Burns Men Gone; Pinkerton on Job

By ANNE WATTS

Few students were on campus Saturday, July 1, to witness an historic ceremony—the changing of the guard.

The Burns Detective Agency’s big black car roared away. And into its place chugged a Pinkerton man’s tiny Morris Minor.

“No particular incident caused us to switch agencies,” said Dr. James R. Sims, who was dean at the time Pinkerton’s contract was signed. “The change came as part of our annual administrative evaluation.”

Pinkerton keeps a car on campus all the time. From 7 p.m. to 5 a.m., seven nights a week, a man rides around in it and gives tickets and guards the school. The car spends its days in a special parking space shaded by the campanile tower.

The Pinkerton Agency stations a man at Jones College from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m.

“We hardly ever see any sex maniacs any more,” said a Jones girl sadly.

The Thresher learned from reliable sources that there are fewer couples carrying on in the stadium parking lot these nights. Apparently, the name Pinkerton doesn’t lend itself to the hurried whisper the way Burns did. And that little car can sneak between the trees.