
dent and coney

By FRANK DENT and
DON CONEY

Don't be grumpy . . . if you
were . . .

Don't be elated . . . if you
were . . .

We're not gone forever.

We were walking back to the
dorms two weeks ago on one of
the new mosaic sidewalks (we
saw them setting in the rocks
one by one . . . that's where our
money goes) and flakking Rice
G.'s when suddenly we stepped
off into a yawning abyss and
disappeared for two weeks.

TAKE HEED THEREFORE:

The sidewalks are just another
administrative attempt to break
the curves. These arty new
pseudo-highways seemingly lead
exactly where you want to go,
then, just short of your goal,
they abruptly stop in a seething
mud pit.

Anyway here's what happened
to us . . . we fell in.

WE were finally saved from
grimy death by a college insur-
ance salesman who made us pro-
mise to buy his new policy that
was set up to cover injuries due

to falling off the sidewalk. Act-
ually the Administration gets
two-thirds of income from all
policies sold. Money is used to
build more sidewalk death traps.

And now GOODBYE as we
roar away and try to forget the
Commons Tea, The Ten Tests
scheduled for 8 am Monday, the
. . . oh hell . . . just forget.

S.T.F.O.H. (to be explained).