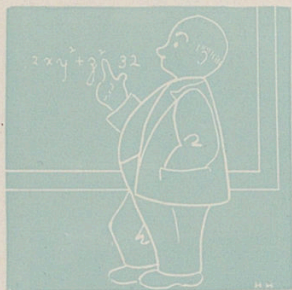


The Faculty . . .



From the time you stumble sleepily into your home-room at eight twenty-five till you bound down the stairs at three, like the daring young man on the flying trapeze, you are ever in the presence of your necessary and lovable friend, the faculty. And whether it's the square of the hypotenuse, the homework that just didn't get done, or the new passes in football that's bothering you, some member of that faculty can always help you out. Willing, ready, and above all, understanding and just, your teacher quickly and simply simplifies the hypotenuse, rights your homework problem and explains the new passes. And in that righting, simplifying and explaining come mutual ties to bind you ever closer together. For, to you, a teacher of the old "Orange and Black" is neither a walkie-talkie, nor an Encyclopedia Britannica nor Webster's Unabridged, but a sympathetic, fellow human being; a warm, gentle, humorous, honest-to-goodness friend.