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The Ursinus Weekly, March 15, 1965

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Sig Nu and “inactive” Demas Win Sorority-Fraternity Song Fest

by K. Vernon Lewis

On Monday evening, March first, the Greek community celebrated at the annual Sorority-Fraternity Song Fest. The event took place on the stage of the College Theatre, where hundreds of students gathered to enjoy the music and competition.

The Grammarian’s Funeral

Or “Easy Does It”

by the Fossil Grammarian, R. B. Allen

There is much confusion in English speech, and it has fallen at least within the horizons of most of us who read this column. Professional educators follow a plan to teach English because they can: To practice new methods; to keep learning; to teach students the basics of language; and because academic standards demand it. No teacher need bother with parts of speech unless he understands how to use them.

Now, it seems, surely everything goes. As each new year brings more students, what need has a doctor for shell or will. With reasonable tolerance in the early ill. A pill by mouth; farmer his word would mend;

The language of lawyers has changed so much in the past century. One can hardly recognize the lawyer of today. And the judge, beheld in lego’s wake, Mods in agreement.

The ride remains almost the only cure.

And if his speech is free of flaws, the reason is that he is back to baw.

Now, too, in business, Scotch on the rocks

Soccer enthusiasts make all kinds of blunders in giving their useless statistical wonders; these pseudo-witty, tiresome louds Would do before the crowd.

In a simple, eloquent manner, Dr. Donald Baker has spoken of his own benefits of the Greek community. Baker seems to say, “A is in the end, an end.”

If humorous to those from professional classes, it is nothing else. If a person says he had a good night, with this particular feature of his time and place not specified. How the judge settled down to pick the winner.

And whether you say: “It’s a pity.”

And if you are present at the meeting, you will see whether Father one will do.

May sound a bit, who needs to know why?

What does it matter if one were to see

The Fossil Grammarian

A good-looking blonde without any eye?

A glider running around at all! You and I, they ask. How do you know how lucky

You are to have broken

The Goblinist

by Genevieve Bage

I recently was given the infirmity of watching a program from various members of the faculty at a brief committee meeting of general concern. The committee met Monday evening during the last week of the quarter to discuss the future of our school.

The Roving Reporter

by Genie Bage

We found Dr. Donald Baker in his office and asked what his reactions to the President’s address. Dr. Baker, methodically shuffling his papers, replied, “I was indeed flattered and felt the honor conferred.” As much as any American of any stature we are, don’t you believe, let’s do it!

K. Vernon Lewis

The Telegraph

by Michael Foster

Through the thin window, I could see Mr. Rusty, writing on wax-paper. He was a very short man, with a slight smile on his face.

Fresh: What’s in a name, anyway?

Soph: Some kind of nervous atmosphere.

Mr. Rusty: Well, you do get at the same altitude, don’t you?

Fresh: As cooking does, the clock from the hen.

Soph: All there is nothing.

Mr. Rusty: That’s all.

Soph: Page is a little too far.

Fresh: I don’t think so. They are running a good, good distance.

Soph: About a day or two.

Fresh: That’s strange. My day is clear, my sex life is so much simpler.

Soph: Don’t be so cynical, you know. I have been a man for a year or two yourself.

Soph: Come on now, how did you get through it all? Orleans.

Fresh: Well, it’s true. I did try a rule of thumb, but the best course of action, because you do not have to.

Soph: Not a minute. You can’t forget thine idea. You don’t have to do because you have no idea what to do. A ticket to future easy.

Fresh: Yes, I know. You have some ideas, you know.

Soph: And faculty to answer.

Fresh: Can’t you lay off your a.

Soph: No! What I just felt was a swing for the fences. I’m just going to close down on page...
A View of Fraternity Bids

by David Hudnut

I've been teaching at Old SLU for nearly eight years now, and time flies when you're having fun. It's been a great time, and I've had the chance to influence and contribute to the campus community. I've also had the opportunity to share my love of writing with others through my role as the editor of The Ursinus Weekly.

The Ursinus Weekly

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The Happy Philosopher

Under the heading, "Freshmen Women Receive UC colors, Learn Meaning," an article appeared in the March 8 issue of the USRISUS WEEKLY which sets chillings up the spines of campus historians and (reportedly) caused framblings beneath the soil at the Bomberger grave site behind Trinity Church. Dazzled by candlelight and bemoosed by an atmosphere of great solemnity, innocent freshmen of the latter era (if you excuse the expression!) listened in blissful ignorance to an extraordinary account of those Alma Mater's heritage.

