

the Colonies -- and the second is a reknowned professor who sometimes wears a trashcan instead of a shoe.

The aged are slowly disappearing from the campus as death and "better" jobs take them away, but the days of line-pointing and reading from the text to the class are still lingering. This writer feels that a class should have some mental stimulation in order to gain something from each session. However, the educational processes in some courses seem to create a desire to bring a pillow to class (in order to be counted on the roll) or else to show up for the first class and each test, but sleep in the comfort of ones own bed during the transitional periods. In all earnest, I hope that the "working" self-evaluation policy that the administration is inflicting upon its academic departments causes a visible change while I am still here to criticize. Amen.

ON A POET'S LAURELS

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
Eating a Slater meal;
He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a roach,
And said, "That's to be expected."

Little Miss Muffit sat on a tuffit
Eating some Slater food;
Out crawled a spider, that kneeled
down beside her,
And delivered the eulogy.