon.

\* \* \*

We love him, but 3rd terms just ain't the tradition. And 120 million Americans can't be wrong . . . always. When I play the races I leave while I'm still winning. The really wise guy knows when to stop. Anyway, there's a lot of farmers wondering how the Cotton field when they plowed it under.

\* \* \*

How's your baby, buggy?  
My mother's is.  
That was the last straw; you'll have to drink the rest.

### McConnell Missing From Home

President Robert E. McConnell, president of the Central Washington College of Education has not been seen for some time.

Rumor has it that he has gone fishing.

### Wonder Plant Blooms in Front of The Library

Large tomato plants are interesting specimens in anyone's language but the large one growing in with the lobelia and geraniums in the beds in front of the library is something to be noticed. It has at least three blooms of pale yellow and gives promise of even raising a tomato or two.

When interviewed, the gardener declined to discuss the situation, saying that publicity might spoil the plant.

### "Whistle While You Work" Invaluable Aid Says Stropes

Miss Betty Stropes of the Music Department has been indisposed the last few days. She says that, while the "Whistle While You Work" technique has its points, you should always remove the whistle on the intake.

### Free Show to Be Given Students

Tonight at 9 o'clock (PST) all students of Central Washington College are to be treated to another theatre party at the Liberty Theatre. The film will be "Treasure Island," featuring Freddy Bartholomew and Wallace Beery, and all reports have it that it is one show not to be missed.

Any students wishing to go should get in touch with Joe Chiotti and obtain his or her Annie Oakley. If it is impossible for you to get your ticket from Chiotti, be at the theatre door at 9, and the students in charge will admit you. Associated Student cards are necessary for recognition.

Free ice cream bars will be given following the showing of the film.

### Supreme Court Decides Against Wire Tapping; Students Mad

The Supreme Court in Washington recently decided against wire-tapping by police and others as illegal. Students in Sue Lombard and Kamola have sent in a petition for a retrial declaring that the decision deprives them of their major pastime.

### Mystery Solved By Students

The mystery of Henry, the long-suffering skeleton belonging to the anatomy department, and his bored expression, has at last been solved. Students inquiring into Henry's past discovered that he was formerly a college professor.

When interviewed, Henry said that the jokes that some of the professors have told for years were the same ones he had told to his classes nearly a hundred years ago.

Frankly, he said, he was getting bored to death with them.

### Tjossem Finds New Approach

Miss Tjossem has found a new approach. She says dropping the handkerchief is old-fashioned. She, however, declined to state her plan saying that she might need it herself and so preferred to keep it a secret.

### Snyder Declares Swing Music Can Be Played

Only on instruments not belonging to the Music Department of this school.

### Beck on Fossil Hunt Finds Hinch

Mr. George Beck, Geology professor at this institution, was working out in Badger Pocket looking for the remains of ancient man. Mr. Nicholas Hinch of this same institution was out there delivering papers. They met when Mr. Hinch stopped near the road cut to deliver a paper and Mr. Beck was working in the aforementioned road cut.

Mr. Beck is said to have frightened Mr. Hinch when he ran toward him with arms outstretched in greeting. Mr. Hinch, fearing ulterior motives, departed in haste.

### Two Plays Being Considered For Presentation Aug. 15

DR. DONALD E. MACRAE TO DIRECT; MATHEWS HOLDING UP REHEARSALS

The Faculty Group—one of the many organizations on the campus of the Central Washington College of Education—announced this morning that it would produce a three-act play for the edification and delight of the student body on the last day of the summer quarter.

### Treadwell Hit By Street Car

Mr. Alva Treadwell is recovering nicely today from injuries sustained when he was hit by a streetcar.

The streetcar, a toy one, was being swung on a string by Mr. Treadwell's small daughter. The string broke and Mr. Treadwell suffered injuries when the flying streetcar struck him on the nose.

### Stephens Sick

Mr. William Stephens, psychology and philosophy professor at the Central Washington etc., was confined to his bed today by Dr. W. A. Taylor of this city. The cause of the illness was diagnosed as acute nicotine poisoning caused when Mr. Stephens accidentally swallowed a strong cigar.

Mrs. Stephens says that she bought the cigar to make into spray for her plants; she is at a loss to explain why Mr. Stephens wanted it.

