

See cream twice a week

Half a professor.

As you all know it's a pretty hard thing to get ahead of Ray Weaver when it comes to hit-bits about the Faculty. But I at last know something about those august and interesting personages that she doesn't, and of course you don't either. The first piece of news was that there ~~was a~~ Faculty meeting ~~held before last Saturday evening~~ ~~last night~~, and my second piece of news is that I was there and Ray Weaver was not.

This is how it happened.

I was down in the power house hollow lying on the side of the hill under a bush. What I was doing there you can readily conceive, for the Junior class exam was the next day. My soul was off in regions

introduced by the common herd
 when I ~~perceived~~ ~~rather~~ ~~the~~ ~~light~~ ~~foot~~
 fell on the grass. There was
 Dr Clarke with a book
 under each arm and
 one in each hand. "Ha"
 I thought, "we are both sensitive
 to the same ^{feelings} ~~injuries~~, he
 too has chosen the place
 to commune with the Infinite."
 But before I could move
 to show myself, he began to
 speak. "Light on the Path
 little journey from CCC" where
 there is perfect communion
 between two souls, what need
 for the conventions of life.
 The Creed of Christ Rosalind
 Mason from CCC, how her
 delicate perceptions will
 thrill at the great truth dis-
 closed in this book, for I
 am its author. And this book
 is for Helen Parkhurst, that
 maidenly seeker in the paths
 of ----" He broke off
 hastily for down the slope

was running a certain
 red haired professor whose
 business was evidently
 not with lofty aspirations,
 for he was laughing with
 laughter. "Huh huh looked
 on this time didn't we
 Warren" and behind came
 stumbling Daddy with a
 hat in his hand, very
 hot & very harassed.
 "Well here's all the Faculty
 looking attendance
 where are they all Clarke
 Sam Warren how should
 I know - I am here."

Daddy was speechless, he
 was also worried for he
 kept looking behind
 him as though fearing
 pursuit. Just then there
 was a noise in the bushes
 and a large head was
 stuck out followed by
 a long crawling body.
 "Well Sam here!" and

Dr De Laguna drew
 his long fur out from

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hoes, followed rather
 sheepishly by Dr. Carlson who
 had his flock coat was
 a little the worse for mud
 & leaves. "We saw two
 of them on the alluvial field
 & we dived into the hoes"
 volunteered the philosopher,
 and he certainly had dived,
 for sticks and dirt were
 churning out his hair,
 and his collar had been
 torn off. Then it
 dawned on me that
 I was witnessing a
 Faculty meeting, and that
 they had taken this means
 to avoid the sharp eyes of
 certain under graduates.
 Then there came the sound
 of patterning feet and Miss
 Donnelly came running
 down the hill with Miss
 King after her, the who
 had got of such a feed,
 owing to a certain cop-
 ulence, that she said
 a catastrophe was immin-
 ent, & shouting out
 "Who will save me".

5 ~~She~~ fell into Daddy's
unwilling arms, for he
had not been lucky
enough to seek cover as
had the other gallant
~~members~~^{men} of the Faculty.
Indeed Dr Clarke had
sat patiently down upon
the ground. She had seen
this man thrusting through
fence, bending his head
in gentle resignation. Un-
fortunately he sat down
right in Miss Donnelly's
way, ~~so that she~~^{so that she} was forced
to take a flying leap
over his head which
did not materially assist
her dignity.

Now from all sides
Faculty left in and
was scratched off Dr
Loren's list. Finally he
announced pompously,
"All the Faculty are here
except Dr Schantz."
"The Viola" came back

6 High little voice ~~and~~ from
somewhere above our
heads. This threw the
Faculty into some confusion
for Dr. Clarke insisted
that it was a Divine sign,
while the rest of them swore it
was merely an owl.

But Dr. De Pagua, whose
height allowed him a
near sight of the heavenly
bodies, burst into a roar
of laughter and pointed
to a branch of the tree
above them.

