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## The Ursinus Weekly, March 15, 1965

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## Sig Nu and "Inactive" Demas Win Sorority-Fraternity Song Fest

by E. Vernon Lewis



Demas laments being on "social pro" with black armbands.

On Monday evening, March eighth, the Greek community and their friends took part in the annual Sorority-Fraternity Song Fest in Bomberger. In spite of the fact that "The Bug" had been holding track meets in a number of throats (while wearing cinder-track spikes!), many of the groups were in good voice, while the rest made up in enthusiasm what they may have lacked in voice.

Our reporter, seeing a number of solemn-faced guitarists heading for the chapel, attended under the impression that he was about to participate in a modern version of a revival. Naturally, he felt a great responsibility to report such an event fully for our readers. His impression was confined by noting that Mr. Lloyd Jones was to preside, though reference to him as master of ceremonies seemed a bit unusual. However, scanning the program, which included such numbers as "Four Strong Walls," "Get Me to the Church," and "Tear Down the Walls," suggested that the proper atmosphere would be present.

After opening numbers by Phi Alpha Psi, the gathering swung rapidly into the revival spirit with a moving sawdust trail chant by Delta Mu Sigma, which had a deep emotional effect on the congregation. However, as the program developed, your reporter became less and less certain that it was, in fact, a revival he was attending. After each group had sung two songs, it was announced that the "judges", Mrs. Helfferich and Professors Hinkle, Lewis, Philip, and Schultz were to retire to select the winners.

This seemed such an unusual feature of a revival that our reporter insinuated himself unobtrusively into the group. He thereby missed the fine program of songs presented by Kerry Dillon, Darlene Miller, and Jack

Warren but, true to the traditions of reporting, felt that no personal sacrifice was too great to get the story. The real story was in the meeting of the judges.

It was immediately evident opinions varied greatly, and only firm action by the chief staved off a Donnybrook as each judge upheld his opinion with vigor. However, it was finally agreed that these differences should be settled with custard pies at ten paces at an adjourned session at a time and place not specified. With this problem disposed of, the judges settled down to pick the winner. At this point our reporter's presence was spotted and, under dire threats, he was sworn to suppress the details. He can only say that the decision was a very close one, with a very small margin separating the winners from the least successful contenders.

When the tumult and the shouting died, Alpha Sigma Nu emerged as the winning sorority and Delta Mu Sigma as the winning fraternity. Top honors for the evening, however, went to Dr. Philip in the form of a kiss from the president of ASN when she accepted the trophy. Our reporter has heard an unconfirmed rumor that two of the other judges plan to use "loaded" pies to throw at Dr. Philip at the adjourned meeting of the judges, feeling that he unfairly cornered the pleasures of the evening. We will try to carry a report on this session in a later issue.

(Ed. Note: This was the best our rewrite man could do with the confused story turned in by our reporter. We find, however, that many who attended the Song Fest enjoyed it greatly and wondered why we don't have more fun with music together on the campus. Why don't we or, better yet, let's do!)

## The Grammarian's Funeral Or "Easy Does It"

by the Fossil Grammarian, R. B. Allen

There is so much confusion in English speech, It has fallen at last within idiots' reach Professional educators follow a plan To teach little of subject—the least they can; To practice new methods; keep learning static And students illiterate and hence democratic. No teacher need bother with parts of speech Who has taken ten courses on how to teach So, now it seems, surely everything goes As each example below specifically shows. What need has a doctor for shall or will With rear-end penicillin to cure every ill? A pill by mouth former ills would mend; Now doctors start work at the other end. The language of lawyers has changed so much One can hardly recognize English as such; And the judge, befuddled in logic's wake, Nods in agreement to show he's awake. The slide remains almost the only rule The engineer has learned in school; And if his speech is free of flaws, The reason is merely: he hems and haws. Now, too, in business, Scotch on the rocks Works better than words in disposing of stocks. Sportcasters make all kinds of blunders In giving their useless statistical wonders; These pseudo-witty, tiresome louts Would do better to stick to hits and outs. Most ad-men's gobbledegook is lies, Which the low I.Q.'er believes and buys. It seems stupid to say "Ale is wet." But to call it "dry"! How dumb can you get? Therapeutic tobacco and healthful beer They'll be giving to babies another year. No need for tonics, dope, or pills: Filtered smoke can now cure your ills. If less nicotine can save lungs and head, We'd better go back to cornslick instead. If a man buys a smoke because it's cool, He shouldn't light it at all, the fool! In buying a car, it would be rather nice If you heard less of lying and something of price. One gasoline keeps a car on the go— A terrific advantage over others you know! With English like this from professional classes, What do you expect from the muddled masses? If a person says he had a good night, Did he have a hot date or come home tight? Of a man on the scaffold, this can be said: Whether hanged or hung, he's just as dead. And whether you say "It's me or I," Will cause little stir in the sweet by-and-by. And if you are puzzled by whom or who, Forget the damned thing! Either one will do! "Eating my lunch, the fields slipped by" May sound a bit odd. Who needs to know why? What does it matter if one were to see