When asked to give the title of the play for the information of our public, Dr. Donald E. MacRae, head of the English Department, director of the Faculty Thespians, B. A., M. A., Ph. D., K. B. E. and tennis enthusiast, replied: "We are, as it were, between two fires. In other words, to say the least,—and is it not always better to say the least?—we have not definitely decided yet."

Going to other members of the Faculty Group, the reporter found out many things. Mr. Andrew Jackson Mathews, B. A., M. A., French instructor, Poet, and World-Traveler, named two plays from which the final choice will be made.

"We would like to do something really big, you know. We have been reading 'Aaron Slick of Punkin Crick,' and 'The Civil War in 20 Stirring Scenes.' I hold out for the latter, but other members of the group think that there is still too much feeling about the late difference of opinion between the North and the South. I hope I'll win."

Here Mr. Mathews gave the

(Continued on page 4)

### Dog Is FLEA'S Best Friend

TOUCHING STORY OF BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP TOLD

Mr. and Mrs. Ritzle-Snitzle Junior of Heckzleville, Ohio, have a dog which in itself is nothing wonderful nor, for that matter, is the dog. However, centering around this small bit of dogflesh (so small that Mrs. R. S. often wonders if she really has a dog) is woven a story so different, so touching, yet so inspiring that we can hardly believe it is true ourselves.

To begin with, Dash (a very small Dash for he is a very small Daschund) was born—and soon came to live with the Ritzle-Snitzles. Ah, it seemed wonderful to him to have a place to sleep, three square meals a day, and a roof over his head. He thrived and thrived and had gained almost three ounces when something happened. Something sad!! He began to droop, and mope, and lost his appetite—except at meal times. His great sorrow was that his life was without purpose, that he was groping in the dark for some useful, some helpful thing to do for someone.

He moped and groped for days—and then—he had an IDEA! He crooned (very dog-matically) "Fleas, lend your little ears to my pleas" all day and all night for a whole day and nite and finally—he was rewarded. SUC-

CESS was his!

A very small, ratty-looking flea came trotting up to him and said, "Pardon me, but have you some place I can stay tonight, I heard you singing and my name is Ferdinand and I'm cold and hungry and my feet hurt—please?"

Dash was so excited that he fainted, and when he came to there was Ferdinand, fanning him with a block of cement. Dash stammered, "Ferdinand, you are the answer to my prayer—you are my WISH come true—you are my PURPOSE in life—and you may live right here behind my ear as long as you wish."

Ferdinand set up housekeeping immediately and after several days of rest was up to par in pep again. He and Dash conversed fluently for hours on many subjects and soon discovered that their interests coincided perfectly. Between them sprang up a beautiful friendship which has lasted to this day.

This, dear reader, is our pet story for the week—the touching friendship between Dash, a dog, and Ferdinand, a flea—an inspiring story that will probably not be equalled until the next issue of the paper is off the press.

# CAMPUS CRIER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS  
of the  
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## EDITORIAL

THIS is the LAST issue of the CAMPUS CRIER for this year.

THE reason the PAPER looks so QUEER this time is that WE are emulating the **Seattle Post-Intelligencer**.

IF you do not LIKE the paper, do not BLAME US. BLAME THE WEATHER! It has BEEN much TOO hot.

BUT—did this weather DOWN us? NO! Like TRUE AMERICANS we muddled through, and if you don't BELIEVE IT, READ THE PAPER. Such a MUD-DLE you never saw!

BUT—we saw we were getting into a GROOVE. a RUT, a GULLY, in short, we were getting BORED with the paper as it was, and WE thought you might be TOO.

SO, we got right out of that GROOVE, that RUT, that GULLY, and we came to the MOUNTAIN TOPS, where we could get COOL, and put out an ENTERTAINING PAPER.

SO, here it IS.

The CRIER STAFF take this OPPORTUNITY to say GOOD-BYE, and we are GLAD that this is the LAST PAPER. Really, to get down to BRASS TACKS, WE'RE probably gladder than YOU ARE!