They were told, the article related, that the Reformed Church in AMERsKA, which is the denomination that fostered the infant institution in 1869. But that denomination was fraught with internal controversy raged throughout the eastern half of the century. In 1825, a cataclysmic event in the Reformed Church in the States—THE LUTHERAN SYNOD—was born. There were bitter disputes and disagreements, and the church was divided into two main branches: the Danish Reformed Church (now the Church of the United Methodist Church) and the Reformed Church in America. The latter branch, led by the Rev. Dr. Zacharias Ursinus, received a charter to establish a college in 1869.

Ursinus gained official recognition when it was granted a charter to establish a college in 1869. The school was founded on the principle that education should provide a solid foundation for life, and its founders were determined to provide a safe and nurturing environment for young people.

Once or twice a year I return from lunch to find, beneath the Museum window, a throng of people, some of whom are pointing at the window. It seems that they have come to gaze at the site of the old Ursinus College. I often think about how the people of our time will look back on this place and wonder what it was like for those who lived here. It's a humbling thought.

The campus is now home to Ursinus College, which is a proud and thrilling one. The campus is a haven for students and faculty alike, and it's a place where people can come together to learn, grow, and make a difference.

If you're interested in learning more about the history of Ursinus College, I'd recommend checking out the Ursinus College website or visiting the campus. You won't be disappointed!
Admissions Office
Spring 1960
by J. R. Cameron

He smiled. She modeled with her stylish gown.

Braid, fixed six feet, from Trovone, Elinx Park or Jenkintown
Or from Falls Valley! Trouble so as well.

Or G renown, Wyconco, Spiring House, or Blue Bell.

These are top-drawer suburbs of reality.

No girl from them would insinuate a black cat.

Of course—least before the Dean of Women—

Or randomly stab holes in table linen.

A sky-blue type and, if you could believe her,

Unpressed with both Swarthmore and Beaver.

She had not thought it all young, but rather dumbfounded.

Why fish your wagon.

The litching might not hold and if come loose

"Twould drop you open, with a mediocre shake.

Amid Admissions face broke out a smile.

"In much, Miss Frisby's is her own.

And now Miss Fishby (let us seek a room—

The thought, producing no feel at this moment of bloom.

More in the cavernous Renaissance job.

In which could well be held an interview

Without Tom, Dick, and Harry around.

Into room two, led on our pallid knight

Scorning professors left and right.

Our candle was empty, Heavenly manna.

"In this I obeyed in the bushes.

"Ah, Miss Frisby, here's an unused hour

Where we may acquaint with mental power.

Admissions then put on his button grin,

With which he welcomed little fishes.

"Now, let's see, your verbal aptitude.

Really not too high!" he seemed to brood.

"60 is our median you know.

Three hundred seventy is a trifling low.

You find orthograpy and syntax hard?

Well, see what we can do here.

Not to dispel of wisdom the illusion

Whereas he seemed somewhat of gloom.

Or innocence of girls and fish she looked

As airy wings were hooked

In swirling Mammalian wildly flapping

Or to offer an autograph.

Just then Admissions steered on lower line

A point that made him do his heart to shine.

Although his other self remained sedate.

So as that could well mean she's

"I note, Miss Frisby, you're adept at tennis,

National Junior Champion at Ventura California.

Very good indeed!

You know just precisely what we need.

Our tennis team a pretty hot pot

With Winsten and Le Calo.

But when they graduate what will we do?

If we win the championship— you.

And by the time you've got through Phraenix Franklin

You'll serve with the heavenly hydrology.

She blushed becomingly at all the praise

And murmured something pleasantly of days

Looking more and more like Spring.

When we may pride bear again her tennis racketString.

"Now your language. I'm sure we'll work that out.

There are so many cases we encountered.

And our professors though they may look frumpy

Have almost all of them an eye for poetry.

And if some subject causes consternation,

Then, the Lit. Ed. is given Advancement till 8 a.m.

She smiled her thanks; she smiled back his approval.

As she with grace elicited, with her removal.

Reluctantly he bade "the fair" farewell

And turned.

Miss Fishby, please ring Miss Snell.

"Hello, Eleanor; it's, Lloyd, Jane Frisby's to.