The Fossil Grammarian

A good-looking blonde without any e? A gander running around on the loose Knows better than you the gender of goose. If morons are ignorant and happy as such, You shouldn't ought to upset them so much. With principal parts of lie, lay, lain Or which is correct, agen or agane? As for "if I was" or "if I were you," They both mean the same! Neither is true! No matter how much the pursuit frets When placed on the eggs, the old hen sets She really should sit, but, like the sun, She sets on the eggs till her job is done. And how can you tell till you get inside, Whether the cackling hen has laid or lied. Children are raised not reared nowadays Though some of us say it in quite other ways. An infinitive now is born to be split No reasonable person would fight over it. Participles dangle all over the place Like "Eating my lunch, the man lost the race." Relative pronouns get lost by the score; Most of them have antecedents galore. No teacher is likely to fall in a fit To hear students refer to promiscuous it. "Between you and I" is quite clear enough Though snobs may consider it socially rough. Instead of concertos, one hears concerti By boxholders parading to catch the poor eye. Or show off their silks or high-plug hat— Pretenders to culture are always like that. Either distinguishes women from men As cackling does, the cock from the hen. Of "Aren't I happy" or "Am I not" Which one is correct, I almost forgot. Women from Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr Have carried illiteracy a little too far. Cupfuls or cups full? Listen, my friend, The wrong one is bound to win in the end. But little they care and less they think Whose only concern is what they shall drink. Give it to me, who is, are, or am, And diction is simple: Everything's swell. Is used indiscriminately. Who gives a damn? (Continued on page 3)

## Silent Generation Whispers— Non-Quiet Editor Speaks

by Richard Richter, '53

An olde managing editor of the Weekly from years and years ago in a recent interview noted the superiority of the modern student publication over its forerunner of his era, when the so-called "silent generation" peopled the campus.

Asked what impressed him most about the new Weekly, the olde managing editor replied (quietly, in keeping with his generation): "Without question the single most important advance in the Weekly operation as a whole is that the editor now gets paid. Years and years ago, when I was on the staff, we worked for nothing. Being in the silent generation, you see, had its drawbacks: nobody knew what you were thinking, and what you were thinking all along was that you ought to be paid."

Why did he work without pay?

"Misguided and misinformed, to put it briefly. Somehow you got the notion that the practice would be good for you later on—a gross delusion, of course. It completely blinded you to the truth of the matter—that the College really couldn't have gotten along without you.—If I had only known then what you know now! No pay, no print—a beautiful concept!"

The olde managing editor had equally kind comments to make about the appearance and content of the present-day Weekly.

"For one thing," he said, "I note that the typography—the choices of type face—and the make-up of the pages have a quaint and rustic tone quite fitting for a quaint and rustic college like ours. In our day—although the type faces and page make-up were almost exactly the same as they are now—they lacked that touch of sweet antiquity that you get from them today. That, it seems to me, is progress."

We ventured to ask if the olde managing editor thought that the writing in the contemporary Weekly was superior to the writing in his days, years and years ago.

"Yes," he said reflectively, "yes, I think it is, although the distinction is rather subtle. A close reading of the prose suggests to me that the reporting being done today has the ambiguity and anguished complexity that so mark the modern temper. Wonderful! How fitting that the paper in a liberal arts college of our stature should so perfectly mirror the temper of the times!"

"We were so naive in our day, years and years ago. We presented the news in a simple, straightforward, humdrum sort of style, with one bring fact following another with monotonous regularity. You Weekly people today are far more sophisticated than we ever were. I don't suppose you know how lucky you really are to have broken



Ye olde Managing Editor

the bonds of that chastity belt of journalism—clarity and simplicity. We suffered in those days."

Did the olde managing editor see any improvements in the scope of coverage now, compared with coverage in his day, years and years ago?

"Unquestionably!" he responded. "We had the sophomore idea that a good editorial page should concern itself with good things—the work of the Y, the unceasing efforts of the administration and faculty to improve the educational and recreational program, the good works done by students on and off campus, good things such as loyalty and patriotism and devotion to higher ideals—that sort of thing. Well, you know—and I know now—what fools we were. I don't know how you people learned the hard lessons of good journalism so early in life but—you've learned."

Silently the olde managing editor paged through a recent issue of the Weekly, becoming more absorbed in it as he went along. "Wasn't the same," he mumbled, "years and years ago."

The interview was at an end, and we returned to the Weekly office with a glow of inner pride at having been praised so justly.

Ed. Note: The olde Weekly Managing Editor, who we know and like, seems to appreciate the way the new Weekly Staff operates because he has gotten into the swing of things. He is guilty of "one of the most serious journalistic crimes—reporting without his facts straight." The Weekly Editor-in-Chief, while he was Managing Editor, contrary to his report, did "get paid". Duly recorded in the minutes of the Weekly Board of Control is the item that the Editor-in-Chief was given an honorarium of \$100 for her service. Presently, a Weekly Editor-in-Chief receives \$150, which averages out to about three cents an hour when divided by the number of hours they put in. "No pay, no print"—are you kidding?

## The Roving Reporter

by Groceries Baggs

I recently was given the intriguing assignment of eliciting from various members of the faculty brief comments on matters of general interest. The continuation of this column in future weeks will depend on the degree of favor attained by this first sample.

Dr. Armstrong, Do you care to express an opinion on the Weekly article, "How to Get an A without Really Studying?" Dr. A. (pushing aside the remains of a lunch from his desk in the uncrowded and lavishly decorated History office): I read the article you mention with more than usual anticipation to see if any new techniques were explained. None were. Sometimes members of the faculty play stupid. Students should not be deceived by this. You occasionally forget (no wonder sometimes) that we were students ourselves once. Beneath many an unsmiling pedagogic countenance lies a soft spot of understanding and sympathy; i.e., we're wise to your tricks.

