

## TABLE

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Ping Pong 100. Techniques in ball dodging, rushing from side to side, back straining. Prerequisite or concurrent: Ph Ed 1 or 25.

Pool 307. Advanced study of pool shooting. Analysis coupled with laboratories on banking, cue buying, cloth repairing, and 10 things to say while shooting, scoring, and missing. Prerequisite: Pool 300.

Chinese Torture 14. Intensive study in class and laboratory of the structure and skills of the great Chinese art of torture.

Ph Ed 1 or Ph Ed 25. Shuffleboard. Historical development of modern shuffleboard and its philosophical application in education.

SUBsitting 21. Requirement for all undergraduates. Essentials of good manners and accepted social standards. Laboratories in card playing, soda sipping, TV watching, pinball, pool, ping pong, cigarette smoking, and making out. Included this term only: 10 nice things to say about the cafeteria food. Prerequisites: a strong back, a strong heart, and an even stronger bottom.

## FRATERNITY

A chapter of Alpha Phi Omega, a national service fraternity, has been organized on campus. As of now there are twenty three students who have signed on as charter members and four faculty advisors; Dean McCallus, Mr. Krone, Dr. Dandois, and Mr. Binns. At a recent meeting the following officers and committee heads were selected; Anthony Seo, President; David Wolf, Vice-President; Dave Trumbauer, Secretary; Mark Butler, Treasurer; Rod Prior, Service Chairman; Kurt Kniss, Publicity Chairman; and Terry Shaffer, Refreshments Chairman. Any male student who is interested in joining next term should see either Mr. Binns or any of the officers.

## CASE OF THE CROOKED TABLE

by James Watson

I, Dr. James Watson, have been asked to undertake the task of producing a brief literary discourse on behalf of Ms. Berger, whose column usually occupies this space. Ms. Berger has been adversely affected by the energy crisis (i.e., she is saving her energy for final exams.)

In the past, Mr. Sherlock Holmes and I have solve most bizarre crimes for most distinguished personages. None of these, however, can compare with the case I have filed under the title, "The Case of the Crooked Tables." Last month, Holmes and I were summoned by Dr. David of the Hazleton Campus of Penn State to explain some perplexing events occurring in what is known as the SUB: it appeared that one leg on each of the tables furnishing said structure was shortened by some unknown party, thereby causing the tables to wobble in a disturbing manner. (Incidentally, we found our quarters in the Residence Hall comfortable, although I do believe that Mrs. Hudson, our landlady at 221-b Baker St., would not have made an R. A.)

After examining the scene of the crime and collecting splinters from the deformed tables, Holmes interviewed those students, faculty members, and administrative officials who frequent the SUB. "Have you any suspects, Holmes?" I asked. "My dear Watson! By the process of deductive reasoning, I have solved this nefarious crime," he replied. "Come," he added, as he stuffed his pipe. "I have consented to display my violin prowess for the Music 5 class."

The next day, Dr. David, Holmes, and I summoned the culprit to the director's office. For the sake of discretion, I will not reveal the perpetrator's identity or status as student or otherwise. "I hope you realize the seriousness of your situation," said Holmes.

"You can't prove anything," said the suspect.

"On the contrary, I can," was Holmes' reply. "Also, if I were you, I would give up trying to teach that parakeet of yours to talk."

The suspect gasped. "Blimey, Holmes! How did you deduce a thing like that?" said I.

"Elementary," answered the detective blithely. "The suspect speaks with hoarseness; I detect the remains of the bottom of a bird cage on his shoe; his right wrist betrays the marks of a parakeet's claws."

"Right ho! But how do you know we have the criminal?"

"Ah, this person is no Moriarty. When I interviewed him in the SUB, I noticed he was of a nervous nature; but it is obvious, from astute observation, that his diversions are not smoking, drinking, knitting, or drugs. He is the type who needs a hobby. I also noticed that he is not utterly honest; I observed a petrol siphon in his pocket. The middle finger of his right hand suffers a writer's callous. Now the most prevalent kind of writing done in the SUB is the pinochle scores on the tables. That this person is an avid pinochle-player is evident by the hearts and clubs doodled on his books, the dexterity of his dealing wrist, and the fact that he asked me if the snow was "melding." If he would steal petrol, he would resort to any kind of cheating at cards, including tilting the tables on order to facilitate glancing at his opponents' hands. The Band-Aid on his finger, by the way, lead me to inquire of Mrs. Tamea the nature of his injury. I was not surprised to learn it was a splinter. The case is closed."

"Let us take some tea, gentlemen," suggested Dr. David. "Your powers amaze me."

"Lestrade could have done it," replied Holmes. He brushed off his deerstalker hat and led the way out.