The Price Of Spice!

By RALPH WEAVER and MIKE GEIS

Worry, worry, worry!!
Well, kiddies, here we are again with another big, big, week!
The orgies started Friday night when, in the heat, Jones unleashed their innocents...
Also many new Inter-College records were set:
Will Rice: For (great sing song) the most disorganized freshman guidance... it took 6 hours to get the upperclass drunks to bed.
Wiess: For having 150 guys refuse to pull their shades while the Jones girls were on maneuvers.
Hanszen: For the jolliest listening party, led by Kusnetzky and his nose.
Baker: For the banister record set by Isgren.

Alpha Sigs, etc.
Saturday night brought lots of action when the Alpha Sig house threw their first annual Fall Fertility Ball. Besides the gang and their debs, there were hundreds of others on their (censor, censor, censor).
The Junior Dance was also a gas! Our hearty congratulations to Norman, Jane, Gee, and all the rest of the group who hid the lifeboats and caused everyone to go down with their dates in the ship.
The Kenton gang, maybe the coolest but definitely the sweatiest, really seemed to have a mix-
up... but Weaver and Nixon soon had their light meters out and fixed everything up.

Crop Failure—Please
All of this was really great, but the thing that warmed our hearts was the way all the students topped their weekend off in a religious manner... something about praying for a crop failure after sowing some wild oats.
Monday morning broke with usual brilliance. We, stumbling through the dawn, saw 22 unidentifiable blobs with the dry heaves.
Things were also jumping at the Student Center as we saw Frank Van Orden running naked in defiance of censorship laws and new Thresher editor Buddy Herz trying to compromise everything in sight.

Turn Off the Rain
Up on Heartbreak Hill the Administration talked of May Fete and played ring-around-the-junior-high-school-rosy while discussing a spring delivery.
All in all, a great social week. see ya at the Florida game!