No inSecurity to mar Rice mud flat; Campus roads like Alcan Highway

By NIBROC

The Rice University mudflat, or lacking rain, the dustbowl, lives again. As the targets of higher education returned to their quarters last week, they undoubtedly noticed some changes and felt the absence of others promised by the administration, hereafter referred to as “They.”

Many a Wiess man found his car travelling along a newly seeded road between the west wing and the tennis courts; two cars belonging to Baker upper-classmen were hoisted from the gigantic pit in the kitchen lot, and one lucky male, after a rather abrupt descent, found that he could drive his sports model through the tunnel and exit at the opposite, and yet unfinished, end, unsathed. And so why, might we ask, are the machines still busily buzzing at 7:30 am?

As it turns out They had some grave problems with the foundation of the American system, the determiners of the price of milk, the labor forces of the highest order: the diggers of the ditch, hereafter referred to as “Them.” Clearly, Them wanted more money to put in what They wanted for us, hereafter referred to as Us. And the rest is a sort of history.

Them always win; He sees to that; They always botch anything; and three-fourths of the male Us is still hot, i.e., not cool like Baker.

But there are other problems which have been so expertly created.

The gnomes are having their annual pillow fights and mattress grabs, but have not yet learned the art of the mop and sponge.

The roads both on and off campus have taken on a surface very similar to the Alcan Highway; and when the “Assistant Officer of Campus Security” proclaims, “I will not tolerate” whatever he may choose to add, including the enforcement of campus speed limits (there are such things?), he really is serious.

But fear not, he has been tested and easily can be outdistanced by anyone possessing even minimal knowledge of the ten speed bike. It has been found that he values his flashing red light so much that he will rarely be seen doing much above forty miles per.

It seems that Brown and Jones girls coming in much after 11 pm will be required to shoot off flares to announce their return to the “Assistant Officer of Campus Security,” who will then deftly leave the rest of the campus unguarded to throw open the appropriate doors.

In short, the old proverb, “There are going to be some changes made,” has again been followed. And true to form, Lovett Hall has thought them all through, and still instigated them. So when you find yourself and your date parked suddenly in a tunnel, stuck at 3 am in the Brown parking lot without a flare, or caught at the end of a newly created dead-end street, make the best of it. But watch for the white Plymouth with the sacred red light bearing the “Assistant Officer of Campus Security.” He won’t tolerate even the best.