LAST PROSE OF SUMMERS

How To Wage War On Administration

By ED SUMMERS

'Right now we are going to tell how to wage war with the Administration. For some years (46, to be exact), the favorite activity on this campus has been to throw hot, dry sand into the ugly face of a mythical but inherently evil configuration entitled "the Administration." The reason people will give you for doing this is that "the Administration" was doing it to others when they came here, and anyway, they are profs and have it coming to them. The real reason is to have a good time.

Set Up A Howl

Having a good time means you must not win the war, but only carry it on indefinitely. If it looks like you are winning you must let up a little; if you are losing you set up a howl about student's rights and antagonize your professors and write letters to this newspaper.

We are not sure about the positive merits of this activity but we have watched it for three years and currently possess a slight knowledge of the techniques involved. Here is a brief summary.

Pick An Issue

Pick an issue. The main qualification of the issue is that it be as insignificant as possible. If it is important, it is better settled by other methods.

A good example of an issue is the roadblock which stood across the road by the chemistry building when we were freshmen (notice the awkward construction of this sentence). Only cardiac patients in the last stages of decay were truly harmed by this roadblock, whose purpose was to keep the public from using the campus roads as a Main-Rice shortcut.

Remember the Roadblock! Everybody had a merry time with the roadblock, and the second rule of student-faculty warfare was observed—nobody does anything at all about an issue during the second year. This way it is prolonged, and by solving the problem during the summer—as was done in this case by dropping the roadblock—nobody claims a victory.

This rule was broken when the new parking regulations were announced. Nobody wanted to walk from the parking lot to their classes. Everybody was against walking. Somebody misinterpreted this protest and started a bus shuttle service—naturally, nobody used it. And the issue died.

Who's Responsible

The next rule is that the Dean is responsible for everything that is unsatisfactory or inconvenient. So far Dr. Sims has not achieved the notoriety of his predecessor; we hope he never does. Nobody hated McBride fairly energetically without even knowing what he looked like; if he did know what McBride looked like he hated him twice as much.

Yet, most who saw McBride more than once or twice found it very little to say against him. When he left, the long-predicted dancing in the laboratories did not materialize.

Paper Airplanes

A few go considerably farther and engage in personal struggles with individual professors. One such, now graduated, threw airplanes in classes of a graduate course, made the prof call him "Mister," and when giving oral reports would deliberately pitch each page of his talk notes into the wastebasket as he finished with it.

Not The Only Ones

Nor are students the only offenders. One prof would, while questioning his class, stand on the window sill and throw chalk into the wastebasket on the other side of the room. This declaimed the interrogated student's thought processes.

If you participate, remember at all times the final rule; nobody is serious, nobody really cares—and nobody will save you if you get yourself too far out on a limb.

Next week we will reveal attempts to put a satellite into orbit from Rice Institute.