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CACHOLALIA

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NORFOLK DIVISION
WILLIAM AND MARY • VPI
JUNE • 1950

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1950

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Presentation

WE PRESENT WITH PLEASURE A SUMMARY OF THE 1949 - 50 SCHOOL YEAR WITH THE HOPE THAT YOU WILL KEEP ECHOLALIA AS A PLEASANT REMINDER OF YOUR ACTIVITIES AND STUDIES. TO THE ADMINISTRATION, THE FACULTY, AND STUDENT BODY, MAY WE EXTEND OUR APPRECIATION FOR THEIR EFFORTS TOWARD MAKING THIS YEAR A SUCCESSFUL ONE.

STAFF

CHIEF EDITORS Charles Brown
Marcia Rice

ASSISTANT EDITORS Howard Harden
Sam Shotwell
Henry Mullins
Charles Hildreth

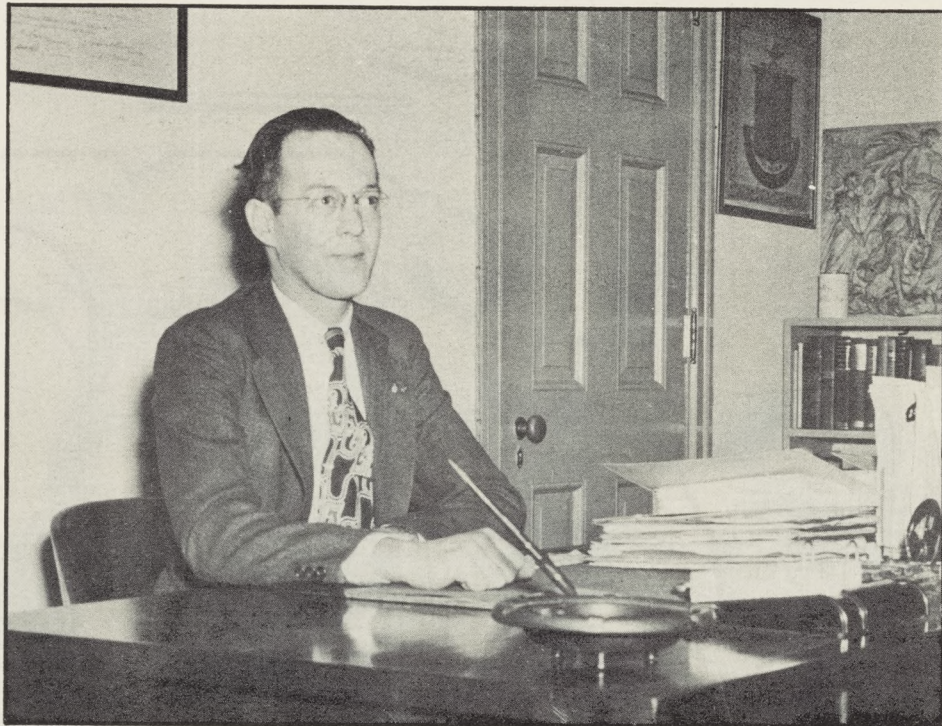
EDITOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY Louis Hatfield

ASSISTANT PHOTOGRAPHERS William Carter
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ILLUSTRATOR Howard Harden

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Mr. Lewis Warrington Webb, Jr. - Director of William and Mary-V.P.I.



Mr. E. Vernon Peele - Assistant Director of William and Mary-
V.P.I.

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Counseling Office - Al Puth, Neil Bedinger, Betty Simcoe
Philosophy Department - Mr. Frank MacDonald



English Department - Reuben Cooper, Virginia Evans Daniel Wilson,
William Seward, Margaret Shafer, Herbert Sebren



