

- EDITORIALS -

Dorm Rules Questined

When in the course of human events the government of the United States spends money, especially tax money that the John Birch Society feels should be donated to the American Legion and other patriotic causes, all loyal, tax-paying, hard-working Americans should sit down and write letters to the powers-that-be, protesting the needless waste of our most valuable resource.

The present "war on poverty" currently being mis-

run by the anti-individualistic "Great Societicians" is really a war to make all hard-working Americans like J. Paul Getty and H. L. Hunt and Joan Crawford and John Bearsford Tipton destitute.

It is now a sin in this country to be rich. Only the lice-infested, slum-living, grubby welfare - recipients get any service from the government. The patriotic Americans who fought their way up the ladder of success through their own sweat, blood, and tears, not

to mention the sweat, blood, and tears of those they stepped on, have a great deal of trouble in this era of the give-away even getting their garbage removed.

And even when it is finally taken away, by men paid out of taxes from their hard-earned money, where does it go but straight to the places where these "respectable bums" live, to be picked over by them at no expense.

Is there no justice in this nation? When are Americans

going to harden their arteries and stand up for the principles which made this country great? Rugged individualism, personal initiative, and the amassing of great wealth are not sinful, but the feeding and care of bums of this day and age are.

It is time for respectable Americans to stand up, straighten their diamond stickpins, and shout down those who would follow the teachings of that intinerant Jewish quack who started this whole mess.

Letters To The Editor

Dear Sir:

While it has been some years since I was in college myself, I still remember much of what my own school days were like, and I can assure you that they were nothing like what I witnessed and was forced to live through while visiting your campus recently.

My son, Learner Quickly, invited me down to visit him a few weeks ago. I was delighted at the opportunity to visit your campus, having seen mention of it on national tv last year and having gotten glowing reports of it from my son.

I arrived on campus and parked my car in a convenient place (I thought), and not finding Learner, I decided to look around a bit. I walked over to your gymnasium, hoping to see a bit of p. e. basketball or something of that sort. Just as I neared the doors to the gym, they burst open and I was knocked down, trampled and otherwise humiliated by a thousand screaming people whom I learned later had just been released from chapel service.

I am a fairly open minded person and therefore decided to pass off the incident as trivia. However, when I returned to my car to go to the doctor for attention to my bruises and cuts, I was further humiliated. A rather disgustingly appearing man of about 50 who constantly blew cigar smoke in my face refused to allow me to move my car, insisting that I was illegally parked and could not move until I paid my fine.

After some discussion, I was escorted to an office in the center of the campus where I was forced to sit for two and a half hours with a host of other traffic violators who wait-

ed to a penance. During this time I was verbally assaulted by at least a half dozen secretaries because some of my wounds were dripping blood on the floor and furniture.

By the time my fine was paid, most of my wounds had stopped bleeding so I decided to forego medical attention in favor of a bite to eat since I had become quite hungry. I was directed to the college cafeteria by a student.

After being subjected to a grease bath called veal cutlet and broccoli and cheese, I decided to look around for Learner. I had just left the cafeteria when I was hit by a tremendous stomach pain and barely made it to the unmarked door which someone told me was a ladies room. My diarrhea was acute and it was sometime before my pains subsided. It was then that I decided to

leave the rest room and found, much to my dismay, that the dispenser marked "On-liones" had only one left.

After being bailed out of this distress by a woman who said she was the building custodian, I was pretty much at my wits end. Learner had not turned up and it was nearing night-fall and I, much to my distress, had spent all my money on the parking ticket and had none left for a room for the night.

A kindly soul suggested that there was ample space in the girls dorm, since the semester just ended and had taken its usual toll, and, after about two hours of red tape, I was securely settled in a "Suite" with four other "girls." I settled down on my top bunk to gather my wits and dozed off.

My slumber was abruptly broken by the clamor of hundreds of people running up and down the hall, and as I sat up I could have sworn that I saw a male figure dash past the door.

It seems that a nightly session, the panty-raids, was in progress and from all indications that night's turnout surpassed all previous attendance figures. I decided to have no part of it and was about to go back into the room and lock the door when a brash young man forced his way into the room and began running around like a "tom-cat" in the alley.

