

feel that some things should be cut. Anonymously spoken switchblades can give only surface wounds. Remember that your written opinions are welcomed. Write them while you can.....There have been a few suggestions for a new name for the newsletter. The latest is, "The Crying Campus"...The Entertainment Committee is on the ball this year, but a new twist has been added. It seems as if they prefer their own artists for publicity. When a committee is formed for a specific purpose, it is there to do a job. If any committee is not satisfied with the policies of the Publicity, there certainly can be a compromise.....Can anyone explain the recent exodus of certain SG officials? Is it lack of interest, lack of time, OR lack of honor.....Do you want to go home in a hurry? Just SIGN UP.....It seems as if we need a dictionary for Pete Smith's column--how about the "Dandy Dingy Definer"?.....Has anyone noticed that times have changed? At least the clock in front of Alamance says so. It appears that some people really get up on this campus....A few weeks ago, the newspapers in the library were quite frayed. Does it really take a world crisis to encourage students to keep up to date on world affairs? After all, the Weekly Reader is out of style by now.....Quality services are only worthwhile if they are continued after they are praised. What happened to the daily menus? Did people stop going to meals?Thanks are in order of Mr. Wells and the Halloween treat of apples and cider, even if the students were up to tricks that night....According to the posted class minutes, the Freshmen Class recently decided to purchase class blazers. This idea, originated with the class of '64, may slowly become traditional. It would seem better however to keep the same color as former classes for the sake of unity with each class designing a crest....Speaking of class co-operation, the Sophomore Class appears to be working together quite well. For proof of their efforts check the report posted by President Fred Stephenson. Is there a sign of growing class spirit on campus? This is good if the classes can keep enough members by the Junior year to classify themselves as a class. Perhaps growing spirit could lead to class competition and class sponsored activities, or maybe even class dues? (Remember when a certain Freshman Class attempted to give a dance and still has a ton of grey crepe paper to prove it?) Toss the idea of a class banquet around, presidents. (Humm, this is quite a classy paragraph!)Worth quoting: Pertaining to the wearing of ties to dinner on Sunday night--"It's strangulation without representation."....Note the fact that the former "social clubs" are now officially called "fraternities and sororities" could this be that the word "social" has too many implications?....Is the administration playing games? Maybe they should let the Pan-Hellenic Council in on "Ring Around-the-Constitution"...before we all fall down....Spirits and cheer--two ingredients that make football games SO much more fun!....Like man..our band is the ultimate! What else can we say?....The Maroon and Gold columnists are to be commended for some worthwhile expression of opinion. If controversy were the spice of life, we could make red peppers our favorite dish around here. We are taking the advice of one columnist about putting in a "little more work into the newsletter." This time we are using two staples.

HOT NOTES FROM HOOT PART II

Dear Readers,

Bear with me as I embark on a clandestine coma and allow the Twilight Zone to possess my mental aberrations and guide my pen to a literary zenith.

^{The top songs on the} ~~Hustle~~ ^{Hustle} on the Elon Hoot Parade are: Cass Tro-where did all the missiles go? Herman/I'm hanging in there, by effie G. Richie Valence-Please atomic, weight for me. Clem Gronk-If I had a screwdriver.

Literary Dept. The Diary of Pervis Gwamp is really a satire on the Coast Guard. Two excerpts from the new book, Maladjusted Mother Goose are:

1. Jack Gunch could sip no punch,
His spouse was quite a sot.
Poor Jack went wild when their first child
Was a red nosed little tot.
2. Little Miss Murrow sat in a furrow
Enjoying bucolic outing.
She lay down to sleep in this ditch so deep.
And now the poor dear is sprouting.

Currant Events: Hurt's Rent a Rickshaw will open a branch in Burlington and rice cakes will be given to the first fifty patrons.

Historical Notes: The Titanic didn't sink accidentally--It was suicide.

Ghengis Kahan was voted Supreme Omnipotent Potentiate by himself

Poetic Corner:

What If?

- What if the world was really square?
- What if Grendel had no lair?
- ! What if Ghengis had no Khan?
- What if salmon didn't spawn?
- What if Farragut had said "No Sweat"?
- What if Castro was overthrown by Gillette?
- Weigh these meaty tidbits well,
And let the big brain swell.