coney and dent

By DON CONEY and FRANK DENT

LAST ANNOUNCEMENT... TWENTY-ONE days to the end, as in WOW! well, well, well, hell... it’s the last of all possible dent and... NO! For The Last Time It’ll be Coney and Dent. After (Too Many) and a Half years of girp, gorp, snarf, scrod, rondbarb, ronderetch, rondelet (how did that get in here?), and “Of course, I’m in OWLS aren’t I?,” we managed to survive without going on pantypo, parkytkypro, cone-y-pro, or thinking-evil-things-about-the-rulers-in-Lovett-Hall-pro.

“Because”

We wish to take this last opportunity to bow and scrape in the direction of the G.O.D. Adm. (Grand Old Dean and the you know what) Lovett Hall for two irrereplaceable contributions to our vocabulary... “We hope this doesn’t inconvenience you” and “Because...” After all our sage advice they still do as they dam well please... and so do the Rice Studs.

The Parking lot is still miles away; every day in every way we’re getting more and more tickets; and we still don’t know Why The Chimes Rang.

At any rate we’ll have one more fling at advice... First:

TO THE FRESHMEN: at the end of this year, please realize you can’t make it (the grade, your date, anything); Go to T.U. or T.S.U. Even if you pass, it’s just another adm. trick to get you back so you can be flunked NEXT year.

TO THE SOPHOMORES: Your grades might be good enough to get you into U of H anyhow. Just because you already have a suave date for Rondelet your Senior Year, don’t think you’re becoming a social lion... the adm. will probably schedule all five of your finals at 8:00 am on the first of all possible exam days so you’ll have to start studying for them three weeks in advance. And there you’ll be, walking into those finals a pre-Dean’s Lister walking out a Pro Dean’s Lister and trapped in this hole forever... You didn’t pass, you spassed.

TO THE JUNIORS: Now your grades are so bad you can’t possibly go anywhere else... in fact, you’ll probably stay in this class forever so forget it all and Live! Live! Live! Bug Date, Drop Freshman Girls. Run for office! If you get elected stay away from any Student Scenter... especially if you are a doughnut. wow. boola. boola.

TO THE SENIORS: Contrary to adm. propaganda a Rice degree means nothing. (When your grade average is a IV—nobody will hire you)... unless of course you want to rearrange grass pats, lay sidewalks, put in water mains, dig up sidewalks, plot new ingenious locations for student sprinklers and speak Spanish, you are welcome. If not, you are perfectly welcome to start over as a freshman.

The Truth About $1928.38
Since our days are nearly thru here, the dear old adm. finally released the accurate 100% correct figures to us on the $1928.38 investment in each student:

$.35 Gasoline expense for Mr. Dims to get to Gripe Night Forum.

$6.00 Playboy subscription for Cohen House.

$7.12 Guano Solvent for William Marsh Rice’s Statue, for Blue Ink used in printing covers and lines of test booklets.

$.662.78 a. for hand-thinned, hand-combed, hand-cleaned, and hand-planted grass pats which will be replaced every month in order that Inst. rabbits (many of which have become ill from eating commons garbage) may have soft, damp, fresh food.

b. for imported Japanese modern gold-plated lawn sprinklers. Mud-Making Beetles
c. for imported hybrid afghan mud-making beetles which keep the ground at the proper oozing temperature for the incubation of three million anopheles mosquitoes imported from Monagrona City, Brazil.

$1000.13 for the special tiny Pomeranian Pimprenel Pebbles (that strengthen our sidewalks) imported at great inconvenience (Continued on Page 6)
CONEY...

(Continued from Page 5)

from the top of Mount Everest by Dolly Llama and two native Yeti who failed Math 100 (one of whom fell off the mountain and on the way down screamed "Because!" twice.)

Total: $1928.38 (joy.)

And so, we "30" happily ever after with this cheery poem borrowed from the prison paper at Huntsville:

How do we know our youth is spent?

Our get-up-and-go has got up and went.

Nevertheless, we have to grin

When we think of where our get-up-and-go has been.

Barf, forever . . . . . . . .