

DRINKING

"Drunkenness is temporary suicide."
RUSSEL
(And the morning after is murder.)

"Water is the only drink for a wise man."
THOREAU
(Only more so)

"A man's palate can, in time, become accustomed to anything."
NAPOLEON
(Artists even mix paint on them.)

"He is a drunkard who takes more than three glasses, though he be not drunk."
EPICTETUS
(He is a mouse who takes a mickey, though he is not Disney.)

"Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune."
GARABALDI
(How big were those glasses?)

"Drinking is voluntary madness."
SENECA
(At least it's voluntary.)

Christmas Gifts

(A LITTLE EARLY)

To Miss Campbell — a set of snow treads.
To Mr. Kostos — a motor scooter.
To Mr. Steele — a pyramid.
To Miss Garbrick — a long-playing Mel Torme record.
To Mr. Rudman — Fifteen victories.
To Mr. Zerbe — a half-pound tin.
To Mr. Muller — a hairnet.
To Mr. Krecker — a stop watch.
To Miss Leichty — an elevator to her third-floor office.
To Miss Wood — a car for her very own.
To Mrs. Harrison — library shelves.
To Mr. Carr — a Coolie to pull his rickshaw.
To Mr. Carpenter — be-bop glasses and a beret.
To Mr. Ward — his doctor's degree.
To Miss Goyne — the ideal American boy.
To Mr. Goss — a new top for his convertible.
To Mr. Pavone — a cook book.
To Mr. Mattern — a king-size money belt.
To Mrs. Muller — more classes.
To Miss Neifert — a Happy New Year.
To Miss Thomas — a reserved table at Genetti's.
To Miss Bonn — love and kisses.
To The Sergeants — peanut clusters.
To Miss Steinmeyer — a pair of "Levis."
To Miss Erlemann — a dogsled to climb the hill.
To Mrs. Hazleton — an escalator.
To Vivian — an electric typewriter.
To Ester — The Chatterbox.
To Betty — a shorthand tablet.
To Charlie — a new tire (for the wheel).
To Ruthie — anything her little heart desires.
To Sylvia — a raise.
To Mrs. Koehler — a carload of garlic.
To Mrs. Smith — a personality award.
To George — two more hands.
To Mike — a new Ford truck.
To John — a ten-foot broom.

DILEMMA

I have been asked to compose a verse
About a condition that is getting worse.
It was also suggested that, if I can,
I should propose an alternate plan
To solve the troubles that we've got
Due to a misplaced parking lot.

The original scheme, no doubt, was good,
But the plan didn't pan as it really should.
"The powers that be" met with little success,
And the picture now is that of a mess.
My plan is easy, though it may cause a frown,
Either move the lot up, or move the school down.



BENNY

Who doesn't believe in ghosts? Who would dare to say that Pythagores was crazy? A few days ago I sat at the typewriter trying to write an article for the Collegian. The only products of my labors was the realization that my talents must lie in some other direction. Upon arrival at the Collegian office the next day I found the following message on the typewriter:

i have been waiting for a chance to express myself i watched you sweating it out trying to write a column oh you young college bards who imagine yourselves potential poet laureates when will you realize that some have it and some dont i was once a writer par excellence but i died and my soul transmigrated into the body of a cricket just leave a piece of paper in the typewriter every night and i will write for your paper in that i with my genius should be reduced to the level of a ghost writer just because some charlatan who was nothing but a greek arithmetic teacher decided to write a book i hope i meet pythagores as an ant or beetle or such then he will pay for my sufferings speaking of payment i wish you would leave a few scraps of food here crickets have to eat to live too i refuse to associate with the insect society they are my intellectual inferiors just call me benny

That night I watched the room from the hall. Sure enough he came. It was the largest cricket that I have ever seen and he starting jumping up and down on the keys of the typewriter. Since he couldn't work the shift, there were no capitals or punctuation marks. No cricket ever worked so hard or looked so ridiculous. After a few hours of backbreaking work, the poor fellow crawled back to the faculty office which he calls home.

so you call this a college why its

nothing but a trade school i heard a discussion between two students the other day one in engineering the other in liberal arts it was sad to hear that potential ditch digger tear the arts to pieces the colleges of today arent what they used to be in my day men went to school to broaden their minds to become well rounded out individuals oh what a shallow age you live in with your science and engineering and mechanics all they want to learn is how to do something do something exclamation point and what good does it do them sure they may get a job and make lots of money but just ask them the names of priams fifty sons or the social significance of the invention of the under water pen and they will just stare at you blankly this morning at breakfast i met a beetle who had gotten one of your modern educations he was pitiful there was never a more frusrated beetle wouldst join me in a discussion says i he turned white at the thought of discussing the metaphysical problem according to santayanna what good was his science and engineering could his slide rule tell him how many feet are in a heroic couplet no he was lost i am sorry for you i said as i tenderly picked him up and as i ate him i thought how sad life is for arent we all victims of our age all that schooling and he ended up in the stomach of a cricket which makes me wonder is there really any good in learning a problem too big for even me

benny

TEMPERANCE

"The first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, and the fourth for madness."
ANACHARSIS
(... And the fifth is empty.)

"Every moderate drinker could abandon the intoxication cup if he would; every inebriate would if he could."
GOUGH
('Nuff said.)

"Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt nor his wife a widow."
NEALE
(But it runs up the water bill!)

"It is best to rise from life as from a banquet, neither thirsty nor drunken."
ARISTOTLE
(Or with donuts undunken.)

"The smaller the drink the clearer the head."
PENN
(Who wants to be transparent?)

"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT ..."

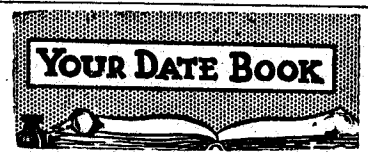
CAMPUS TRAFFIC RULES AND REGULATIONS Effective December 7, 1949

1. All student cars must be registered with the Safety Committee.
2. Student cars must be parked in the parking lot at the bottom of the hill only. Any exceptions to this rule will be reviewed by the Safety Committee.
3. No student cars may be parked at the top of the hill, in the main road, or anywhere off the main road. Student cars will be permitted at the top of the hill only for the purpose of loading and unloading passengers.
4. A fifteen mile speed limit must be observed anywhere on the campus.
5. A fine of \$2.00 will be imposed for the first violation of any of the above rules. A fine of \$5.00 for the second violation; and upon the third violation, the student will be denied the privilege of bringing his car on the campus.

SYD'S A GOOD SKATE ...

The Physical Education classes have been playing a new game lately out on the athletic field. It has no official name but it might be called "manual labor ball." These Phys Ed students have been shoveling and hauling dirt banks to enclose a skating pond.

When it is finished it will be available to all students, and skating will be a regular feature of the Physical Education classes.



**VACATION
DECEMBER 20
4:30 P. M.!!**