

FACULTY CLUB

Comes the time for relaxation. Numerous individuals, styled in-bloc "the faculty," having divested themselves of their cloaks of office, their professional airs, or what have you, emerge individually or in small groups from their various dens of iniquity, sniff the atmosphere of freedom, take on a new lease of life, and betake themselves to a common destination. "Long John" lumbers down the stairs entirely oblivious of his arduous duties just laid aside, and meditates over the most recent addition to his repertoire that he may be prepared, should the occasion become propitious. "John, the Baptist," slinks unsuspectingly forth to possibly change his role to that of "Daniel in the Lions' Den." Machinery Hall heaves a sigh of relief when it becomes relieved of the many weighty characters who now venture forth, including none

other than that august gentleman, the "General" and the redoubtable Pete, the politician. Others, no less prepossessing, pass in review. But—a blast of trumpets; the doors of Main Building open, and the Officers of Administration make their appearance:

With measured tread and stately mien,
They venture forth upon the scene.
Not a single action must belie
The college, they personal;
Their present state, one would not think
Could be transferred in just a wink.

All are arrived. They become dispersed, individually and severally. Some seek entertainment through the medium of the radio, or through reading or perusing the periodicals available. Others are seated around the billiard table witnessing a contest that is replete with skillful, daring and safe plays. The players are ridiculed, criticized, admonished, directed and

