



Cashion's Corner

Therapy of Rain With This Ring

Learn the art of enjoying the rain. The finest bath in the world is a rain bath. Umbrellas and rain coats are a disease of civilization. Go out some day when the heavens are gushing, when nature is offering a free shower bath. Take a walk, or stand and feel the rain in your face, the drops caressing your cheeks like swarming little baby fingers, the clean moisture in your clothes, creeping in to love your skin, until you are soaked to the bone, absorbing the great feeling that nature has found you, and you have found nature.

You will also know a quality in sky-water that is not in lake-water nor in tub-water. You will experience the ozone and air and effervescent ingredients and all sorts of blessed, subtle, and mysterious delights — a real trip.

Then strip and take a brisk rub down with a good harsh towel and feel even physical sensibility within you laugh and bloom as the dust is all washed clean from your mind and you delightfully forgive all men their trespasses against you.

—John Cashion

In a cluttered pawn shop in Daytona, I saw them — trays of old wedding rings, mute symbols of tragedy once worn by the happiest women in the world. What stories each could tell! Somewhere between the time each was placed on a finger and the time it was taken off, there were shattered dreams. Did one expect too much of the other? Were words said that would have been better left unsaid? Why did the dream die? We will never know. Yet each year more golden circles are added to the trays — fragments of a happiness that could have endured until death separated them had they only been a little kinder to one another — a little more tolerant — a little more understanding.

These bands of gold are in silent testimony to the age-old question — "Where did love go?"

—John Cashion

His Handicap

Little Bobbie—Aw, I could walk that tight rope as well as the girl in the circus if it wasn't for one thing.

Little Jimmie — What's that?

Little Bobbie—I'd fall off.

A Different Course

This is a plug for a very fine idea whose time has come — and it has come in the form of a very special course, "Life and Career Planning," taught by Mrs. Jean Miles.

If you are undecided about what to do with your life in terms of a career, it would well be worth your while to investigate this course next quarter.



A Hole In The Sky

By Frank Perez

known to the world of astronomy, but a later report from the Winston-Salem Journal told of the discovery of another one.

With wars out of style, maybe the major world powers will get together and open the frontiers of inter-stellar space to earth explorers.

The Russian and American astronauts have made much progress in recent days practicing for linkup procedures with their space laboratories.

Hopefully in the near future, more will be learned of such mysteries of outer space as the "hole in the sky."

At the time of this research, there was one "hole in the sky."

Did You Know

By Vicki Reins

That to remove ball-point pen marks from washable garments, you should spray the spots with hair spray — then wash. If the stain doesn't disappear completely, repeat the process. It will work!

That if you run out of brown shoe polish, you can spray your shoes with furniture polish and wipe for a 10-second shine. The scuffs will disappear in a jiffy, and nobody in class will know you didn't have the real thing!

That if you put peanut butter on graham crackers, top with marshmallow, and place in the oven until melted, you have an interesting bedtime snack.

That by folding the tabs from flip-top beverage cans into chains, you can create nifty curtains for kitchen or dining room.

That one can quickly clean those popular wooden clogs in the following manner. First, make a paste of baking soda and water and apply it to the innersoles with an old toothbrush. Leave the paste on for 30 minutes, then remove it with warm water and a piece of soft cloth. Dry the wood thoroughly, and your clogs will be clean and sweet smelling.

That with hemlines trying to inch downward, those old hemline marks can become a problem. Erase them by brushing a little vinegar over the old line. It will disappear when you iron in the new hem.

Before you let yourself go, be sure you can get yourself back.



Press News Release

It Finally Happened Dept.

Frank Shuford, to assist in the apprehension of said varmint, who had, by this time, eluded yours truly and sought sanctuary in the elevator control room.

Mrs. Campbell, also in the media lab when the reptile was sighted, was escorted to Student Commons by Jose Austell and hastily fed some servomation restorative (coffee).

In the meanwhile, Mr. Lockhart has opened the elevator room and discovered the reptile under the elevatory machinery cabinet.

The retile's visitor's hours were numbered. With the aid of a T-square from the drafting room, Mr. Lockhart forced the snake from under his elevator hideaway, whereupon yours truly planted a size 10½ EEE foot on the reptile body and proceeded to render his cranium into smithereens with the aid of a Ken Kutter hammer.

Thus having wrought the demise of the unbemoaned visitor, the 3-man demolition crew ascertained the deceased to be of the copperhead family of some 14" growth.

My only question is, "Doc, do snakes count for FTE?" If so, I just killed a student!

Respectfully submitted,
—Gary McNeil

The above story is true; it actually happened 7-15-74. No names were changed to protect anybody!