We found Dr. Donald Baker in the even less crowded Language office and enquired: "What are your reactions to the comparison of yourself to a gopher?" Dr. Baker (blushing slightly): "I was indeed flattered and felt the praise undeserved. I suppose since the gopher hardly comes east of Illinois, many of the students did not realize what a fine little animal this is. In his industry he surpasses the beaver; so quick are the motions of his feet that one can hardly follow them with the eye; he is active throughout the winter. I do not know to which of the gopher's characteristics the writer especially referred, but I thank him for his kind metaphor."

We accosted Dr. Howard on the second floor of Pfahler where he stood looking fondly at a paramecium in the palm of his hand. "Sir," we queried, "in your studies of the life between low tide and high tide, what has been the most interesting of (Continued on page 4)

## Upper Classmen Reveal Soph Shingles Technique

by Michael Foster

Overheard through the thin basement walls of Bomberger by Mr. Foster while running material off on the ditto machine:

Frosh: What in heavens name are the sophomore shingles?

Sen: Some kind of nervous ailment, if I remember. Pilots get 'em at high altitudes from all I've heard.

Soph: Ha! There's nothing "high altitude" about Bursitus College, that's for sure.

Frosh: When can one expect to catch the sophomore shingles?

Soph: About a day or two after Matriculation.

Frosh: That's strange. My digestion feels OK, my head is clear, my sex life is normal. I'm enthusiastic about all my courses, especially that Big One in Doomsday Hall. I am continually challenged by the many and exciting extra-curricular activities —

Soph: Extra-legal, you mean.

Sen: Don't be so cynical, you dull fellow. Save your cynicism for a year or two when you'll really need it.

Soph: Come on now, how did you get through it all? Confess, Confess!

Sen: Well, it's true, I did try to slide by with the least resistance, but not at first —

Soph: So you see, Frosh, forget your ideals. You don't need 'em to get the old sheep-skin ticket to future ease.

Frosh: You mean all this "broadening" and "pursuit of knowledge" bit the instructors are always yelling about doesn't matter?

Soph: At least he sees it. Just cool it, don't you see? There's nothing to gain from being over strenuous —

Sen: Can't you lay off him a bit?

Frosh: No wait! I just felt a twinge then. I'm beginning to (Continued on page 4)

# A View of Fraternity Bids

by David Hudnut

I've been teaching at old UC for nigh onto eight years now, and in that time I've been angry at and amused by a lot of things. I've said my say on those things, in faculty meetings, private meetings, the paper, and conversation; the funny thing is, at the moment I don't feel particularly angry at anything, nor do I even feel much like laughing at anything. For my part in this faculty *Mad* magazine I find that I must reach into the sermon file and produce something I wrote about three years ago. Only seniors will have seen it before, and as Mr. Foster's dialogue points out, they're too blasé to care about such things anyway. It has to do with fraternity bidding; since you just had that the other day and since I still feel the same way about it, it is relevant and appropriate, I guess. I was pretending to be an anthropologist (these things need explaining), and at the time I had my office in what is now the reserve book room of the Library. At that time the room was called the Museum.

Library represents the rejection of knowledge, wisdom, as the turning of backs on Sprinkle Hall symbolizes the rejection of dangerous freedom, with the possibility of unsuccess, failure, crippling disease; the candidates pass through the library and into the maternal warmth of the waiting group, into certainty, nourishment, heat—but not light (here I must in all objectivity indicate that this is the one point at which my thesis fails to hold: there is something wrong in their emerging into the daylight, which in most cultures represents enlightenment, new awareness, maturity; it would be completely appropriate if the candidates were to be led into darkness, somehow, perhaps into the lower regions of the boiler house — or perhaps the whole thing could be held at night. However, as Kroeber has pointed out, in cases of supra-segmental edacious transcendence — the making of symbolic ceremonials parts of a rite may violate symbolic consistency: the objective correlative, if I may mix disciplines for the moment, does not quite match what the mythopoetic drives of the innovators called for.)

### Rigid Rites

Of course, there are speciously rigid initiation rites of ascetic denial and self-abnegation which follow the Library ceremonial, so that I must qualify my earlier assertion that the boy is almost guaranteed security once he enters the charmed half-circle. But I have classed these further steps of initiation as degenerate forms—translational synecdoches, as Locker-Lampson first termed them in 1891—of once meaningful acts of preparation for adulthood. We have all observed, for instance, that in some surviving cultures, a boy must demonstrate his ability to withstand severe pain; he will need this stoic self-discipline later, during the very real pains of the hunt. The essential feature of most tribal initiations is that one is tested on a quality or qualities that will afterward be needed when one becomes a fully accredited member of the group.

But in the subject-group under study here, the boy is asked to steal chickens from the coops of farmers who have been forewarned that someone is going to be stealing their chickens; he is asked to interview socially prominent or otherwise interesting young women on the campus and gather assorted garments to prove contact with the interviewee; he is asked to find his way back from strange places (usually within two or three hundred yards of his life-long home, although this may still present something of a challenge to these boys) without money or directions; he is asked to learn the names of the other sodalities, the names of his leaders and other members, his fraternity (sodality) song, the school song, and other banalities. Then, if he has mastered these challenges, he is accepted into the group (after a final, formal ceremony I will discuss in a moment) and may take part in the group activities which are familiar to my readers and which, with the exception of the interviewing requirement, show remarkably slight correlation — approximately .00001—with the acts of initiation.

