

Hamrick Escapade

The wind played through the trees, and rain pounded unmercifully on the creaking ancient roof of the Elijah B. Hamrick Building. Rats fluttered out of the attic vents, and the general atmosphere of the building provided an excellent opportunity for investigation of mysterious happenings which had been reported earlier by adventurous lovers.

Dr. Watson and I raised our eyebrows in astonishment at the known relation of a local resi-

dent, had the frightening task of trying to solve the haunted Hamrick mystery. We decided to enter the building from the front for the front has the most doors, something we thought essential for a quick exit. Once inside, we began to explore the hall way.

"Watson, record the names on all those paintings. They're all suspects."

We thought it best to start

on the top floor, and we shakingly proceeded up the stairs not knowing when at any moment they may collapse. Reaching the hallway, we were startled by a continuous gurgling sound, reminiscent of that of an unsettled soul.

"Get out your cross."
Behind the protection of the gold plated-bordered pearl imitation cross loaned to us by a concerned court grower (Franklin Farmer), we located the source of the soul sound in a small room to the side of the hall. Watson raised his light to some scribbling on the door.

"There seems to be a whole series of writings here," said Watson. "Let me get out my reading glass." He began to read.

"Richard Kimble was here."
"Goliah got stoned."
"Men?"

"Men?"

"We stared at each other in surprise."

"Watson, I have a new hypothesis," I said. "We bashed open the door."

Analysis Of A Nursery Rhyme

BY REG ALEXANDER

Many of today's English students are plagued with the hardships of interpreting poetry. Frequently the meanings of seemingly simple poems are hard to obtain, and the schools are filled with seagull-eyed students who have been trying to read between the lines. If you are one of the "unhappy ones who has difficulty grasping the meaning of tricky poetry, read on, as a common poem is decomposed and analyzed.

Hil Diddle-Didle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Let us examine the verse more closely.
"Hil Diddle-Didle" seems to express the fast actions of daily life. Notice that as you pronounce "Diddle-Didle," you did not say it as it was written (Diddle-Dee-Dee), but you said "Diddle, Diddle!" This is a paragon of the fast, abbreviated thinking of common modern man.

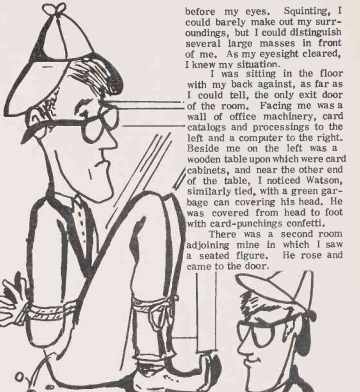
"The cat and the fiddle" clearly refers to the two extremes of today's social culture. The hip-swiveling bongo-beating "yeah-yeah" of the "cool cat" is held in contrast to the slow, pure classical music of the stringed symphonies, Ask Bernstein.

"The cow jumped over the moon." This phrase is evidently relating to the high prices of food, particularly meat and dairy products. However, a few scholars believe this line refers to a futuristic government program to put a cow into space.

"The little dog laughed to see such a sport!" This is an argumentative phrase on which many theologians disagree. The most common interpretation is that the "dog" refers to the dogmatic communist countries laughing at the inward conflicts of our nation. Some few students of prophetic literature comment that this refers to the old-time "hodgepodge" ridiculing the soaring prices of fancy-named hamburgers (the cow-jumped).

"And the dish ran away with the spoon."

"After many debates, discussions, theories, hypotheses battles and an interview with Joe Pyme, the only interpretation of this phrase is that of an added story: a pretty girl (the dish) eloping with a tall skinny man with a big head (the spoon). If you think you have mastered the technique of decomposition and reassembling, try the next poem on your own. "Mary Had A Little Lamb." Hint: this poem is about a fancied biological freak of science. (If you are quick to analyze this poem, move on to "Old MacDonald Had A Farm)."



"Right again, Holmes." Watson exclaimed in delight as he stepped into a puddle of water and shown his light on a flooding commode.

Quickly, I dashed to the machine and relieved its strained valve. I turned and noticed Watson furiously scribbling "Have you found a clue W.W.?" I asked. "No, I'm leaving a note for the janitor," he answered. We both took time to wring out our socks and then carefully stepped down the stairs to the auditorium floor. Upon reaching the floor, I gave W.W. instructions to enter the extreme side of the auditorium as I did, for in this manner, we could view more and



"Franklin Farmer," I gasped.

"Yes," he said. "Just me and my computer. That's all I need, and I'm all she needs."

"She?" I asked.

"Yes, Petulia. He pointed to the computer. "I programmed her to love, honor, and obey me, and in return I offer her protection." He flipped on the machine's switch.

"Protection? Protection from what?" I asked.

"They tried to replace her, but as long as I'm here they'll not do it. You can't see her."

I sat with a gaping mouth. I knew I was dealing with a psycho.

"What if a good looking boy computer should come along and she, or Petulia drops you?"

"Petulia'll not do that."

At that the computer buzzed and hummed. "Petulia and I are together, we are one." He leaned against the corner of the machine, held its controls, and caressed its side. The machine whirred and purred at this, and cards began to flow willy nilly out of the gadget.



at different angles. We entered the auditorium floor. Periodically we would call each other to relate our positions. Finally, the inevitable happened; I received no answer. As I had planned, the Hamrick "goods" had taken the bait, good 'n' Watson.

But I had not detected any vibration from movement, struggle, or frantic calls. I began to worry for the safety of my lost comrade, and I knew I had little time.

I raced to the stage area of the dark auditorium, and as I did, I noticed movement. I flashed my light to the area and dashed for the quick figure. As I did so the pale figure disappeared in a maze of black curtains, and I met unhappily with a piano.

Regaining my consciousness, I struggled to raise my mumb body, but I was restrained by ropes, "Watson, Watson," I yelled.

Suddenly, great light flashed



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THE GARDNER-WEBB FLAGPOLE - central attraction of the campus, is in the process of being removed by request stemming from the psychology department. It was discovered that much of the daily frustration of campus life was caused when, in the course of a stroll down the walk with a conversing partner, the students would suddenly be faced with the decision of moving either left or right, or in extreme cases, parting entirely, thus being forced with another decision of either halting the conversation or shouting an otherwise fete a tote. Notice in the background the two travelers awaiting the removal, thus preventing what could be an all too hasty and uncomfortable decision.



NOW IS THE TIME - to consider our student body!