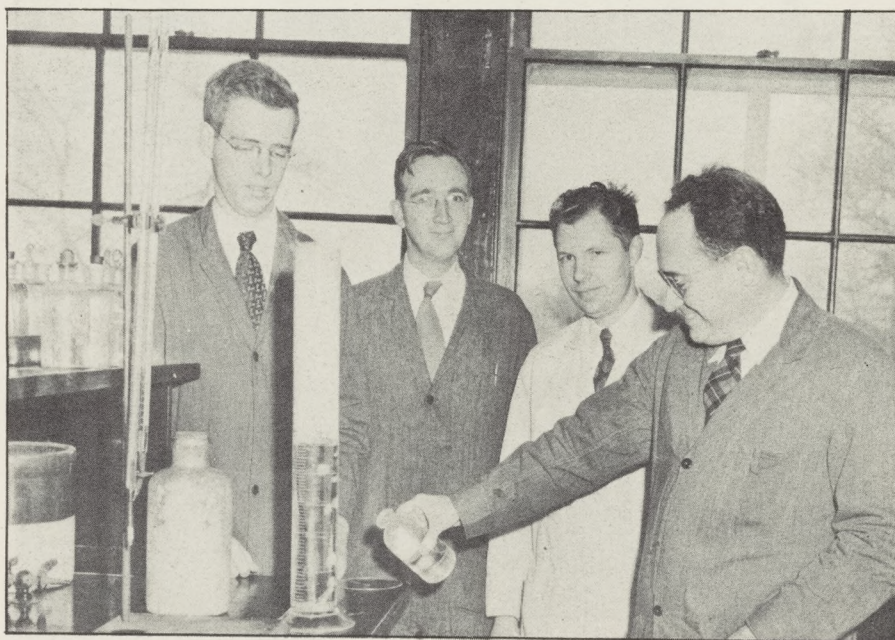
Economics Department - Albert E. Taylor, Vance E. Grover,
Charlotte Perkins, George Charuhas (Those not present
are Vance Grover and Mildred Dickinson)



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James H. Young, Edward White, Webster Thompson,
Lee Klinefelter, William Bech, Lermond Miller,
Margaret Phillips



Language Department - Ethel Hill, Roger D. Whichard,
Maria Arrieta, W. Geral Akers
Paula Mallory of the Art Department is not represented.



Chemistry Department - Parker Baum, George Hage
John Flowers, C.S. Sherwood



Biology Department - Regina O'Brien, Virginia Speer,
George Klak, John Thomas Stewart



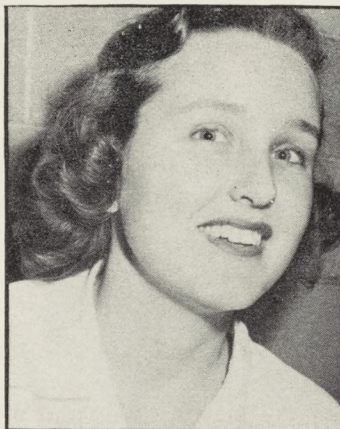
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Robert Stern, Hinze Mackensen