Once or twice a year I return from lunch to find, beneath the Museum windows, a line of boys waiting to enter the side door of the Library. This thin trickle of people emerges after undergoing some conversion inside the Library, from the door on the opposite side of the building. One by one, at intervals, the boys are received into a half-circle of cheerful, perhaps anxious, onlookers who are standing on the lawn and driveway next to the Library. Small groups within this semi-circle are marked off by hats or jackets or other suitable fetishes serving to identify them. I know very little about the mechanics of this—Margaret Mead would not be happy with my sloppy field work—but I believe that the emerging candidate signifies his alignment with a particular group by dutifully trotting over to it. He is accepted with glad tries of ego-gratification, masked as gestures of welcome, friendship, fellowship, and group pride. I think, Miss Mead, that an individual may receive, inside the mystery of the Library, probably at some little desk or table that has thus far escaped my attention and not been appropriated to the Museum, more than one "bid" — as the device is known — from the sodalities which sponsor this ceremony. In the groups waiting outside, no one knows just which group a particularly popular or socially valuable boy is going to join; but in any event, his security is almost guaranteed once he selects any of the groups.

### Process Symbolic

As I see the whole process, the movement into the library is clearly symbolic: the candidates are moving away from the uncertainty, potential illness and infirmity represented by Sprinkle Hall, the Infirmary, on the southeast side of the "lodge" (as we might term the Library), through (pausing very briefly, I want to stress) the symbolic Library, the repository of accumulated knowledge and wisdom, and out into the semi-circle waiting at the other side of the building—do you see it?—representing the return to the womb. (I apologize for the shopworn character of this conclusion.) The passage through the



Hudnut sits independently of the group.

tion, which have demonstrated, if they have demonstrated anything, only that the candidate is completely and blindly committed to entering the security of the group, regardless how much debasement he is called upon to accept. Final and rather extreme acts of self-abnegation are required of the boys in the formal initiatory rites: here the candidates, I am informed, are sometimes made to file blindfolded into a darkened room, then awakened to a dim (I will insist: it fits my thesis) light provided by candles, made to kneel before their betters and pledge lifelong fidelity to group, country, and God, probably in that order, and, after the administration of a number of other calculated insults, allowed to rise, pinned, knighted, betrothed, plighted; i.e., in my interpretation, victims of a classic pattern of infinite regression.

### Losses Meaning

One of the most interesting things in this whole faintly amusing situation, as I survey it in my naiveive from behind my Human Relations Area File, Human Relations Area File Outline in hand, Kroeber, Hallowell,

Linton, Mead, and others by my side, is that once this intracultural situation—the college life—is ended, by graduation or other terminating device, the sodality has no meaning whatsoever. Oddly, when the graduate issues from the gymnasium one June day, he issues as a lone, single, individual human being; the fraternal group does not enter the new life as a unit. When the long ache of experience now touches the fraternity brother, it touches him alone, and he is alone. However, I observe no slackening of interest in the joining of these groups, and I conclude that there may be a larger pattern I have overlooked: it is that the outgoing brother will soon attach himself to some other group going under some other title; the arts of self-abnegation, personal abasement, ability to compromise, etc., which he has been trained in at the college level, will not be lost if he can make the transition rapidly enough. It bears out the anthropological generalization: No system of ceremonials is ever completely meaningless, although it may look that way at first glance.



## In Our Mailbox . . .

**Ed. Note:** Letter received by Thomas Miller of Stanford brother of Dr. Eugene) who had helped Tomato San (of Okinawa) to make a trip to this country.

Deal Honorable Doctol Millel, You pleased learn of me invading American College. Her called Hon. Ulsinus. Me rive at Hon. Collige after suppel Wednesday. Met Hon. biotl, Doctol Eugene Millel, who most polite showed me aloud campus. Saw excelsior-housecalled gym. Many boys lun like mad, look mad, thlow ball away into ballelhoop with fish net hanging. Whole theatrefilled with onlookels. These continually hoot and hul-lah meaning banzal.

Six pletty geisha in red-yellow velly short kimono run out together yell fight team fight, beat Swalthmole! Twopolice blow shilll wistle all time. Man in front yell "wamalla, you blind?" Hon. polce pay no heed. One man lope up flool like animal, tall thin man dop ball through ballelhoop like egg into bld nest, geisha go wild. all Hir-oshima bleak loose. Clowd pass- es out. all ladiate joy, except two wearing garinet sweater! look sad. Doctol Millel take me to Hon. Liblaly. many table, many books, many male and female. female look at books, male look at females. Doctol Millel inform: "mole than usual students in

liblaly, terlm paper! due." I ask what mean terlm paper! He leply 2 kinds; one is copy flom flaternity brothel, othel is copy flom en cy clo pe di a Bri tan ic a. Hon assistant in Histoly department glade alllike, D.

Next visit female hotel, her name Hon. Paisley Hall. Stlange view, in leception loom gloops of two in exotic wiestling and judo positions including illegal stangle hold. At home me white-belt judo champion, so me appoach in chlistian split and communi-cate: maybe me help illustlate superliol hold. Hon. female look distlessed, Hon. male say "Selam". Hon. Millel inform "no worly, no stlangulation, just be-coming acquainted, way-step like in wrestling to be pinned."

Next meet larige man with Hon. mustache. Doctol Millel say "Tomato San, meet our Plesident Doctol Hellfellich. Hon. He say "Gladameecha. Nagasaki?" I lespond "thank you, no; no dlink saki." Hon. he guffaw. Hon. Doctol Millel guffaw. Dean Lothenbeigel stick head out of doorl and say "What mean this raucous geiffawsin selene ple-cincts of Paisley." Therleupon all males remove themselves quick like big-shot Sophomole and head towald Hon. clip late drug stole.

Me like American collige; plan enloil. Sin cer ly, Tomato San.



