

Free room and board every time I passed through that town, plus twenty thousand dollars.

Then I got on my horse and rode for the saloon. As I rode up, I heard a fight starting in the saloon. I jumped off my horse and started running for the entrance, but I slipped and fell in a mud puddle. I scrambled to my feet and immediately fired the writer who put that blasted mud puddle in the scene.

When I walked through the door of the saloon, I saw an old man with gray hair facing a young cowpoke, with his guns hanging low. I jumped in between them, and stared the cowpoke straight in the eye.

He looked at me and said, "you're in the way, fella, move!"

I kept staring at him and said, "Mister if you want to go against that old man, you'll have to go against me first."

"All right," he said, "but let's make it fair; put that shotgun down!"

I didn't want to, but the director motioned that I had to.

He looked tough, and was probably fast, but I was confident. He might have been fast, but I was the hero of the show, and if he beat me he'd get fired.

We watched each other for a while, then he went for his gun. Shots rang out, and that's when it happened. I couldn't believe it. I was the hero. What would my fans think. I'd been hit. He'd beat me. As I fell to the floor, I gasped, "I'm taking this to the union."

But I was finished and I knew it. I was headed for that great big television set away up there. As I lay there, Jane came in. She bent over me and I could see the lamplight glistening off her contact lenses.

"How did it happen?" I muttered, "I checked the script before the show started."

"It was him!" she said. "The writer, the one you fired, He sneaked back in and changed the script."

SHIVER SINNERS

by B. & J.

Greetings Group from two who have just barely recurred from the blast at the I.S.D.A. last Friday night. That was really a ball, at least until they closed the bar due to a certain person's complaint. Too bad some of them had to miss it.

Speaking of the dance, we'd like to inquire as to the whereabouts of two of the fans after the dance. How about it ——— Rocky and Joni?

Some of the group are saying that A.M. is interested in G.B., but is G.B. interested in A.M.?

Congratulations to the new mother. We understand that Cadet Captain John Bodnar wants to be looked up to by his men as their mother and their god when they are on the drill field during the "happy-hour." Why don't they do him one better— Since he has an obvious mother complex (better'd see McKinstry quick, Mr. Bodnar), why not call him "MOTHER" all the time boys, not only those two stingy hours a week.

We've been told that a certain J.C. was "pushed out of the picture" last Saturday by F.W. What's the matter Funz, Ain't you photogenic?

Incidentally, for all those who go to the Hazleton Public Library to meet each other— you may not know it, but the "meeting place" is being closed for renovations next week. Of course this won't affect the children's department, so we won't have to worry about getting material for term papers, themes, etc. They certainly have some enlightening books down there.

Dearly beloved, we are bearers of glad tidings. Linda Lovely, who is now