trains stopped running up the valley, and Joe had to close up his station. Joe was old, so he retired and moved away, and nobody seems to know where he went. What was it that caused this once important, once busy, once beautiful railroad line to fade away into nothing? It was the depression. Railroads were one of the industries hardest hit by the depression, and business dropped to the extent that it did not pay to operate many of the branch lines. Thus they were abandoned; and thus it was with the railroad that ran up the valley from the big city.

As I got up from the rusty bench and walked slowly away, I was saddened by the thought that never again could I watch the five-thirty express come thundering down those ribbons of steel, or hear the lowly freight wail mournfully in the dark night, or see the glad faces of people home from a long journey. An era was past; the railroad was no more.

Shortages And Priorities

GEORGE ZAINEY

The day is soon to come when the shortage of men will become so acute that our feminine sex is going to have to have a priority rating to get a date. This of course will be a great blow to our beautiful, energetic, and studious co-eds when they will have to tear a little coupon from their book, push it in the face of a “soon to be rare” man, and yell with anxiety and a gleam in their eyes, “You’re mine tonight—oh boy!” It will be an equally tragic situation if the precious men should choose to ration their time and do their utmost to spend at least an hour or so an evening and thus thrill perhaps two or three in one evening. This may provide a solution.

It will certainly be hard to get a priority for a man to go dancing. If a large enough male attendance could be achieved, the situation could be coped with by again issuing ration books entitling the bearer to cut in and dance with her companion. In this way, the women would get to enjoy the company of the men to a greater extent.

To receive a priority rating, you must be between the ages of sixteen and twenty-eight; blonds, brunettes, or red heads will be acceptable; you must be of average height and weight, and, most of all, appealing. Those who do not possess the above qualifications will be advised to join the WAVES or the WAACS where our precious men are not such a great influence. Married or single, it makes no difference; if you are ruled eligible by the priority board, which of course will be composed of men with sound minds and good eyes, and if you pass their “rigid” examination, you will be one of those who will receive a priority on men. It must be understood that if you have to wait for a while, be patient and wait your turn, and if impatience overcomes you, just blame it on the war.