

BILL

James Geffert

"Plain or whole wheat?" the waiter called with his sweated brow glittering in the gas light. "No bread!" (the answer hit the four walls and then bounced suddenly up to the waiter). "No bread — how can you eat a salami sandwich without bread??" — the waiter mumbled to himself — "These college boys are a skimping lot — but then there is a how about it."

Few lashes were arched over this seemingly revolutionary development for most of the patrons themselves were going through the same growing pains — money and college (or putting the cart before the horse) college and money.

The gas lamp which was hanging from the ceiling in the center of the chow-house left a few of the corners with only scanty lighting, and in one of these corners our hero, Bill, was enjoying his shrimp with three delightfully attractive females.

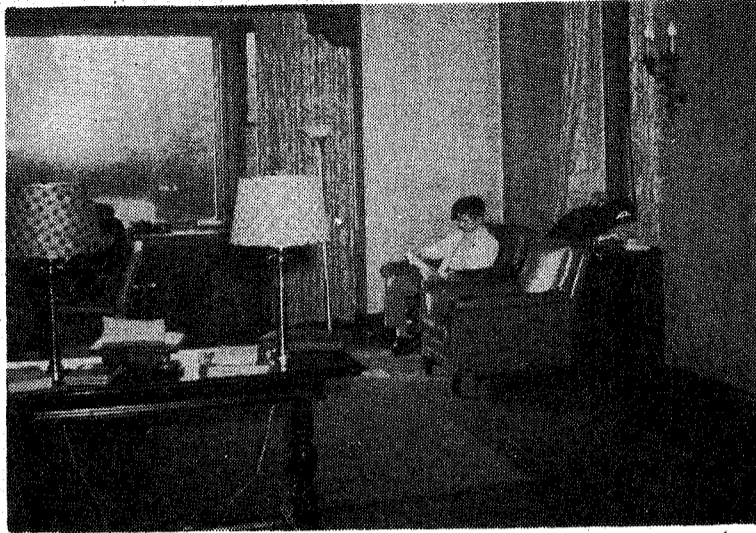
Bill—not "just plain Bill" but the Bill who could pay his bills — was simply a "John D" with a freshman dink. I thought the local dry-goods clerk had short changed herself when she charged him "only" \$18.50 for a sleeveless Cashmere sweater; He polished his Florshiemys with a five spot; He threw his Argyles away after a days war; and he wrecked three Cadillacacs and an Oldsmobile in one semester. Most of the college citizens claimed he put his hair up in curlers or when they saw him they usually bellowed out with, "borrow my eyebrow pencil??" In plain words, everyone was red with jealousy of Bill, and at times Bill would answer an archaic question for the public. "Is money everything?" they would ask—and Bill would answer with a smile, "Yes, money is everything!"

That fellow we spoke of before, the guy who ordered sandwiches without bread, overheard Bill telling his compact-bearing friends that money is the one and only. As quick as one could say bar rag — Bill had one wrapped around his face. The battle which followed was as realistic as a Hollywood directed is capable of producing. This breadless student (let's call him Joe (X) had either cracked his mellon or had indigestion from munching the Buffalo on his nickles.

In view of the fact that a big stink would be raised over the barroom scene, a few Tappa Keg boys in the audience decided to hold a secret tribunal in the TK house that evening, complete with judge, attorney, and impartial jury.

Joe (X) took the stand in his own defense. The important phases of his two hour oratory follow: "Money isn't everything! If people don't soon stop talking about these worthless scraps of paper and metal, we will all attend the funeral services of Mr. Universe. Money depreciates with talk, but the mony mad continue to pitch their camps in the beds of colateral. There is something far greater than money—money can't bargain to possess this 'something' of which I speak, nature. Nature and love, how placid, how heavenly, and money has no place here where we so called Romantics seek happiness. Those men

Find the Furniture



College Council President Frank DeFluri, has written an explanation for the missing student lounge furniture. We present it here—

On December 16, 1949, the students here at the center noticed that the lounge was minus much of the new leather upholstered furniture. There was much speculation as to why and how the furniture was removed. Here are the reasons:

On December 15 it was noticed by the school administration that one of the two-seated couches had a leg broken off. Both of the two-seated couches were torn in the back. In the snack bar two of the booths were completely wrecked, the tables were torn from the wall and posts. As you have probably noticed, the paper drapes on the snack bar windows had to be taken down because of the abuses given them. Also, we had an exceptionally fine piano in the lounge.

