

MAN ON THE STREET POLL continued

present. Have you any comments at all to make?

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.....TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.....TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.

I'd like to do just that, but my editor doesn't have any spare time either.

(Editors Note)

At this point, our reporter was disintegrated in the line of duty. Further interviews will be conducted by a new intellectual find named Joe nope. Hey, Igor, doesn't that name sound familiar?

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ELEGY TO A TECHNOLOGIST

Verily, I say to you, marry not an engineer; for an engineer is a strange creature possessed of many evils; yea, he speaketh eternally in parables, which he calls formulas; he wieldeth a calibrated stick which he calls a slide rule, and his Bible is a handbook. He thinketh only on stresses and strains and without end on thermodynamics. He showeth only a serious aspect and seemth not to know how to smile. Neither does he know a waterfall save by its power, nor a sunset except that he must turn on the lights, nor a damsel except by her live weight. He carries always his books with him and entertaineth his sweetheart by steam tables. Verily, though his damsel expecteth chocolates when he calls, she openeth the package but to find ore samples. Yea, he holdeth his damsel's hand but to measure the friction thereof. His kisses are only to test viscosity, and in his eyes there shineth a faraway look, but neither that of love nor longing -- rather a vain attempt to recall the formula. There is but one key to his heart - that is TAU EPSILON CHI. The one love letter which he yearneth to receive is an "A"; when his damsel writeth of love and signeth with "X"s, he taketh not these symbols for kisses - but for unknown quantities. Even as a boy hep ulleth girls hair to test its elasticity; as a man he discoverith different devices, for he would count

the vibrations on her heartstrings and reckon the strength of her materials. He seeketh ever to pursue scientific investigations; even his flutterings he counteth as a vision of beauty, and inscabeth his passion as a formula. His marriage is a simultanius equation involving two unknowns - and yielde diverse results. Verily, I sa y to you, marry not an engineer.

These words of advice written by an unknown sage are here reproduced with one slight modification. They are reprinted here on the assumption that good advice, though rarely heeded, may be repeated with impunity.

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COLLEGE, THEN AND NOW

1900 Coed: "No, no, no, no, no, no!"  
1910 Coed: "No, no, no!"  
1920 Coed: "No!"  
1930 Coed: "Not so fast!"  
1940 Coed: "W-el-li!"  
1950 Coed: "Maybe!"  
1958 Coed: "Please!"

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