In the semi - darkness, I could not clearly distinguish his face, but I felt that I had seen him before. The feeling remained with me as I watched him go busily about his work, cleaning out all the lingerie from each of my roommate's dressers. In addition, he yanked open my suitcase and stole every peice of underclothing I have to my name.

He was just about to leave when I got a good look at him in the light from the hall-- it was Learner!

I need not tell you that my humiliation can never be completely removed. I also don't guess I need add that I immediately removed Learner from the student body, despite pleas from the Dean of Students who kept saying that boys will be boys, and have placed him in a monastery.

In closing, I would like to add that although my own stay on your campus was not too pleasant, I hold no grudges (really the reason I came was to take Learner home because he flunked out two years ago) and will do all in my power to publicize your institution everywhere I go, giving it the laudits it justly deserves. I also plan to enroll my two daughters there next year and am sure you and they will have a joyous association. I feel

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



that they will be a welcomed addition and will fit into the student body quite nicely, and would send them immediately, but they won't be released from San Quentin until this summer.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Seymour Quickly p.s.--I plan to instruct my daughters to leave all their underwear at home to help cut down on the costs of their education.

As a paying student of N. C. Wesleyan I really don't mind some of the little things that I must endure in order to make my life here the "happy days of college".

I am speaking of the amount of time that I must stand waiting in the cafeteria line in order to be served a delicious meal by the smiling cafeteria staff. I really don't mind that I have a 1:00 class and that I have to eat my delectible lunch in only

After "centuries of Victorian moralistic rule", as one resident of Filth Hall put it, regulations for the women's residence hall have finally been changed.

Retroactive to January 1 of 1965, all girls will be provided with contraceptives, in the color of their choice. All pregnancies incurred during the preceeding months are hereby declared invalid by order of the SLA. The pills may be purchased for a nominal fee in all rest rooms.

The women of Gutter Hall, not to be outdone by their freshmen companions, are planning a sit-in campaign in the bedroom of the college president's wife, "until, as stated by Flora Trash, co-ordinator of the activity," we are given free pills with each meal in the cafeteria.

"Actually," Flora Dora, as she is affectionately called by her Johns, said, "we really don't care about the food, we just want the pills." Rumor has it that several carloads of illicit pills have been carried to the University at Chapel Hill, where enormous sums were paid for them by the former editor of the Daily Dung Heel, who is now employed by Sex magazine as an editorial consultant.

Herbert Protester, chairman of the Senate "What Do We Gripe About Now" committee, stated that since the vote for the rules changes in the women's dorms was 77-76 1/2 in favor of the changes, "we had no choice but to go along with the wishes of this overwhelming majority.

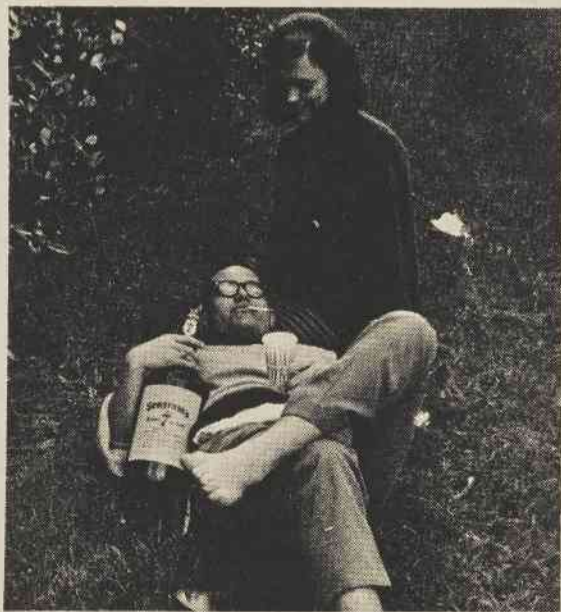
"Besides," he said with a devilish grin, "things should really begin to jump around here now...I mean the social life should really get goin... I mean, oh hell, you know what I mean!"

3 1/2 minutes flat in order to make it to my class. I don't mind that I must stand in line for forty-five minutes in order to finally reach the serving area only to find that they are out of everything and I'll just have to wait. I really don't mind that when I finally get my food if it is raw or just plain frigid.

What I do mind though, is that I have to eat it.

Sincerely,
A Loyal and Uncomplaining Bishop

I TREAT MY MAN RIGHT AT



The College Slop Unlimited

"The Only Way To . . ."