"Oh, goodby! Now what do you want to talk about?

And beat those orgonas as of from

Tempo's jazzy and Swarthmore.

And if we admit some more like her

Home, Havertown, as your interested line.

Admissions, satisfied, hung up receiver.

Reached from the lower shelves her despised beaver.

"Come on, Mr. boy; It's about 4:30 or so

A good day work. Let's to Kiffin kitchens.

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Sniper's Niche
by Donald Baker
Now that the winter sports season has drawn to a close, an appropriate time presents itself for a brief appraisal of the athletic accomplishments of the season.

In the opinion of this writer, the weakness of the basketball team resulted from two difficulties which negated the players all season. One was the lack of height. Other schools have been stretching their players for several years now, but apparently this new technique is not yet understood by the nineteenth century. Over-baller into-a-peach-basket style that governs our play here. Yet the apparatus needed is simple enough: a tree, a tractor (or even a horse), some rope, and most important, the new stretching lotion.

Dr. Staiger informs us that the latter can be made up cheaply. The active ingredients are parabromacetophenone, curare, and the juice of the common saltpetre (Tragopogon porrifolius).

The player’s feet are bound firmly to the tree, his limbs and torso anointed generously with the lotion, traction applied to the upper end. This will invariably produce an elongation of several inches. The height of one player, in fact, to whom a John Deere "Longmaster" was attached, was increased by seven and three-eighths inches. A greater extension could no doubt have been reached had not the upper end come off at the collar button. (He afterward went around with his head in the air as if he were some deity.)

The other, and perhaps even more serious deficiency, was the failure to put the ball inside and not outside the rim. Here again the techniques and laws of physics involved are simple but seem not to be understood by our coach.

Turning to the wrestling team after consultation with several informed Deans, I have learned that the trouble lies in the mats. These are of an antiquated model. They spread flat and lifeless on the floor, quite without "lump." Some of them try hard but just do not seem to have the bounce of the mats at colleges like Lehigh and Gettysburg. Maybe these matters are relatively minor. I have some relative miners myself up in Carbon County; some of them are bruising hustlers too, but Admissions won't let them in because they have verbs in the 200's.

Why doesn't this college shake off its shyness and realize that we are living in the space age, and these boys have plenty of space,—between the ears? How does the administration expect us to turn out Hercules and Antaeus worthy to compete against colleges of our class like Temple and Oklahoma, if they won't admit a few rugged boys and spend a few bucks for live mats?

I suppose with our racism, it's no use suggesting other improvements such as cops on the wrestling team. Even the backwards Russians have lady astronauts and women in their merchant marine. If we had a few on our team, even the non-sorority types could get pinned, and the fellows would be encouraged to carry their ideals to the mat.

Some Skywalker

Drums hear expressions appropriate to those faculty members who did contribute to this issue.

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To A Seminar in Spring

Gerald H. Rinkle

Dear Ursula:

Seminar, when at their best, are some-thing to be savored. Add to this the acid test

And you are faced with quite a choice

When these reports or even more

O, to look absorbed in thought

Of deepest consequences

When all your effort’s brought to naught

But, FEAR NOT THE PROP WILL FIND YOU OUT

HE, TOO, IS RATHER BORED. NO DOUBT

Roving Reporter

Ever since you’ve been coming

shimmey-shimmey involving the little

bells, hollow, yellow jet.

This will cause the waitress to drop the dish. Do not set your

fork for recovering from the upset. This is not done in the

destined rooms.

Ursula

Dear Anemia, When we see you coming

shimmey-shimmey in the little hollow, shadow jet, yellow jet

This will cause the waitress to drop the dish. Do not set your

fork for recovering from the upset. This is not done in the
destined rooms.

Ursula

Dear Rencontres, My boy-friend is a member of the wrestling squad and keeps trying out various holds on me, especially the half-frog. How can I escape?

Snell

Dear Snellbell, The hold you mention is in- deed a difficult one to elude. I would suggest that a slight wiggle north-westernly would bring your face near his and a quick sharp blow on his nose is likely to provide an effective escape. The strength of your hips will determine the distance and duration of the collapsing rutten between the feet.

Ursula

How do you pass History?

Ettifina

Dear Effinetta, Must you? Washington and Lincoln went down in history too.

Ursula

Faculty disciplinary board meets - ready for decisions.

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