Students laugh at faculty apathy which requires this picture.



The Happy Philosopher

### EDITORIAL

## Come on, Girls!

An Editorial: Gerald H. Hinkle

Under the heading, "Freshmen Women Receive UC colors, Learn Meaning," an article appeared in the March 8 issue of the URSINUS WEEKLY which sent chills racing up the spines of campus historians and (reportedly) caused rumblings beneath the soil at the Bomberger grave site behind Trinity Church. Dazzled by candlelight and bemused by an atmosphere of great solemnity, innocent freshmen of the fairer sex (if you excuse the expression!) listened in blissful ignorance to an extraordinary account of their Alma Mater's heritage.

They were told, the article related, that the Reformed Church in AMERICA was the denomination which fostered the infant institution in 1869. But that denomination was of Dutch Reformed background, and quite independent of the 19th century Reformed Church in THE UNITED STATES, the GERMAN and SWISS Reformed communion which did indeed trace its origins to Ursinus at Heidelberg and did in fact play a part in the founding of Ursinus College. In the same breath it was suggested to the unsuspecting freshmen women that the parent denomination (whatever its name was!) "received a charter to establish Ursinus College," when at the time a devastating theological controversy raged throughout the eastern half of the Reformed Church in the United States, a controversy which forced the founding fathers of Ursinus College to obtain THEIR OWN CHARTER from the State of Pennsylvania. More than a decade after 1869 Ursinus gained official recognition as an institution of the parent denomination. This is not "dirty linen;" this is pure and simple fact, well accounted for in Ursinus College's favor by students of that era.

Having confused the historical perspective sufficiently on THIS side of the Atlantic, the Junior hostesses next turned the freshmen's attention to the continent where, to the surprise of campus historians, they proceeded to appoint Zacharius Ursinus to the PRESIDENCY of Heidelberg University. How he would have cherished that honor! How unfortunate that some four hundred years earlier no one in Heidelberg thought of elevating the humble Master of the University's COLLEGIUM SAPIENTIAE to such an exalted, executive position! Shame on old Elector Frederick William III of Heidelberg, that it was left to 20th century Juniors at Ursinus College to bestow the presidency on one "who died at the age of 49—(having) sacrificed his life to defending his religious beliefs—" (whatever THAT means—certainly not the burning-at-the-stake it implies!)

Come on, girls! If you take Color Day seriously, as I believe you do (and for which I commend you heartily), why not get the facts straight? The Ursinus story, both here and on the continent, is a proud and thrilling one. It deserves to be told.

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# Admissions Office Spring 1960

by J. R. Cameron

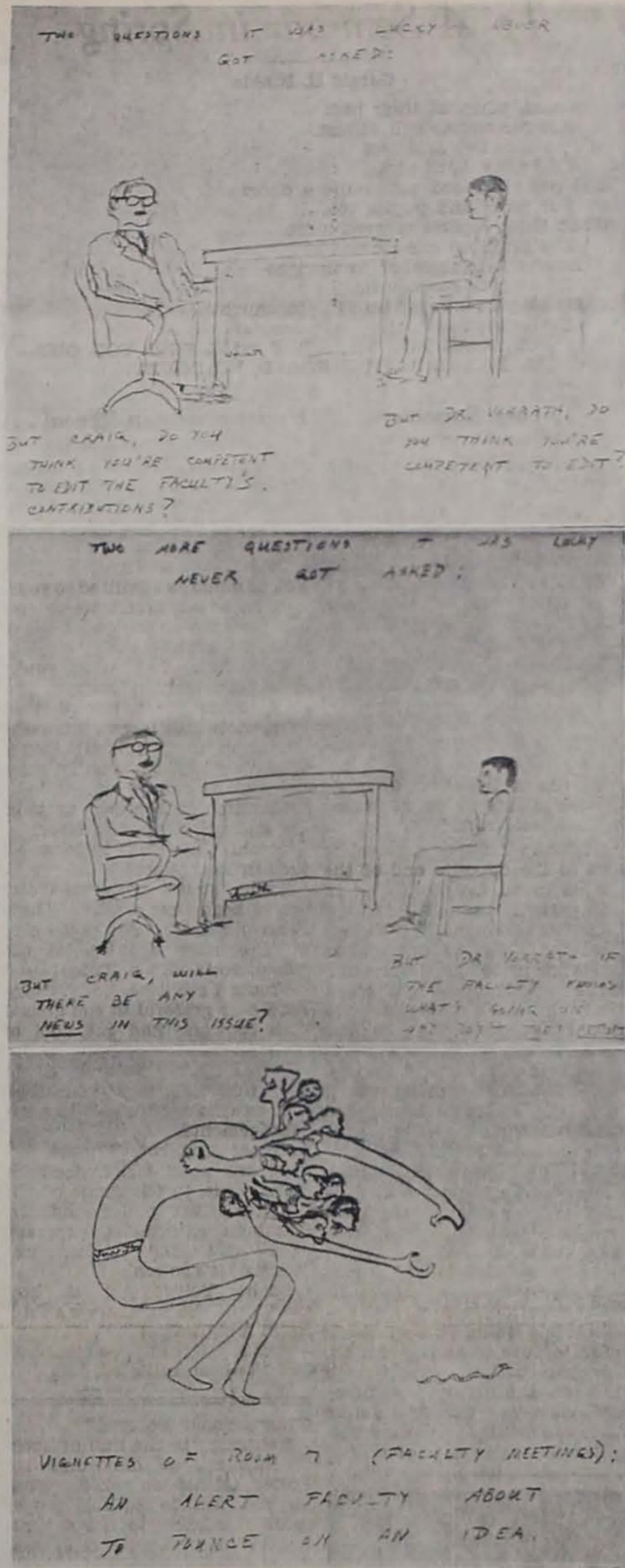
He smiled. She modeled well her stylish gown. Blond, five foot six, from Trevoze, Elkins Park or Jenkintown Or was it Feasterville? T'would do as well. Or Glenside, Wyncote, Spring House, or Blue Bell. These were top-fifth suburbs of repute. No girl from them would smoke a black cheroot Or swear—at least before the Dean of Women— Or wantonly stab holes in table linen. A phys-ed type and, if you could believe her, Unimpressed with both Swarthmore and Beaver. She had not really thought to try Bryn Mawr. Why hitch your wagon to a shooting star? The hitching might not hold and if come loose T'would drop you sort of in the pickle juice.

