FORGET YOUR DIPLOMA AND LIVE, LIVE, LIVE!

BY RALPH WEAVER

EDITORIAL

(For the aid of the more esoteric ... a translation and an interpretation of an editorial)

Students! (a rough translation of Nubian Slaves) We (used editorially to spread the blame around) of the Thresher (a word with same connotation as a slick page of Monky Ward's catalog) feel that it is time for a Renaissance at Rice. (Renaissance means rebirth but we're not about to go into that).

In the past (B.C. does not denote a cartoon ... it means Before Cooperation) we fought for what we believed (the result of this present, A.D. ... which means After Destruction) Admittedly it was an uphill fight (like trying to get out of a well with your hands tied) but we feel that we accomplished something (yeah, an increased membership in the Rice-Texas Club at Austin).

The spirit (generally Everclear and orange juice) which we displayed (17 arraigned on indecent exposure charges) was a sight to behold (at least that's what the Press said) But no matter what the outcome that does not mean Barf we always held our heads high (that why it doesn't mean Barf).

However, those days seem to be past (instead of A.D. we now have S.F.R. ... Still Falls the Rain) Today we have nothing but apathy (which means, we don't give a damn) and indifference on campus (campus is the American for the Italian, Inferno).

So throw off your bonds and live, live, live! (this means forget your bond, your diploma, and your parents and go to Texas as a rebel).

WE SPEAK!

To refute the idle and untrue claims of the students, mainly that Rice produces clods instead of leaders, we of the Retcher would like to speak for the Administration and Trustees by naming an eminent ex-student ... a man whose leadership ability is unquestioned, a man whose reputation is nation wide, a man whose financial skill is unequalled, that man ... Ben Jack Cage. And we hope that this will still all the malcontents who heretofore have been so vocal. For we feel that this is no time for compromise.