Subversion, Perversion; These Are Our People

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Thresher Columnists

So! The freshmen are here and everything seems so green (upper class girls are seeing red, of course). After shuttering our way through the Horatio Alger types and the Twixt Twelve and Twenty devotees (the administration in a stunning move has recruited the entire panel of Youth Wants To Know ... some kind of wierd competition with the athletic department) we got down to the real freshmen ... you know, 18 years of bitterness culminated in frustrated intellectualism.

These are our people ... like the guys who are trying to revaluate themselves (assert their masculinity and virility) by finding identity in their beannies. The girls, of course, have that age old problem ... how can I get a boy to love me for myself rather than just because I look like his mother? (Remember, girls, chastity is merely the over-emphasis of sex!)

No Minorities Here
But on with our discussion, which as you know is in the interests of our continual fight against radicalism and subversion on campus. Needless to say, a great institution such as ours cannot have minority groups ... after all, we're all here compliments of poverty so we must stick together.

The freshmen, who haven't been orientated into our great American way of life as yet, must be checked on various degrees of liberalism which they might have picked up from the beatniks in California or the choir boys in New York (incidentally, New York is also the home of East Coast Jazz ... that is, any record without Shorty Rogers.)

TRB's Did Travel
In further studies, we quizzed some of our globe girdling compadries. This travel business has disastrous results. For although Rice people are very well adjusted ... like, you know, we know how to study ... we found that rather than coming back with eager faces ready to live new lives in the cosmopolitan society at Rice ... 100% said:

1.) “I would rather go to Disneyland than here!”
2.) “I can’t fight it, so shut up and drink your beer!”
3.) “I’ll cry if you mention Rice and the outside together again!”

Look Homeward, Angel
However these replies were fortunately balanced by the old hands who seemed fairly glad to see the grind begin again ... This, of course, is our own translation of their rather primitive four letter Anglo-Saxon vocabulary which was hardly printable. We caught them sitting on the grass trying to look collegiate and having the typical intellectual conversations ... like, ever wonder where people in hell tell each other to go?

So it's all begun again, a new class of freshmen are here ... actually the last feast of Bel-chazzar with Math 100 doing the writing on the wall ... and the rest of us just sucking it up and casting an occasional fond glance toward Austin and the life that might have been.