

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO YOUR OFFICE

by Lee Nell

The characters mentioned in the following article are fictitious, and any resemblance to real persons living or dead is almost purely coincidental.

I tried to see a teacher the other day. As a matter of fact, I tried to see several teachers—but to no avail. It was a frustrating experience and...well, this is how it happened.

I was in the hall on my way to see Professor Smythe, when I passed Dr. Zimbana with whom I also wanted to chat. However, knowing that Prof. Smythe was hard to catch, I spent only a few moments in idle chatter with Dr. Zimbana. I noticed a slight urgency in his voice, but didn't think much about it, and continued on my way.

Rushing by the lovely secretary I said, Professor Smythe?" I was nearly in his office when her voice caught me, "He's not in yet."

"Oh, when do you expect him?"

"I don't know," she said. "What's today?"

Being a time-conscious student, I answered, "Thursday." Actually it was Tuesday.

POTPOURRI

by Missy and Luann

The winner of the Ski Club raffle was Ralph Weinstein from Nelson Drive, Meade Heights. Better buy those raffle tickets, the prizes are great.

If you can't elope—will your honey do?

What is a honey moon salad? Answer—Let Us Alone.

Math question for engineers. Is 1 and 1=69?

Who is Gerard Slagle? We would like to congratulate Betsy and Roger on their upcoming wedding this August. Remember those first dozen of red roses Betsy?

Moving right along. Does anybody really know what time it is? When you're in the ad building you don't—The Clocks Are All Wrong.

What do you call a small British mother? Answer—A mini mum.

Come to the Talent Show tonight. The same amazing performers will be there. Don't miss out this time. Be at the auditorium early.

Who lifted Coleman Herpel's golden pine ash tray from the conference room?

The girls' sorority has a secret mascot. He, she or it will be at the party Sunday night at 823A Nelson Drive. It starts at 8:30. All girls are invited to attend and join the sorority. Some of the frat boys are coming. We hope you'll be there, too.

Who is Francey? Did anybody ever find the missing water bottle?

Show me Dr. Patterson not having a third period, and I'll show you a teacher with no class.

Can you guess whose number this is? 1-202-456-1414—Richard Milhous Nixon?

What do you call a baby beech tree? Answer—A son of a beech.

I, Luann Berulis, would like to express a little wish. Sung to the tune of "Happy Birthday".

Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday dear Missy, John, Karen, Rosemary and Jim. Happy Birthday to you.

This column is presented to you by one Dilly and one Dally.

"Oh," she explained, "on Thursday Dr. Smythe has the flu."

"I'm sorry," I said, realizing my mistake, "it's really Tuesday."

Nothing. "Well?" I queried.

"Well, what?"

"Well, today is Tuesday. When will Professor Smythe be in today?"

"I told you, he has the flu on Thursday."

"Right. But today is Tuesday."

"I know."

Seeing that the conversation obviously was over, I said, "Thank you," and left. Hell, she's got enough trouble without me adding to it. Besides, perhaps I could still catch Dr. Zimbana in the hall.

Luckily he had just finished talking with another student and was only a few yards from where I first spotted him. "Dr. Zimbana," I called out.

He ducked into a nearby classroom. Approaching the door, I noticed that the room was empty. When I peered inside, I saw Dr. Zimbana crouching in the last desk in the corner.

"Sir?"

"Who, me?" he said, looking up.

"Yes, may I interrupt?"

"Well, uh, yes, Lee, uh, come in. Oh, would you mind closing the door."

"Sure," I said, closing the door. "How have you been?"

"Fine, fine, uh, what have you been doing?"

"Remember," I remembered excitedly, "that project we were talking about last week? Well I've done some more research on it, and it looks like I'll be able to do it after all. Isn't that great!"

"That's nice, Lee, but could you keep your voice down, please."

"I'm sorry, sir. Is something wrong?"

"I'd rather not talk about it."

Shaken, I asked, "Is it something I said?"

"No, Lee, and I guess it won't hurt to tell you. You know I've had several student friends here and have spoken to them frequently."

"Yes. I've always enjoyed our talks."

"Thank you. But now with the Miss O'Flaugherty problem, we faculty have got to be careful about being seen with students. We never know when we'll be reminded that we're here to teach students—not to talk with them."

"But really, sir, there aren't many profs who can be found in their offices anyway."

"Yes, I know. That's why I've tried to see students as often as possible. Most teachers would like to see students, but what with curriculum planning, Planning Board, Faculty Senate and many more organizations, they don't have time."

"But the students need..."

"And with Miss O'Flaugherty almost getting dismissed, some of us are afraid we'll be next. So, if you'd not mention that I talked to you, I'd appreciate it."

"You can count on me, sir."

"Thank you."

I left even more shaken, hoping that the students would realize the problems they're causing by trying to talk with teachers. But I still had to see someone since I had forgotten to mention my problem to Dr. Zimbana. I thought perhaps I could see Dr. Paturzo. Since he usually could be found in his office, I headed that way.