## Advice To The Lovelorn

Dear Miss Abagonna Helpum:

This is my first summer at school, and I'm so thrilled with it all! I've been meeting so many CUTE boys and have been having more dates and more fun, and stuff. All my life I've heard about college fellows, but Miss Helpum, I had no idea!! Last week when I was sitting in the library one evening, I saw HIM, and I know I've fallen madly in love!! We haven't met yet, but I know he must like me just a little, because I can just feel him looking at me all the time. I've found out all about him, and besides being oh! so handsome, he's a man of the world—he's been out in the "field" a whole year, and I think it's SO wonderful!

Now, what I want to know is how I'm going to get to meet him. I know everything would be all right if we could ever get acquainted, but the way things are now, it's awful—I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink—oh, well, we'll just skip that.

I've tried every way I can think of to meet him. One day I followed him up to the periodical room. There was no one else there—I slipped into a nearby chair—He looked up and our gazes met—He opened his mouth, took a deep breath, and sneezed!!

Now, Dear Miss Helpum, that's as close as I've gotten to him. What do I do now? Does he love me?

I'm waiting anxiously for your reply—I'll do nothing until I hear from you.

Anxiously,  
PETUNIA PUSS.

My dear little Petunia Puss:

Love is that irresistible indescribable force affecting the emotions. Yes, Petunia, I can plainly visualize your plight, but just remember, "The course of true love never runs smooth," and be patient and understanding while you are waiting to meet this young man of whom you speak. Just think how thrilling it will be when you speak your first words to each other!

In order to gain that sought-after introduction, you might ask someone to introduce you at a dance, and then, if he's at all interested, he'll be around—don't worry. If he isn't the dancing type, which I feel sure he is, being a man of SUCH experience, then you'll have to try something else. Find out what his interests are, and become vitally interested also. If he's of a scientific turn of mind, procure a butterfly net and between classes go out and catch a few. He can't help but notice, and on the pretext of genuine interest you can ask him to identify your specimens. He'll be flattered that you value his opinion, and I'm sure you'll get along fine after that.

Of course, you can always try the old game of "Drop the Handkerchief," or you could swoon at his feet, or something, but remember "Where there's a will, there's a way," and I'm sure such a sensible-sounding girl with such mature ideas as revealed in your letter will find that way.

Good luck to you, Petunia.

Sincerely,  
ABAGONNA HELPUM.

# MY DAY Around the Town

By

Eleanor Roosevelt

ANY DAM DAY NOW: Today was my day to take in a little bit of the modern college life by visiting that cute little college in Ellensburg, Washington. I believe the name of it is Central Washington College of Education. Now wasn't that the quaintest title to give to any little school?

My first act was to call on President McConnell and his lovely staff of professors and supervisors. They wanted to give a tea for me, but since I had come to see school life, I felt that that would be out of keeping with the occasion. They explained, however, that they were always giving teas and that I wouldn't get a good and complete cross-section of the activities of the school without attending one. Finally I consented to go and they fed me the loveliest cakes and tea. It seems that the Home Ec girls had to practice on someone and I was as good as anyone.

Then I visited classes. My goodness how silly these people were. They even tried to tell me that Maine is a part of the United States, and, to my knowledge, it isn't at all, it even voted Republican in the last election.

I met a nice man who collects bones and I promised to send him some as soon as I can get home. There was another man that kept calling me affectionate names and I'm sure that he didn't mean them at all. Another man kept saying, "And furthermore, what." That didn't make sense to me but all his students seemed to understand explicitly. Another gentleman kept telling stories and then never finishing them, instead he would say, "Need I say more." That wasn't exactly cricket for I couldn't quite guess just what it was all about.

At last I couldn't even find any classes in session, so I wandered around and finally found the library. It seems that nobody was studying and one young couple were even discussing their plans for Friday night. It seems that they were going moose hunting or something for they said that they would start out Friday night and then go to the moose Saturday night. It all sounded so intriguing that I suggested to them that I was a good huntress. All they said was, "Mind your own business, ya old biddy, we don't need a chaperone." My but this college life must be exciting. I remember that all I ever did was go out on Saturday night and watch the moon come up, those were wonderful days before I married Franklyn. We still love each other so much that now and then we still watch the moon rise when we can move the Secret Service men out of the way long enough to see it.

Well, I must stop now for it is growing late and I have to visit the brewery tomorrow to see if the laborers are getting their share of the products.

Au Revoir.

