

CONVOCAATION DATE SET

Ted Minor

The big event of the year, our annual convocation exercises, has been set for Wednesday, June 4th. The colorful affair will be held in Genetti's Pennsylvania Room and will be highlighted by a dance following a dinner.

The guest speaker for the affair will be Dr. Merritt A. Williamson, Dean of the College of Engineering and Architecture. This position was formerly held by Dr. Walker, our University's President.

Awards will be presented to students who have made valuable contributions to our institution. Athletic awards will also be presented, and students of exceptional scholastic ability will also be recognized.

Students are asked to watch for more information concerning this affair.

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HIGHACRES SOCIAL CALENDAR

by Ted Minor

We of the student council, together with the members of the social committee wish to extend our most sincere appreciation to the student body for the tremendous response and cooperation they afforded us at the dance held Friday evening. We also wish to thank those faculty members and their wives who so generously relinquished their valuable time to chaperone the affair.

Our next scheduled affair will be the May Day Semi-formal. This gala affair will be held the evening of May 17, at the Jewish Community Center.

Also on the social agenda is a class picnic to be held at Rumbles Park. The exact date for this affair is not yet set. Rumbles Park has been chosen because, among other things, it has a dance hall and a swimming pool.

Last but by no means least is our con-

vocation exercises. This affair will be held on June 4, at Genetti's Pennsylvania Room. It will consist primarily of a dinner followed by a dance.

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NO GUN, WILL TRAVEL ANYWAY

by John Bodnar

It was starting to get dark, and I was still thirty miles from San Francisco. So I decided to stop over at the small town I was approaching. It didn't look like much, but it had the usual saloon and hotel and I really didn't have any choice. Just as I entered the outskirts of the town, I noticed a young girl up the street. She was sitting on the porch of a small house and crying, so I rode over to find out what her trouble was.

"Houdy Ma'm," I said.

She looked up at me, and I could see how pretty she really was. In fact, she was even better looking than the girl we had on the week before.

"Who, who are you, and why are you bothering me?" she asked.

I looked at her and said, "Well Ma'm, if you're in trouble, maybe I can help you."

"You couldn't help me," she said.

I said I might be capable of more than she supposed and handed her my card. I noticed the mild look of surprise, as she looked at it. Then she said that I must have made a mistake and handed back my social security card. When I handed her the right card, she understood and told me her story.

Her name was Joan Holt, and her father, William Holt, had gotten in a fight over a card game, and his life was threatened. She'd warned him not to go back to the saloon that night, but he wouldn't listen. Her father, being an old man, was no match for the gun-fighter he'd have to face. Since her father didn't have too much money, I started for a menial fee.