Do you know what happened to it? It was removed because the students ignored the plea, "Please do not put books on the piano top!" In order to protect this piano top from further scratches, a hasty removal was in order.

The administration believes it is a matter for the Student Council to investigate and attempt to do something about. The college will not replace broken furniture, nor will it

who poison youthful minds with dollar signs sin against mankind—for they knowingly or unknowingly are building the future of the world upon a paper foundation. Thank you!"

The defense rested with a few shots of brandy, and the TK brother who was acting prosecuting attorney stepped into the verbal ring (after Billy had neatly passed ten bills into his hand).

A summary of the prosecutor's speech follows: "The defense is, and I say this with a tearful eye, on the verge of a nervous collapse I am sure. I can see Joe (X) taking his girl to a movie on 'two parts nature and one part love' (if 'Nature Boy' was playing it might be possible). I can see Joseph now—he goes to work Tarzan style, leaving his tree hut and clinging-vine by swinging-vine. I can see him at the Wood Choppers Ball with his G-string Tux. We might ask the question: "What is 'everything?' I'd

pay for repairs. If the damaged furniture is to be repaired, the money must come out of the social activity fund paid by all students. Therefore it is you who must pay for the required repairs.

Since the matter is now in the hands of the Student Council, we ask all of you students not to abuse your own fixtures. If this misuse of the furniture continues, the janitorial force will remove it entirely by administrative decree. Consequently, if the actions of the students continue as they have in the past, the lounge will be completely denuded of furniture, and the snack bar will be just a barren room.

One more point—On the night of the winter party someone carelessly put a deck of cards in the bowl of one of the floor lamps. Result—the cards began to burn, and save for the alertness of one of the janitors a disastrous fire might have occurred.

In view of these things, the Student Council asks everyone to cooperate in the care and use of those things we have to use which do not belong to us.

"It ain't the things you don't know what gets you into trouble; it's the things you know for sure what ain't so."—Old negro saying.

say 'everything' includes just about everything, and I can't name anything one can get without money. Did I hear someone say love is free (besides being blind)?? Try to fall in love with a Deb, and see how long you can keep her with an empty wallet! Thank you!"

Well, the jury didn't stay out long, in fact they handed the judge the decision in three seconds flat. The judge sentenced Joe (X) to three semesters confinement in the Tappa Keg basement on charges of "not complying with the trend of modern society." Bill, on the other hand, passed a few bills and went on his merry way leaving a blazing trail behind him. His theory had won out, and his popularity had increased immensely (he even cut his prices ten percent).

We might call Bill and Joe (X) the "Gold Dust Twins" . . . Bill had the Gold . . . Joe had the dust.

BENNY

Jeanne McGrory

the other day an enormous cochroach staggered up to me my name is archy he said ive been waiting to meet you you thief you plagarist listen you frustrated alcoholic i said do you think that i with my lofty themes would steal the work of a fugitive from the eighteenth ammendment i am writing for the intelligentsia the future leaders of the world how naive can a person be he interrupted he then proceeded to read some of my work forgive me he said when he finished it was silly of me to worry that your work could be mistaken for mine literary values havent deteriorated that much and with that he bowed tipped his derby and tottered out
benny

The 6-Legged Misanthrope

archy just came running in here he was suffering from extreme shock what happened i asked its the end a catastrophe those humans have gone too far this time he screamed ive put up with a lot from those bungling fools but this is the limit what happend i pleaded please tell me well i went down to the wine cellar of this nightmare alley of a college i innocently expected to get a little nightcap what did i find question mark a library and not even a decent library but one without books how ridiculous can this so-called higher animal get he takes a good thing like a wine cellar and trys to turn it into a library wont man ever learn he once tried to use a roman bath as a railroad station what a sore sight that is calm yourself i said but he was off again once i formed an organization called the worm turnverein he said i told my followers to arise why should we be tramped on and ignored by that two-legged race of dreamers action is what we want but before we could convince the conservatives of the group the eighteenth ammendment was repealed and at least something was being done in
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