## Clearance Sale

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By the Stalactite

THIS week I was particularly impressed by the gorgeous flowers around town. Mr. Treadwell has cultivated some lovely petunias or something that practically fill the front yard. Mr. Snyder's front yard is graced by the most gorgeous white tulip I have ever seen. Drop around some evening and see it, but please don't spoil other people's enjoyment by picking it. Mr. Hogue has raised something that looks like a bulldog, he says it's a snapdragon. I still say the darn thing looks like a bulldog, it even chased me. Dr. Carstensen is too busy raising a dog to raise any flowers. He says the dog is doing nicely, thank you.

THIS lovely summer weather makes me think of a poor dear friend of mine who is staying in the Ellensburg General Hospital for the time being. She is suffering from an attack caused by a lack of an appendix. My how she must wish that she were outdoors playing with the other young men and women of the College. Alas, it all shows the futility of life. No sooner will she be well than she will have to return to school.

Interesting Sidelights: Mr. Beck shooing people into a car at 2 o'clock in the morning. Gen Snyder insisting on getting asked questions in history class. Mr. Barto's history class spending the hot days on the lawn.

Things We'd Like To See: Mr. Hinch walking to school eating a banana rather than reading a paper. Mr. Holmes being very talkative. Dr. Sparks with a Sherlock Holmes hat to match the pipe. Joe Chiotti in pink pants and a blue beer jacket. Mr. Mathews with a beard.

Things I've Heard That Other People Would Like To See: This paper with their name in it. Ham Howard with one girl more than twice. Irene Hoisington swimming. "Bunnynose" Lee well again. Your correspondent with a rope around the gorgeous neck.

### PLACEMENT NEWS

There is a total of 114 placements for 1938. Of this total, 64 are inexperienced and 50 are experienced teachers. New placements for the week follow:

- Bill Carr—Washougal—Industrial arts and boys athletics.
- Flora Blessing—Roslyn—4th.
- Mrs. Florence Hansen—Redmond—Special and remedial room.
- John Lamb—Poulsbo—Upper grades.
- Marie Newton—Calamet—Rural school.

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# Faculty Fories

## Famous Last Words

### OR Trite But True

**President McConnell:**

Fishing is the most fascinating part of being president.

**Margaret Coffin Holmes:**

My social science class actually wilted when I announced there would be no final exam at the end of the first five weeks so we had a revival with bottled pop which they all drank with gusto—also a straw!

**O. H. Holmes, Jr.:**

I have nothing to say.

**Hartley D. Snyder:**

There are so few people who can really "swing it" on an organ that Miss Stropes and I have decided to offer a special course next year which we have appropriately called "Everybody Swing." The course consists of a comprehensive survey of the jazz of all ages and a study of terms, methods, and techniques of modern jazz.

**Dr. Carstensen:**

I speak the students' language.

**Coach Nicholson:**

We of the Physical Education Department are definitely against accepting the added \$15,000 which has been set aside for athletics next year. We feel that it should be given to the Associated Students to be used for social affairs that will be enjoyed by everyone. We feel sure that athletics will pay for themselves next year.

**Dr. Samuelsen:**

The "field" is lousy with jobs. All we need is more graduates.

**Miss Pinney:**

I enjoy my job more every year because it gives me such an opportunity to speak a word of cheer to every person on the campus as he or she passes through the office. "Spread some sunshine" is my motto.

**Mr. Beck:**

Fossils are foolish—but aren't they fun?

**Mr. Barto:**

I have just designed some dainty bandanas that I'm sure the girls on the campus will enjoy wearing over their hair when the wind blows.

**Dr. MacRae:**

Owing to the time, setting, et cetera, I feel that nothing I can say will certainly add something to anything.

**Mr. Hinch:**

Spring always makes me feel so flip.

**Mr. Stephens:**

I have never been able to understand why people have more fun than anybody! I make my classes cold and clammy with dire forebodings, but will they heed me? I never have a good time—why should they?

**Mr. Mathews:**

Tennis is such a muscle builder-upper.

**Miss Michaelson:**

Clothes do not make a girl—the girl makes the clothes—if she's clever and can sew.

**Miss Wentworth:**

Folk dances are called folk-dances because they are the dances that folk dance!

