

into the moat surrounding the castle and fought my way through what must have been a mass of carcasses of crocodiles, alligators and dragons.

"Ah! Safety at last," I thought as I reached the other side in one piece. But, alas and alack, I discovered that it was necessary to scale the tower wall in order to reach the doorway. Still determined, I climbed to the door and, with a mighty boost of energy, I jumped inside. There to greet me was the most cheerful of all halls ever--it was of a beautiful dull grey color. I stumbled along this hall with but few disturbances: I nearly got electrocuted by an uncovered live wire, tripped over a fallen knight, got hit by a falling stone, and was trampled by a troop of knights leaving a fight in the wars--nothing to fret about. Besides, around the corner was my goal. I was not planning to quit after going so far.

I stayed pressed close against the wall as I made the east corner to the mailboxes. And then, there they were: beautifully embedded in the castle wall. It was like a dream. I drew a long breath and proceeded. Elbowing desperately, I made my way through the multitude of people assembled in the spacious 2x4 room. There, rising high above my head was my very own new postal box. Beside my, lying on the floor, was a local knight of the mighty athletic order. He was desperately tampering with the combination to his box, which rose one-and-a-half feet above the floor. I decided to enlist his aid in reaching my nine-foot high mail box; I, in turn, would help him. Our problem settled, I turned to open his combination lock, and he did likewise to mine. Our troubles were not over, as we had thought, however, for to our dismay neither of us had brought a candle. Disappointed, though not disheartened, because after all it was I who had forgotten the candle, I made my way out of the room, through the obstacle course, down the side, over the moat, and pulled myself back onto the sidewalk. A throng of people awaited--as far as I could see in every direction were people. How nice, I thought, to have a welcoming committee! But when I inquired, those people informed me that they were only waiting to get into the dining room. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

[S]LANDER FROM THE [G]ANDER

by Richard Becker

Why are we paying \$25 more for food this semester and still seeing no improvement in the quality of our meals? Somehow, as the food in McEwen grows progressively worse, one gets the feeling that the extra \$25 has gone to pay for our fancy new IBM cards. Perhaps one solution to this problem would be to spread peanut butter on the IBM cards and add them to our diet. Unfortunately, a diet of IBM cards and peanut butter can give one indigestion almost as quickly as today's "Slater Special" lunch.

As the cool fall weather arrives, I often wonder what it will be like this winter when it really gets cold and we still may not have a heating system installed in the new men's dorms. I have seen no radiators in this building, nor any indication of work being done in this respect, but already it is mid-October and getting colder every night.

The doors in the new dorms can be locked from the inside but not from the outside, so that anyone with sticky fingers can walk in when you're not there and relieve you of your books and property.

Most of the plumbing in the new dorms is virtually inoperative, but there are rare moments when one may enjoy the thrill of an ice-cold shower and gain the experience of shaving with cold water. But still we must be patient, because these things take time--and money. After all, we should be