Again Admissions's face broke out a smile, "Mz Stover please, Jane Spiffy's file." "And now, Miss Spiffy, let us seek a room— (The thought produced the merest touch of gloom, Since in the cavernous Romanesqueish pile There was no spot except along the aisle In which could well be held an interview Without Tom, Dick, and Harry in full view.)

Into room twelve led on our gallant knight Scattering professors left and right. One cubicle was empty, Heavenly manna; To this he ushered in the blond Diana. "Aha, Miss Spiffy, here's an unused bower Where we may scrutinize your mental power," Admissions then put on his best grin, With which he welcomed little fishes in. "Now, let's see, your verbal aptitude, Really not too high" (he seemed to brood) "500 is our median you know, three hundred twenty is a trifle low. You find orthography and syntax hard? Well, let's see what else is on your card."

Not to dispel of wisdom the illusion She held her teeth in very close occlusion As though an ox had trod upon her tongue, She persevered in silence; and as young And innocent of guile and fresh she looked As any rainbow trout was ever hooked In swirling Miramichi wildly foaming Or crystal-clear pellucid Perkiomen. Just then Admissions spied on lower line A point that made his inner light to shine, Although his outer self remained sedate So judgment would not seem precipitate. "I note, Miss Spiffy, you're adept at tennis; National Junior Champion, 1959, at Venice California. Very good indeed! Your skills are just precisely what we need. Our tennis team's a pretty hot potato What with Heffelfinger and Le Cato. But when they graduate what will we do? I think the answer is apparent — you. And by the time you've got through Freshman History Your first serve should be positively blistering." She blushed becomingly at all the praise And murmured something pleasantly of days Looking more and more like Spring, When she could hear again her tennis racket sing.

"Now your language. I'm sure we'll work that out. There are so many courses hereabout, And our professors though they may look fruity Have almost all of them an eye for beauty. And if some subject causes consternation, There's Ec., Lit. 22, Music Appreciation." She smiled her thanks; he smiled back his approval, As she with grace effected her removal. Reluctantly he bade 'the fair' farewell And turned: Mz. Stover, will you please ring Miss Snell. "Hello, Eleanor; it's Lloyd. Jane Spiffy's in." "Oh goody! Now our team will win And beat those ogeresses as of yore From Temple, Stroudsburg, Beaver, and Swarthmore. And if we admit some more like she Soon Haverford will sue on bended knee." Admissions, satisfied, hung up receiver, Reached from the hook his jaunty feathered beaver. "Come, Geoff, me boy; 't's about 4:30 or such; A good day's work. Let's to th' Kaffee Klatch."



VIGNETTES OF ROOM 7 (FACULTY MEETINGS):  
AN ALERT FACULTY ABOUT TO DANCE ON AN IDEA.

## Grammarians' Funeral . . .

(Continued from page 1)

Even college professors confuse good and well. If a woman feels badly, she should really say bad, But that could well mean she's immoral, my lad. Away with the comma, the period — such tarsh Is now quite outmoded! All hail to the dash. Why bother to learn the subjunctive mood; There are easier ways to get money and food. Because "Though it be not" has real snobbish taint, Most of my students prefer to use ain't. I'm surprised at him doing it, or his, should I say It's much too late now. He's learned it his way. If your girl friend distinguishes better from best, For two or more things, you have a sure test: My advice to you, then, is: Give her the gate Before you get married and find it's too late. Alumni, not — ae are men — O! well From the looks of some; it's quite hard to tell. The learned associate common enthuse With the unwashed majority, who also say youse. So this study of grammar, precise meaning of words You can give back to the profs. It's all for the birds! Today, if you try to choose the right word, Your English will sound too affected, absurd. And what use can there be for literate prose If you speak in a language nobody knows?

# Sniper's Niche

by Donald Baker

Now that the winter sports season has drawn to a close, an appropriate time presents itself for a brief appraisal of the athletic accomplishments of the season.

In the opinion of this writer, the weakness of the basketball team resulted from two difficulties which nagged the players all season. One was the lack of height. Other schools have been stretching their players for several years now, but apparently this new technique is not yet understood by the nineteenth century, soccer-ball-into-a-peach-basket style that governs our play here. Yet the apparatus needed is simple enough: a tree, a tractor (or even a horse), some rope, and most important, the new stretching lotion. Dr. Staiger informs us that the latter can be made up cheaply. The active ingredients are parabromeacetophenone, curare, and the juice of the common salsify (Tragopogon porrifolius).

The player's feet are bound firmly to the tree, his limbs and torso annointed generously with the lotion, traction applied to the upper end. This will invariably produce an elongation of several inches. The height of one player, in fact, to whom a John Deere "Longmaster" was attached, was increased by seven and three-eighths inches. A greater extension could no doubt have been reached had not the upper end come off at the collar button. (He afterward went around with his head in the air as if he were some deity.)