## Baseball Team Wins In Seattle From Huskies

Trim Summer Huskies 4-3; Hicks Basketball Team Loses Close Tilt, 23-19

Taking the road for the first time this summer, the hot weather edition of the Wildcat sports teams journeyed to Seattle last Friday. Valder-son's baseball boys came off the field with a 4-3 win, but Hicks basketball tossers suffered a loss by the close margin of 23-19.

Both games were thrillers to see, the baseball game was a tight one all the way and wasn't tucked away till Art (Dynamite) Lind blasted out a last inning homerun to break the tie of 3-3. Gordy Rolph had fine support in the last half of the inning and the Huskies were held scoreless, giving the Cats the decision.

The basketball game was close all the way, with the intense heat a deciding factor in favor of the Huskies, who pulled away in the final minutes to register a close 23-19 decision on the score sheet. Captain Hicks played masterful ball all the way, directing the plays and doing a lion's share of the defensive work.

The baseball game was really one that any fan would go ga-ga watching. In the third inning two straight singles by Rolph and Artz, a base on balls for Gillespie filled the bases. That brought Manager Valder-son to the plate. With the Wildcat supporters (about five of them) screaming for a homerun, he calmly let the first two pitches go by, picked out the next one for one to his liking and laced it over the center fielder's head for a triple, sending in three runs.

This lead soon melted away when Kenny Artz overthrew second base attempting to get a man going down. The ball was slippery and went out of control, going a little too high for Gillespie to field. Two runs crossed the plate before the ball was relayed back to the infield.

The game was all tied up at the start of the seventh and last inning, but Art Lind stepped up and belted out the longest hit of the day for a homerun. That one run lead stood up and the Wildcats won, 4-3.


The University plays a return series here this Friday afternoon at the gym and the athletic field. The baseball game will be called at 3:30 and the basketball encounter at approximately 4:30. Students are admitted to both free of charge.

## Hogue Narrowly Escapes Death In Shop

Glenn Hogue, head of the Art Department, narrowly escaped death the other day when he became confused and ran himself through a saw in the shop.

"I thought for a minute there that it had me," said Hogue. "But I pulled myself together and squeezed through."

Mr. Hogue now ties himself to a work-bench to prevent a repetition of the accident.



**Onfield DAIRY**

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## Baseball and Basketball Teams To Clash Friday

Summer Crop of Wildcats To Vie With Hot Weather Huskies on Field and at Gymnasium

Friday afternoon will be a gala day for Central Washington College in a sporting way—the University of Washington summer school basketball and baseball squads will vie with "Valder-son's Apple Chasers" and "Hick's Hackers" in a full afternoon's program of baseball and basketball.

The Wildcat teams are entirely under the direction of students, being made up of men enrolled in the intra-mural physical ed program for the summer.

If any of you fans haven't seen "Megaphone" Gillespie in action on the diamond this year, don't miss this opportunity. The cost of admittance is slight (being FREE to all) and the show you will see is worth twice that amount.

The baseball game is slated to start at 3:30 and the basketball game immediately following, or approximately 4:30 p. m.

Probable starting lineup for the "Cats" in the baseball game will be: Gillespie, ss; Galakowsky, 2b; Valder-son, rf; Hicks, cf; Chiotti, 1b; Milanowski, 3b; Mathews, cf; Lind, lf; Artz, c; Rolph, p.


## Famous People on Campus

Take off your hats, fellow students, you are in the company of the great. There may be more truth than poetry in that statement. Right here on our campus we have those two immortal lovers, Romeo and Juliet. True, they don't pal around together but their presence is noted in the persons of Juliet Brodine and Romeo Barra. Revolutionary War heroes are present in the persons of Sam Adams and Alexander Hamilton. Of course, it's really Alexander Hamilton Howard, Jr., but it's really just Sam Adams.

More war heroes show up in the form of Andrew Jackson Mathews, who evidently goes through life bearing the name of that wild hillbilly and president from "Kaintucky." Writers, too, are represented in the person of Voltaire Brodine. Characters blossom forth in the form of Tish, who reminds us of Mary Robert Reinhart's book of the same name. Her first name is Elizabeth, which gives us Liz-zie Tish or Tizzie Lish. My, oh my! With an array of names like that, we should keep ourselves awed and open-mouthed by such personages. Just think, some day they may live up to their names.