"Hello," I greeted still another lovely secretary, "is Dr. Paturzo in?"

"Yes, he is, but it's lunch hour."

"What?"

"It's lunch hour," she repeated.

"No, thank you."

"But you don't understand. Dr. Paturzo never sees anyone on his lunch hour. See him after class."

"But everyone wants to see him after class."

"Yes, he's very popular."

"Look," I said, dismayed, "can I get an appointment next week?"

"I doubt it, but I'll check."

While thumbing through the roster, she mumbled things like PTA, and Ping Pong Tournament, and assorted conferences. "Oh, here's something. You can see him on November 17th."

Horrified, I cried, "But that's too late. I can't wait that long."

"Well, if one of the new freshmen gives up his appointment, maybe I can get you in in September or October."

By now I was suspicious. "Does Miss O'Flaugherty have anything to do with this?"

"Who?"

"Never mind." I needed some refreshment at this point and, besides, Drs. McFreke and Meyer were usually available for talking in Venderville.

When I approached the doors, the din of voices and chairs scraping the floor reached my ears. As I jumped quickly to one side, a hoard of students carrying the two professors rushed past and dropped Dr. Meyer in their haste. He was badly bruised and scratched, and all of his clothes, except for one sock and the remnants of a shirt sleeve, had been torn off.

While Dr. McFreke and the throng were disappearing in a cloud of dust, I knelt beside Dr. Meyer. Grabbing my arm, he gasped, "The students—choke—are starved for attention—cough, cough—God help us." He passed out as I called the ambulance.

I knew that most of the remainder of the faculty would be in meetings or conferences or ping-pong tournaments, and I was getting desperate. As a last resort, I went down to the Old Stone Inn. There were a few men sitting at the bar in their mid-afternoon state of semi-consciousness. Pulling up beside one of them after ordering a beer, I said, "You know, I'm really having trouble fitting together the origins of the rise of the Third Reich and the philosophical base of the romantic writers."

"Son," he said from under his foamy lip, "things can't be that bad. Now back when I was a boy..."

NOW

HEAR THIS!

Statement overheard upstairs in a classroom:

"Who picked Karen Johnson for the Glamour Magazine contest?"

Answer—Probably Twyla Brown.

Now comes the revolution and reply of Twyla Brown:

"Let me make this perfectly clear...!!!!"

"Twyla Brown does not consider herself a connoisseur of beauty, talent, attire, etc. Please remember one thing...although I am none of the above...if I had the authority to choose...I would have picked Twyla Brown!!!!!"

OPEN HOUSE EVERY SUNDAY



COMMUNICATION—Lots of people talking about lots of things. Some of the people in the rap session are: Doe, John, Ken, Nancy, Patsy, Paul, Lucille, Michael, Jerry, Ro, Lynn, and Barry.

the Racey's
907 Weaver Avenue
Meade Heights



DR. ED RACEY—Takes a break from being host and talks with Billy Aspinall.

Analysis: "The Turned On Crisis"

by Tom Hagan

"Why Can't You Hear Through The Noise In Your Ear?" was the seventh of the series, shown on Monday, the 22nd. By means of performances of "message" songs by various groups, a youth discussion panel, and commentators, an attempt was made to make older viewers realize the importance of contemporary music. It was suggested by one singer that in the sixties lyrics were primarily statements of the problems within society, whereas now there is some attempt to give some answers. Edwin Newman, one of the commentators, expressed the sympathetic belief that Youth's hope is not unfounded. Another analyst, Dr. Joyce Brothers, rightfully pointed out that there is conformity to style even in the Freedom Demanding Generation.

The most notable error of the evening involved the discussion by a group of high school students. Although one girl said there are "millions of reasons" why drugs are used, varying with each individual, no other specific reason was suggested except for the lack of preoccupation with materialism. This again showed White America's tendency to call a situation a problem only after it has spread from

predominantly Black communities.

The latter tendency was one of the first points to be made in the final program, "High Is Not Very Far Off The Ground." Important also, was the stress on the existence of various kinds of drugs and their effects, another lack in most of the previous shows. The final program was no less than excellent. After twenty minutes from a televised Town Meeting, the format was moved to a debate by experts on the effects, morality, and legality of marijuana. It didn't take long before all of the misnomers on grass were shot down. The danger of physical effects were proven to be non-existent. It soon became apparent that the use of marijuana was boiled down to a moral issue. In many cases, it was noted, people oppose the legalization of grass because it is a symbol of a new life style which they fear or don't understand.

Overall, the series was a step in the right direction. I discussed many of the times which I thought errors had been made. But there were certainly many excellent facts presented as well. The originators of the program are to be commended for sincere attempt to present objective facts regarding the present drug situation.

TRISLER

"All kinds of beer and soda"

944-7446

Chips!

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