The other, and perhaps even more serious deficiency, was the failure to put the ball inside and not outside the rim. Here again the techniques and laws of physics involved are simple but seem not to be understood by our coach.

Turning to the wrestlers, after consultation with several informed Deans, I have learned that the trouble lies in the mats. These are of an antiquated model. They spread flat and lifeless on the floor, quite without "umph". Some of them try hard but just do not seem to have the bounce of the mats at colleges like Leahi and Gettysberg. Maybe these matters are relatively minor. I have some relative miners myself up in Carbon County; some of them are bruising hustlers too, but Admissions won't let them in because they have verbals in the 200's.

Why doesn't this college shake off its apathy and realize that we are living in the space age, and these boys have plenty of space,—between the ears? How does the administration expect us to turn out Herculeases and Antaeuses worthy to compete against colleges of our class like Temple and Oklahoma, if they won't admit a few rugged boys and spend a few bucks for livelier mats?

I suppose with our reactionary set-up it's no use suggesting other improvements such as coeds on the wrestling team. Even the backwards Russians have lady astronauts and women in their merchant marine. If we had a few on our team, even the non-sorority types could get pinned, and the fellows would be encouraged to carry their ideals to the mat.

Some Skwalker



Ursinus bear expresses appreciation to those faculty members who did contribute to this issue.

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# Campus Song: Addendum

By a non-Ursinus graduate on the present faculty — naturally!

The second stanza of the Ursinus Alma Mater is deserving of a long overdue revision. While the little old ladies in tennis shoes and their tottering escorts among our alumni doubtless derive great satisfaction from singing it, the stanza in question is well-nigh meaningless to twentieth century members of the college community. It has become an oddment, a bit of memorabilia designed only for those whose student days at Ursinus predate the First World War.

Ask any coed what the term, **Olevian**, signifies in that stanza, and she is as likely to slap your face as she is to supply you with a definitive answer. How could it be otherwise? Olevian Hall (a women's dormitory) stood where Pfahler Hall stands today; and contemporary coeds are not likely to seek out our science building when contemplating "fun, games, fellowship, and sleep" (contary to reports issuing from Dr. Howard's laboratory sections!).

By the same token the term, **Dog House**, also discoverable in that meaningless stanza, signifies nothing to the Ursinus male of our era. He is apt to think of it (if he thinks of it at all) as the kind of "dog house" fraternities like Demas are "in" currently. What can he know of its D.H. (divinity hall) connotation for former pre-theological students?

Needless to say, substitute lyrics are in order. The possibilities include: "from the East Wing to the Jail House" and "from Memorial to the Cow Palace."

No doubt still others suggest themselves to readers.

In event one of several campus organizations might well sponsor an Alma Mater Revision Contest on behalf of that obscure second stanza. Should such a context materialize, a fitting prize might be the inclusion of the winner's name in the title of the mammoth field house planned for groundbreaking at Ursinus College in 2065.

# Dear Ursala: Advice Column

by Donald Baker



Ursala

Dear Ursala,

What is the proper salutation for the gelatinous lemon dessert served up recently?

— Anemia

Dear Anemia,

When you see it coming shimmering scintillatingly in its little dish, bellow: Hello, yellow jello. This will cause the waitress to drop the dish. Do not use your fork for recovering it from the floor. This is not done in the best dining rooms.

— Ursala

Dear Ursala,

My boy-friend is a member of the wrestling squad and keeps trying out various holds on me, especially the half-nelson. How can I escape?

Snellbell

Dear Snellbell,

The hold you mention is indeed a difficult one to elude. I would suggest that a slight wiggle northeasterly would bring your face near his and a quick sharp bit on his nose is likely to provide an effective escape. The strength of your bite will determine the distance and duration of the consequent rift between you.

— Ursala

Dear Ursala,

How do I pass History 2?

Effenda

Dear Effenda,

Must you? Washington and Lincoln went down in history too.

— Ursala

# To A Seminar in Spring

Gerald H. Hinkle

Seminars, when at their best, Are sometimes dull affairs. Add to this the acid test Of balmy April airs, And you are faced with quite a chore For profs and pupils, too, When three reports or even more Are given on one view. O, how to look absorbed in thought Of deepest consequence, When all your effort's brought to naught By Springtime's sights and scents? BUT, FEAR NOT THE PROF WILL FIND YOU OUT— HE, TOO, IS RATHER BORED, NO DOUBT!

## Roving Reporter

(Continued from page 1)

your discoveries?" He replied; "Aside from the mermaid at Key Large, whom I hesitate to mention for fear that it would strain your credulity to the breaking point, as she indeed strained the sardine net in which she was captured, I would mention a tiny organism allied to the nematodes, which I named Schultzoidea Barthii. It exhibits the amazing capacity, when firmly attached to the mastoid process of the female homo sapiens var, physeda, to produce a slight rise in the curve of mental energy output as measured by encephalogram."

From the halls of science we went to the opposite end of the campus found Dr. Yost, pipe in hand, looking thoughtfully at a Stechert's catalogue. We bluntly asked for his views on possible improvement to the library. His answer: "You have hit on a point of great moment. We should approach it from the point of view of an early scholar — was it Erasmus? — who wrote that, in rags as he was, if he should get some money, he would buy some books and then some clothes. I regret, (continued Dr. Yost) that a new dining hall had priority over a new library. What we desperately need are some small and soundproof rooms with comfortable divans where students could pursue their intellectual interests without distraction, where the appointments would be such as to invite to reverie and invention. How can one be expected to carry on a sparkling conversation vis-a-vis one bunnyfille when surrounded by unimaginatively bound stolid rows of

## Upper classmen Reveal . . .

(Continued from page 1)

see it all now, but more importantly, to feel — down here — Soph: There you are, see? Sen: Aren't you disillusioning the poor fellow?