There perched on a
branch sat little
St. Schinty, a rather
white, & holding on
tight to the perch above
him. "Come down out
of that Schinty" shouted
Dr. De Pagua.

"But I cannot leave go
what must I do?
Unless I leave go how
am I to come down?"

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This problem threw the Faculty into a perfect fit of intellectual endeavor. This Scott sat down upon the ground & was immediately lost in mathematical calculations; Dr Clarke breathed a prayer; while Dr de Laguna paced up and down, treading on everyone's feet, but in a haze of intellectual speculation. Finally Dr Barnes jumped up. "I have it!" He shouted. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief, while Dr Schütz would have smiled if he had dared move even so much as a muscle. "I'll go to the power-house" said Dr B. "I'll get a saw, I'll saw the limb off, & he need never let go." He darted

8 off while it Schuyler gave
Several shades white. At
this moment the President
arrived who so startled the
little man that he fell flat
on his face in front of
her, with a dismal howl.

When order was at length
restored, the President seat-
ed herself in front of
the Faculty.

"Burr Law! Men and women"
she began in solemn
tones. "We are met

to-day in a rather un-
usual manner, but then
the occasion is rather
unusual & calls for
something out of the ordi-
nary. Before I pro-

ceed to the business in
hand I should like to
read you some interesting
statistics that I have just
received" both the first address
and the statistics were read &
she continued: -
"We have to decide this
evening a knotty

9. point. The honour of the
College hangs in the balance!
It is for you to decide which
way the scale shall go.
The undergraduates have
with their usual sense
and self-sacrifice offered
themselves to immoderate them-
selves or the allow of the
Endowment Fund. The
weighty question I put
before you to night is
can we allow any law
students to go without
ice cream twice a week,
for this is the stupendous
sacrifice they have offer-
ed to make. There was
a murmur of admiration for
the faculty & cries of
"No! No!"
"The only other alternative
is we must give up half
a professor from our brilliant
faculty. Now who is
willing to sacrifice himself
a herself to the Endowment
Fund and the undergraduates?"

At this a perfect howl
 was set up. It Schurz
 being so anxious to relieve
 himself that he left up
 and down in front of the
 seated rows of anxious
 people shouting, "It
 must be me. Vive
 la belle France". This
 piece of revision so touched
 him that he burst into
 sobs & retired behind
 Daddy Warren.

The
 whole Faculty ^{indeed} ~~had~~ was
 bowing for sacrifice. What
 was to be done.

At last the President's
 voice was heard above
 the hub-bub. She produced
 something from under
 her gown with evident
 pleasure. "I have here
 an old copper coin from
 Athens. It is the coin
 into which the lots were
 cast wh^o determined that
 Socrates must die. We
 will all draw lots from

the one and the one
 who is chosen shall
 be buried in the casket
 under an inscribed tablet
 designed by the de Forest."

This presented such an
 attractive picture that
 of Schuyt, once more
 threatened to become
 violent. "Let us draw"
 said this Thomas Stennely
 & drew slowly a lot from
 the urn. He dropped it
 to the ground - it was a
 blank. Then ~~under~~
 each professor drew in order
 of seniority and as the lots
 grew fewer & fewer, the
 anxiety on the faces of the
 younger members of the
 faculty was painful
 to see. This tribulation
 was almost in a moment
 & the Reeds wiped the sweat
 from his brow. Meanwhile
 as the lots got fewer &
 fewer the President
 got redder & redder
 and finally when this

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Wallerstein, as the youngest
member of the Faculty,
drew out her lot for the
President to take out.

"I have told me I would
forget it - there is
paper with a black cross
on it - I ~~forgot~~ omitted
it" Therefore the
Faculty burst into roars
of weak hysterical laughter,
some of them weeping with
relief. "A sign from
Heaven to save us"

Remember Dr. Clarke.

When I crawled out from
my hiding place the
evening was still and
the museum seniors
were sleeping. And
that is how I got ahead
of Ray Warner.
