Mr. Rudd: Miss Crisman, what purpose did you have in mind in coming to Bryan?
Pin-feather Crisman: I came to be went with, but I ain't yet.

Dear Reader: Did you suspect that a modern version of Pyramus and Thisbe is being enacted right under your very nose. The scene is the Octagon. The crack is the hole in the floor. Pyramus is our dashing young fireman, Dan Hirschy. Thisbe is--well we'll let you figure that one out.

Mrs. Lynip would like to know why Professor "Gusto" is having special sessions with the female members of his choral reading group.

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Coming Attraction

All In A Family, starring Harold Fuss and Dorothy White.
(Fromote, Mrs. A. W. Lynip.)

Anne Walton: You certainly have a wonderful opportunity alone at a table with seven men. Do you ever say anything to them?
Juanita: Yes, I say, "Pass the butter."
Ed. note: She might at least say "please."

Little dog desires comfortable situation. Well fed, old and respectable (?). Apply T. O. P.

Problem child with wealth of experience desires situation in Psychology Laboratory work. Child psychology work preferred. Apply D. W. S.

Steady boy friend desires a date. "Things just ain't the same since Eleanor threw me over." Apply R.E.T. Len's dormitory.

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Wanted: A hoop snake in good condition. Apply H. L. C.

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Gossip!!! Gossip!!!

A new romance is budding. A certain Octo-maid recently became broken hearted because she had to drop a course which the apple of her eye was taking. He promptly enrolled in a special class with her and they are both happy about the whole thing.

What two dormitory girls, who have steadies, did some two-timing on the evening of January 7?

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The Vacuum Cleaner extends belated but none the less sincere congratulations to the latest newly wed. Bring her around some time, Clarence.
Editorial

When the Freshman Psychology class was asked recently what they considered the most needed improvements at Bryan, many replied, "We want a student scandal sheet--to wit--the Vacuum Cleaner.

So the staff presents the first edition of its Vacuum Cleaner of this school year. It is published in the spirit of fun with no personal offense meant. Please accept it in this spirit.

Now, we are always open to constructive criticism and suggestions. If you have any of these things, please hand them in written form to some member of the staff. You may serve also as an unofficial reporter by turning in news articles.

Remember (as we have said before) don't take offense or we'll give you the gate.

The staff of the Vacuum Cleaner extends on behalf of the student body sincere and best wishes for happiness to Mrs. Ranson Porter on her happy marriage.

Co-od: Is the water hot, Mrs. Fish?
Mrs. Fish: I'll say it is. When I was taking a shower a few minutes ago, I burnt my tongue.

We still haven't learned all of the details concerning Mrs. Coutts and Warren Oliff on their trips to and from Washington on the bus.

The editors of the Vacuum Cleaner re-affirm the promise of the Forensic Union and the student body in general to help Bobby Thompson keep his new year's resolution.

What two young Octo-nails are so generous that they share boy friends?

Mr. Rythor is planning to copyright his new participial form for the verb "to write". It is spelled "wrtion". Remember, only one "t".

We would all like to know if Kuntzle saw her man on her Christmas visit to the city of brotherly love.

You might be interested in knowing that three hundred of Mr. Rythor's famous "potentially fried" baby chicks have just arrived. Just wait until they get bigger.

If you have noticed Ralph Ponick wandering around in an unusually dazed condition, don't be alarmed. The truth is that he fell in love at first sight with little Mary Jane at the production of "Huckleberry Finn" at the high school the other day.

The Ponicks, returning after their vacation, left Clearfield with their car well filled with nuts. They continued to pick up nuts on the way, until when they arrived the car and trailer were just jammed with nuts.

Connie (just before the singers returned): I am Ponicky now but it won't be long before I am Fordicky. All in classes.

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Ty's Poem

Scene: Economics Class

The time---------
To sleep----------
To dream---------
To rest----------

We regret to report that the Journey of Sara and Lewis Llewellyn on the sea of matrimony has come to an ill-fated end. She is now living in the Octagon while he hangs out at the men's dormitory. Rumor has it that reconciliation will be affected when the room is fixed.

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