Soph: But it's true, isn't it? You as much as admitted so yourself. After all, aren't we in college for the sole purpose of learning truth?

Sen: Hmmm, I guess you're right. We learned that in our logic course. If the truth is that everyone's indifferent, then the only way to fight indifference is to deny truth. Obviously, since the end of college education is truth, then indifference must be the end of college education.

Frosh: Wow, did you learn all that in four years?

Soph: That's nothing. Wait! you've been here a while. There is an old song: "You gotta skip a little, slide a little, let the whole world slip a little —"

Frosh: I see it perfectly. Golly, am I ever grateful to you guys. I wish someone had got hold of me sooner.

Soph: Think nothing of it, any time. Perhaps you have friends who need upperclass encouragement?

Frosh: You bet. What I feel now, and shall feel henceforth, so help me, in the name of the Bursitus alma mater and the freshman exhortation program, is, is — this wonderful inner unconcern. It's so real.

Soph: You've got it, boy, you've got the sophomore shingles in a big way.

Frosh: Thank goodness. At last I've been initiated.

## Congressional Records.

Returning to the hall of liberal learning, we discovered Dr. Foster. Of her we asked, "What do you feel to be the proper form of address to a lady professor?" Her cryptic reply was "Shakespeare presents Portia addressed as: my gentle queen, Madame, dear lady, and sweet doctor; take your pick."

In attempting to search out others of the faculty, your Roving Reporter was met by two responses: "Sorry, I'm teaching evening school tonight" or "Sorry, I'm busy writing articles for the Weekly."

# Greek Gleanings

by Donald Baker

Well kiddos, Boaz has deserted me, so poor Ruth has to shuffle around the field picking up the leavings. Here they are, more straw than grain, and wet straw at that.

## Ape Chow

Congrats to Bobby Baker on his detection. Nice going Bob and Daisy. The brothers all want to thank B. Sol Estes for the gala week-end at Launch Pad. Have you recovered yet Don? Rick really tied on the feed bag; devorathed seven deviled eggs and ten Petit fours, all washed down with some really swell swill. Whatya bet that he was on all fours later? The proctor had a reception for him and we don't mean Proctor and Gamble, ivory-head.

## Hi Phi

Did those rushees take it on the lam? Well I guess. Belle and Tongue make a smooth combo, eh, Ringer? Hi Phi offers its congrats to the following members of the class of '67 who pledged Hi Phi: Don Tlook, Lee High, Bill Collector, Balder Dash, Tommy Aker, Bub Eely, Drug Addict, and Zip Code. Smart choice fellows! See ya at the nex' TGMTWThF. A little bird says that Alka Seltz is "settin' up" in Stauffer reception with Tommy Aker's older brother, Head (Swarthmoor '52).

## Phish Rho

Congrats to Ron on his election as Third Vice-Chairman of the Committee to Consider the Place of Meeting of Kaffee Klatsch. The schizophrenic Jasper has jumped the gun on the spring pinning season. Two in one week is pretty smooth work; one at Beaver and one here. Have they met? March is a wild month: we know a coed who believes in polyandry.

## Mu Mu

Hi cats. Any fur flying this week? Only your hairdresser nose and it's turned up. What a bash in the Student Union last Thurs. and were the sisters all there! Well, not quite all there. Helen was in seventh heaven. The shampain flowed like gold-water. Mu Mu wishes to congratulate the following for joining Mu Mu: Mila Rhoads, Jemima Holyerhand, Ida Clare, Constance Noyes, Philla Stein, Su Kanall, and Su Perior, all '67. A smooth bunch! Welcome gals! Don't try to kid us Gail and Lucy. We know that sharp looking tan is Ft. Sunlamp, not Ft. Lauderdale. Was Winny surprised at the Chi Cago dinner when

her cute shy date was asked by Muff if he liked cheese and he said, "yup, but I like cheesecake even better". Ich liebe Dick von Lieber. Once a Whitian, always a Whitian.

## Nu Pi

Chris, just back from a year at Witwatersrand U. says that down there they have a chapter of the same frat only spelled Gnu Pi. What's more, the boys actually eat it; it's not too different from the Freeland beef pie. Which reminds us, the charge for board is going up again next year. So maybe they'll serve those chewey bomburgers less often. Wonder what they'll do then with all those obsolete bomb casings they're grinding up and using now. Well, it can't be any worse than another institootion of hire lurning where they serve Muleburgers. Let's cut the gastro-nomic jazz and throw congrats to Muddy; he finally got his Wish. Good fox-hunting this March! See y'all at the Albatross.

## Gamma Re

The successful mixer with Mu Mu was highlighted by a lost contact lens. The retina which became detached was found stuck to Linda's cornea. Eyeball to eyeball it was. The victim should see Dr. Fletcher and get some Castoria. Children love it. That was a good one on the Ape Crow foursome who were out walking on (or near) Eighth Ave. Friday night and fell into that new cellar excavation. Sort of pitted dates. That joke's like the dirty window pane—you couldn't see through it. Who put the gin in Ginny? Ask Cookie about the bath-tub splash party at the Moose.

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