

Road Blocks

It's a wonder why a college with a fairly large amount of Traffic Engineering courses and students enrolled in those courses isn't looking into the traffic problems in Meade Heights. It's a serious question that desperately needs some constructive answers.

People in the Heights are very aware of all this and they will be working with the Meade Heights Board of Governors to correct the situation. The growing community of students, children, and cars definitely necessitates the initiative needed for a workable traffic department of traffic. A department in charge of setting up traffic lights at all intersections in the Heights and on the way to the Main Building, (no. 456?).

It would involve a full set of traffic lights; reds, yellows, greens, and an assortment of arrows for left and right turns. In which case a WALK and DON'T WALK light could be very useful. It would also be an advantage for children and pedestrians that value their lives too much so as to be killed while playing ball or studying for finals.

The program, of course, would call for a school crossing guard and an experienced gent (like Mr. Paul) to oversee the busiest intersections. (We at the READER feel that Mr. Paul is the only man responsible enough to press the buttons that change the lights from green to red).

This program, we feel, will create more useless jobs for more incompetent people. In turn, it would give everyone more money and a better chance for them to replace their present heating system to coal. Jobs Galore.

The Department of Traffic, (Student Affairs?) would carry a whole entourage of people; secretaries for their secretaries, more typists for more inter-department mail, wasted paper, and memos and more paper. Beautiful. A while de-personalized structure for the good of the community and the students. (Just think of some inter-office memo from some god on the second floor; "Too whom it may concern: Good Morning.")

That's what this school needs, people and more people that are ready and willing to make the "Department of Redundancy Department" more redundant. And that's why we need traffic lights

RICHARD M. NIXON HALL OF FAME COMMITTEE

Dear Mr. Editor;

We have the distinguished honor of being on a committee for raising five million dollars for placing a statue of Richard M. Nixon in the Hall of fame in Washington D.C.

This committee was in a quandry where to place the statue. It was thought not wise to place it beside the statue of George Washington, who never told a lie, nor beside Franklin Roosevelt who never told the truth, since Richard M. Nixon could never tell the difference.

We decided to place it beside the state of Christopher Columbus, the greatest new dealer of them all. He left not knowing where he was going, and upon arriving did not know where he was. He returned not knowing where he had been and did it all on borrowed money.

Over 5,000 years ago, Moses said to the children of Israel. "Pick up your shovels, mount your asses and camels and I will lead you to the promised land."

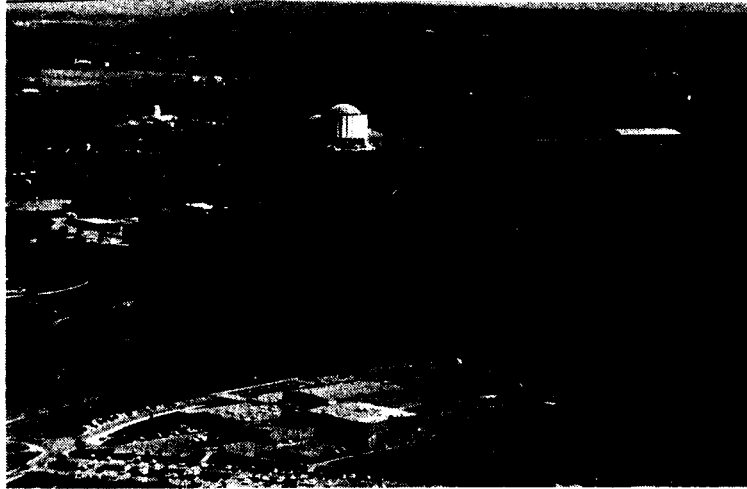
Now Nixon is stealing your shovels, kicking your asses, raising the price of camels and mortgaging the promised land. If you are one of the fortunate ones who has money left after paying taxes, we will expect a generous donation as a contribution to this worth while project.

Sincerely Your,

I. Ben Hadd

P.S. It is said that president Nixon is considering the changing of the Republican Party emblem from an elephant to a Condom, because it stands for inflation, protects a bunch of pricks, halts production, and gives a false sense of security while one is being screwed.

AVIATION DAY



by bf

Everytime I leave her
I ask why
Everytime I see her
I ask why

Why do I want to see her,
when she does not want to help.
Why do I feel she needs me,
when she does not come to
see me.

I tell her of my worries,
as she has talked of hers.
I tell her of my loneliness,
as she has talked of hers.

I go to her to help
yet she does not let me close.

So, she leaves me alone and depressed,
as she is alone and depressed,
'cause she does not let me help.

by bf

"Help me" he cries in his mind,
but no one can hear his cry.

They can only see his face
"He's changed!" they say
"What's the matter?" they ask
"Nothing" he says

How can he tell them?
How can he say he needs them?
How does he ask for their help?
He can not ask them
for he fears rejections.
So, he just goes on . . .
He goes on being lonely.
He goes on being silent.
He goes on writing shitty poetry.
He goes on writing shitty 'ads'.
He goes on . . .

A MISSING PORTRAIT

His mind drifts
like the leaves of fall
tumbling thru the air
while his innocent smile
follows the path of laughter
in corridors of my mind.

He is the man
who stops between steps
and asks for a nickel, a dime,
a piece of bread, a crumb,
or a word that becomes lost
in his years.

But don't forget

if he had died
at the age of seven
he would have been
grieved,
if at the age of manhood
he would have been
mourned,
and if before his time
forgotten;

but Look

he has grown old
like a saint
who greets you between life,
old
like an old man
who offers you a smile
free
from the sockets of Time;
his life alone
reflects the confusion
of corridors in our mind.

john bartleby

Contemplate nothing?
Now that's something!
Now that's someTHING!
Now THAT'S something!
Now that's something else!
Else what?
Else I'll kill you.
Else you won't.
Else I will.
Else you won't.
Else I might.
Else you won't.
Else I could.
Else you wouldn't.
Else why don't you?
Else why else?

BANG! You're dead!

Oh no, I'm dead!
You bet you are.
I bet you are.
You bet I am.
I bet I am too.
You are not.
You are so.
Sez who?
Sez me.
Sez you?
Who's me?

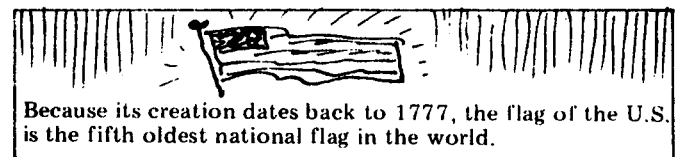
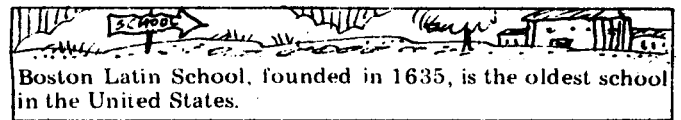
OH, sez you.
OH me, sez you.
OH pen, sez you.
OH pen sez me!
Oh pen sez who?
Sez-sa-me.
So are you!

D. List

Wanted

WANTED: One, two or three females willing to help a short-haired, semi-bearded male through the trials, and tribulations of college life and the bitter cold of the Middletown nights. Satin sheets on request. If interested see Bill at 925B Flickinger Street.

To Bill of 925B Flickinger. Meet me tonight at 10 p.m. at the Meade Heights Bus Stop. I think I can solve your problem Signed, Silky the Pimp.



Good
People
Productions