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**WEST VIRGINIA HILLS**

(Continued from Page 1)

much. Let us leave her now. Oh, don't worry, we can find her again.

Paul clumped up the steps of the Fifth Avenue Town House of the Steele's, and viciously rang the door-bell. After a delay of fifteen or twenty minutes, he was admitted by an old man with mutton-chop whiskers, and a bad case of sinus trouble.

"This is Derek Steele's house," asked Paul.

"Yes, I will tell Mr. Steele he has a caller." And the old man tottered from the room.

Paul wandered around the room while he waited, looking at the family portraits, aspidistras, prints, and old furniture. Then Derek Steele entered the room, his mustache newly waxed, and his pants pressed to a knife-edge.

"What have you done with her?" roared Paul.

"Please, my good fellow. Sit down. We can discuss this thing calmly, I believe. Do you drink?"

"No, and I don't thank you for asking, either. You know why I'm here, and there's no point in beating about the bush. What have you done with Virginia?"

"My dear fellow, I haven't see her for some time. The last time I caught sight of her, she was going into an employment agency. I offered her a job here as first kitchen maid, but for some queer reason she refused it." When he finished the speech, he took a drink, and Paul rose, towering over the slighter man.

"You cad. You boulder. You were the first romantic figure she had ever seen, and she loved you with all the fervor of her youthful heart. You could at least have been kind to her, and told her you loved another. It is not of myself, but of her I am thinking. I'm wasting my time talking to a rat such as you are, so I think I'll go look for her."

With that, Paul whirled from Derek, and ran from the room. The door banged to after him, as he opened the door of the cab, and said, "Employment Agency, please."

"Which one, mister?" asked the cabby.

"All of them," said Paul, "and make it quick."

The cabby stepped on the gas, and away they rolled. They spent the next week visiting all the employment

agencies, but no trace of Virginia did they find. Next Paul decided to call at all the hospitals, to see if perhaps his loved one had taken the coward's way out.

Day after day he walked up and down rows and rows of white hospital beds, sneezing loudly, for ether gave him hay-fever. He had just about given up hope, when suddenly he saw HER.

Rushing to the side of the bed, he clasped her to his bosom, murmuring endearments, and sneezing bewhiles.

"You were so foolish to run away. Didn't you know I'd find you?"

"Well," Virginia answered, "I hoped you would. They give you lousy food in this hospital. I'm hungry for some decent grub. Let's go home and have some good hot corn-pone and pot-likker."

"That we will," said Paul, as he picked up the bed and put it in the taxi.

**WILL THEY GET HOME? WILL THERE BE ANY CORN-PONE AND POT-LIKKER? IT'S UP TO YOU, DEAR READER. TAKE OUR ADVICE AND FORGET THE WHOLE THING.**

**FACULTY PLAY**  
(Continued from Page One)

rebel yell, and when the reporter stopped running he was facing Dr. Carstensen.

Dr. Carstensen squinted into the sun, brushed a Byronic lock from his eye, hemmed once, hawed once, and spoke: "There are many factors contributing to this need we feel for play-acting. I don't know what they are, but I feel sure there must be some. If you look around, I think somebody could tell you. However, you might be interested in knowing that I am going to stage-manage the show when and if it is produced. Why don't you ask Mr. Barto? He just might know something."

Mr. Barto's reply to the reporters' request for information as to the factors contributing to this great and un-called-for event, was

"Monkey business! I don't know, and I don't care. I suppose if there is a villain, I'll have to be it."

Mr. Joe Trainor, Musician, Composer, Mathematician, Philosopher, and Psychologist, seemed happy about the whole thing. "Either play is a chinch for me. If it's the Civil War thing, I've got a swing arrangement

of "Marching Through Georgia" that I'm just dying to play; if it's 'Aaron Slick' I reckon I'll have to fiddle a square dance. See? Either way it's a chinch."

The deadline was fast approaching, so the reporter decided to go without any more interviews. There is a rumor, however, that the Faculty Wives' Club will supply the ladies for the female parts in the play.

**REMEMBER: Faculty play last night of last day of last week of summer quarter. Bring your lunch and enjoy yourselves. The Club requests that you do not bring fruit or moist vegetables, for the Janitor has announced that he will not clean up the stage.**

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