

A DEPRESSION

A man lived by the side of the road and sold hot dogs.

He was hard of hearing, so he had no radio.

He had trouble with his eyes, so he read no newspapers.

But he sold good hot dogs.

He put up a sign on the highway telling how good they were.

He stood by the side of the road and cried: "Buy a hot dog, Mister!" And people bought.

He increased his meat and bun order.

He bought a bigger stove to take care of his trade.

He got his son home from college to help him.

But then something happened. . .

His son said, "Father, haven't you been listening to the radio?"

"There's a big depression on.

"The European situation is terrible.
"The domestic situation is worse."
Whereupon the father thought,
"Hell my son has been to college.

"He reads the papers and he listens to the radio, and he ought to know."
So the father cut down on his meat and bun orders.

Took down his advertising signs.
And no longer bothered to stand on the highway to sell hot dogs.
And his hot dog sales fell almost overnight.

"You're right son," the father said to the boy.

"We are certainly in the middle of a great depression."

—From THE FRANKLIN FIELD

REVIEW

(Continued from page 2)

This is the era when the fast American clippers ruled the seas. This captain was probably the fastest and biggest of these.) . . . was involved in a pretended love affair with the daughter and in an honest-to-badness one with the wife. The cad! (I'd give names but I've forgotten them.) This . . .

DAUGHTER . . . believes in protecting her father's interests and when she learns of the mother-captain capers, her "protection" forms the heart of the story. She has a weakminded . . .

BROTHER . . . who is firmly attached to his mother's ring through his nose and is in love with his . . .

FEMALE COUSIN . . . whose brother is mad about the aforementioned daughter. A . . .

CARETAKER . . . the only normal person, completes the cast.

One poisoning, one downright murder, two dramatic suicides, one lonely old maid, and some moaning which is literally out of this world, are the final products of this mess.

HERB!??

It was just another card game. Jack bid 25 and I passed.

Some guy named Herbert (he works a sa part-time waitress) stuck his beak in my face and started mumbling something about the birds and bees. I inhaled the 100% breath. Just another frustrated engineer I thought to myself—Must have flunked a blue-book.

We went up twenty (I led diamonds instead of hearts—More gray hairs)!

I told Herbert he was ruining the press job on my pants, but he just smiled and I loaned him my handkerchief.

Mickey Mouse semaphored two fifteen so I told Herb we would play horsey some other time and I took off for my Geology Lab.

Some fifteen odd minutes later the "Old Prof" sent us out on a rock-seeking mission and a few of us Communists took our cards and a jug out to Talus-Creep, a wooded and stony suburb of Rock Fall (both places being strictly R.D. 1).

We pulled up some shale (being very cautious of stalagmites) and chug-a-lugged. Fredrick dealt me a book in spades, and our wet-eyed group proceeded to chew the muslin.

There ensued a delightfully intellectual conversation concerning the standing feud between the "slide rules" (engineers) and the "horn rims" (liberal artists).

Our little democratic group (four liberal artists Vs. no engineers) set Herbert up as our living example of an engineer.

After twenty "ups" and my safety deposit box shy \$10, we came to the conclusion that Herb was in the wrong curriculum. We also selected ourselves as the diplomats who would try to convince Herb that he was wasting his time in engineering.

We staggered back to the Campus when the "Scoutmaster's" whistle blew, and presented our professor with an odd collection of Kickapoo stained field stones.

I met Herbert in the snack bar and told him of our plans for his future—He offered me a previously nigger-lipped cigarette and seemed to become suddenly interested in my Philosophy book. I told him he could borrow it because I wanted to see him get ahead in life.

At about this time I sobered up with a Cup O' Joe and made my way through the maze of homo crowding the Concourse. I took the cable car to the bottom of the hill.

Next morning a pressing situation caused me to excuse myself from an R O T C drill and I wandered back through the trees to what seemed to be a choice spot.

Herbert made a habit of showing up in the strangest places—but this took the three-layer (without the marshmallow frosting).

Herbert was swinging from a stout bough of a hemlock tree with a badminton net around his neck.

I lit up a Reifer (now was as good a time as any to switch my brand) and strolled over to the limp carcass which was now swinging to and fro in four-four time.

There was a note fastened to the garter on his left leg written in inferior engineer-hand.

Herb willed his slide rule (his only earthly possession) to Don Diefenderfer, and in so many words said that the conflict between the two curriculums had depressed him to no end—the Philosophy book making matters even worse. "Dis was my only vay out!"

I opened up a fresh pack of Wintergreen Life Savers and left him for the birds.

"NO STRIKER??"

(here—use my Zippo!)

One fine Saturday afternoon not too many weeks ago a group of our Freshmen Co-eds (Mouser Midash, Chicky Coll, Julie Allen, Marian Janosky, Jocye Bevan and Dorothy Claypotch—to be exact) held a bowling match at one of our regional emporiums.

Those citizens unfortunate enough to be in the audience were at least treated to a history-making event.

Following is a list of scores registered by the girls on that memorable afternoon:

Claypotch	111
Bevan	98
Janosky	69
Midash	60
Allen	51
Coll	32
Harlor	29

Notice

The Editor finds it necessary to list the scores of this bowling match as they would look if they had been computed by an expert score keeper. In view of the fact that very original scoring methods were innocently used by the girls, we feel that the reader should not hold the following very undernourished scores in a humiliating light.

Claypotch	25.6
Bevan	18.7
Janosky	8.3
Midash	7.5
Allen	2.2
Coll	1.

We realize that the decimal system seems to have left our good friend, Betty Harlor, without a leg to stand on; for this reason we wish to present this promising young kegler with the "Hazleton Undergraduate Center Never Say Die But If You Feel Like It We Don't Blame You Award."

Since we are passing out awards, we are more than honored in presenting to Joyce Bevan and Kate Midash these two engraved cards entitling them to life memberships in the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pin-Boys."

To the other contestants we present gift-wrapped consolation certificates for "Sheer Form." (These certificates can be redeemed at any neighborhood dry goods store for a pair of 52 gauge Sheer Form nylons.)

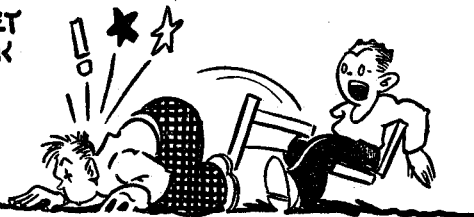
In conclusion, the Editor of this rag would like to make a public plea for volunteers to help repair the worn-out gutters of ye olde alley eight.

HINTS

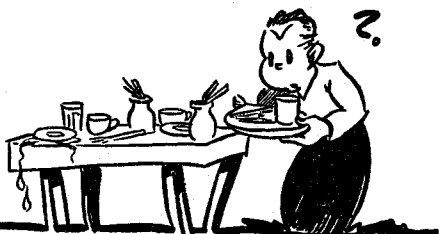
EVER TRY TO READ
YOUR OWN WRITING?
TEACHER HAS TO. SO
TRY TO KEEP IT NEAT



KEEP YOUR FEET
UNDER THE DESK
WHERE THEY
BELONG



CLEAN UP YOUR
LUNCH TABLE.
OTHERS DISLIKE A
MESSY TABLE. TOO



SUPPORT
THE
BASKETBALL
TEAM