

Don't Cry Over Spilled Salt
by Tom Sadoski

This morning as I was breakfasting, I reached for the salt shaker to salt my egg. The shaker was empty. I said to myself, "Self," recalling an old Spanish saying, "a kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt." Salt seasons all things.

Here at Behrend in our cafeteria we should reckon with Cicero's, "Men must eat many of peck of salt together before the claims of friendships are fulfilled."

Games have originated because of salt. One particular popular game at Behrend is to spill a few salt grains on the table and try to balance the octagonal-bottomed shaker on edge. Some people fail to master the skill of balancing and they dump half the shaker in the center of the pile and WOW, they think they have achieved a balance. This last type of individual is not worth his salt.

Let's not shed "salt tears" (Shakespeare-- A Midsummer's Night Dream) but instead quit wasting this foodstuff NaCl. If there is a shortage of salt how else are boys going to catch sparrows but by flinging salt upon their tails.

Remember--let's prevent the salt from being spilt.

PSU

Psi Sigma Upsilon had a meeting at noon in the Memorial Room on Tuesday, March 1. The first order of business was to elect a girl to fill the position of secretary which was vacated when Ann Peoples transferred to the University Park Campus. Dee Altmeyer was elected secretary.

Four girls were elected to serve on the executive board, an advisory group to work with the officers. These girls are Ginnie Klavon, Marcia Lawrence, Jan Schindel, and Paula Wydro.

The Club's constitution was accepted as submitted to the club for approval. PSU also moved to pledge \$25 to the building fund.

All girls are urged to support the jammy being held tonight in Erie Hall.

Be sure to come!

Opinions from the Experts

It was in the O.B. lounge that I fell asleep. But my slumber was interrupted by my fellows discussing the phenomenon. Why was I so tired?

"I'd say it's a failure of enzymatic synthesis to create the proper metabolic balance," observed the Biology Major.

"A person's energy is directly proportional to sleep obtained provided exercise and anxiety factors for two given days are equal," spake the Math Major.

"Could it be the atmospherically repressing smoke dispersed throughout the room?" queried the Chemistry Major.

"Perhaps a botanical expedition to probe nature's campus greenery would prove refreshing," hypothesized the Botany Major.

"A good brisk run, that'll fix her. She isn't in good enough physical condition to face college life," interjected the Phys. Ed. Major.

"The whole thing probably stems from delusions of intellectual inadequacy causing apparent somnolent withdrawal symptoms," said the Psychology Major.

"It probably is a withdrawal, or an inability to act, similar to that experienced by Hamlet," prophesied the Lit. Major.

Offered the Busness Major, "Her schedule is insufficiently efficient. She should set aside X hours for study, X hours for relaxation, and X hours for sleep."

Ah, education.

by Carol DeArment