
By RALPH WEAVER and MIKE GEIS

As some of you more observant puppets may have noticed after attending class for two weeks, talk is cheap! However, we, in our search for the holy grail of intellectual honesty, found a few freshmen who still speak the king's English.

Like:

"Do you neck?"
"That's my business."
"Ah, at last a professional!"

"Why doesn't he ever take you to the movies anymore?"
"Well, once last month it rained and we stayed home?"

History Professor: "Who was the first man?"
Coed, blushing: "I'd rather not say!"

But now on to the vast inner-workings of our school. Flash: The executive committee is working with the administration to break all tradition and establish a Rice chapter of the Nu Alpha Alpha Chi Pi. This is to be Rice's first fraternity ... It is common money called the N.A.A.C.P. ... which means: The National Association for the Advancement of Cheating and Profanity. The profanity around here ... which is how we came to be considered as a future chapter, is of the most excellent variety.

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We had hoped for some comments on it by some of the Masters' wives, but after talking to their kids we saw that there was no need. They said @&&!&@! ... which proves that those little tricycles really get around.

The cheating, however, is really in bad shape. What is the matter? Some of you aren't trying. Come on, turn in your roommate. They do it in Russia ... why not here? After bribing that famous gray-haired movie star, now in the Student Memorial Center with the names of those who had not paid their S.M.C. fees ... mostly architects and religion majors, we were admitted to the Honor Council's inquisition chamber. Expose ... there is dust on the heretic seat.

Now, suck it up and tote that barge. And, remember now,

Beer cans or bottle caps
Orgies or grind
Life or the Institute
Make up your mind.