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Herbert Sebren, John Paul



Joseph C. Chandler,



Jane Gresham,



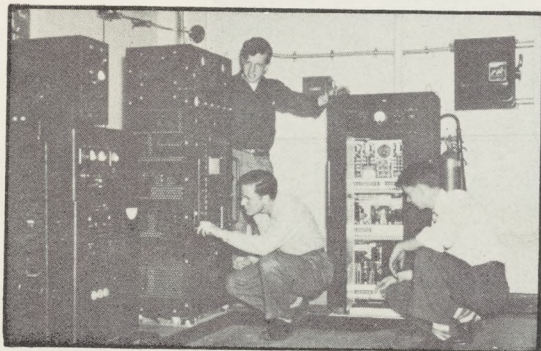
Arthur B. Metheny

Physical Education Department

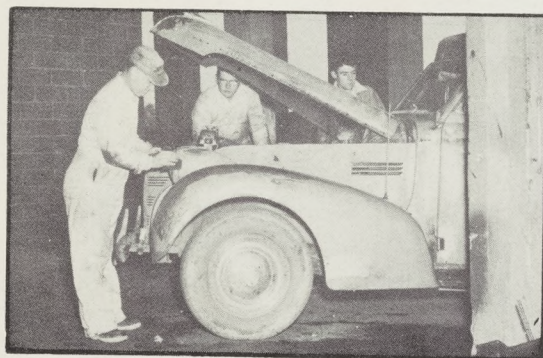
Technical Institute



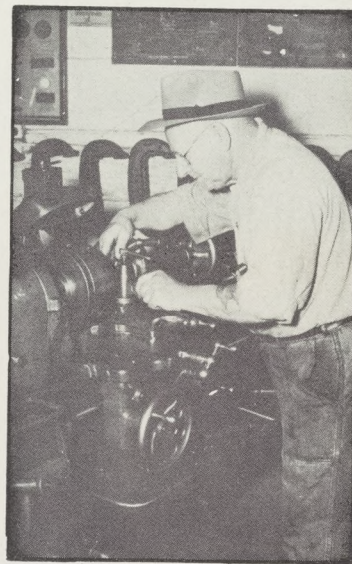
Technical Institute Faculty - D.M. Parkes (Supervisor), A.I. Godden, W.G. Moffett, Charles White, Emory Rumble, E.E. Pore, A.M. Stern, E.A. Kovner, Peter Wright, Charles Laird, Richard Manning, W.M. Thompson, B.C. Dickerson, J.W. Cox, J.T. Williford, John Swink, William Thornton.



T.I. boys in the radio shop



The practical approach to a problem!



Loving care!

Clubs

Sigma Epsilon Phi



Tiga Fraternity

Di Gamma





Girls Mongram Club



Delta Omiga Phi



Beaux Arts Club

Masquers



Alpha

Distributive Education Club





Kappa Sigma Kappa



French Club



Interclub Council



Cotillion Club



Imps



Spanish Club

Biology Club



Phalanx

Student Council of the
Technical Institute





And then he said...



Wilhelmiens, will you be mine



If I'd known you were coming



Have you read any good books lately?



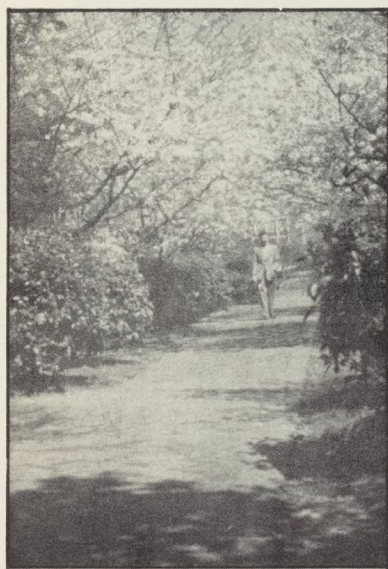
A hermaphroditic study!



The Stirno Twins



Bell? What Bell?



The shacks are to the left



E equal Einstein

Masquers

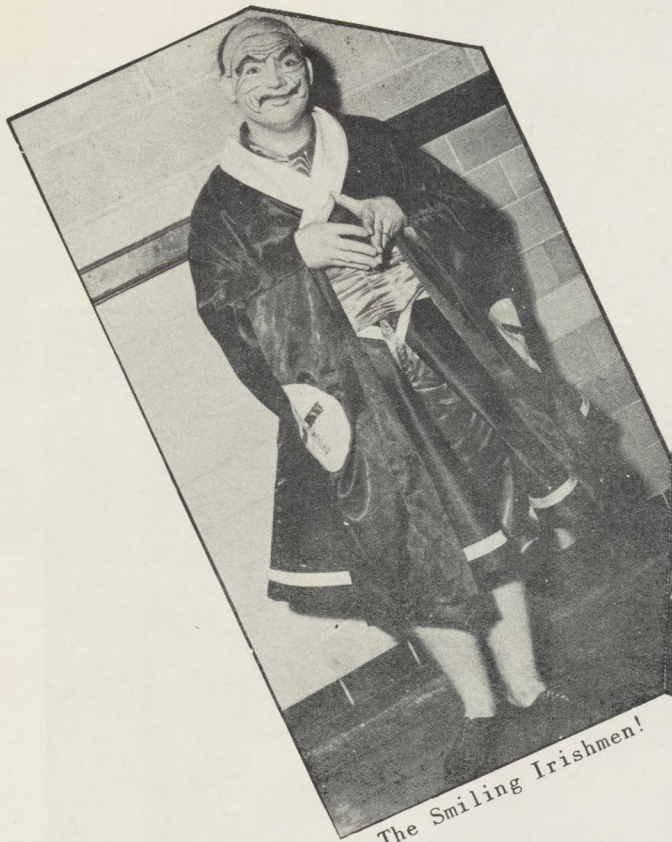


Won't you stay for dinner?



You can't take it with you.....or can you?

Glimpses of the Mikado



The Smiling Irishmen!



Loco Koko!

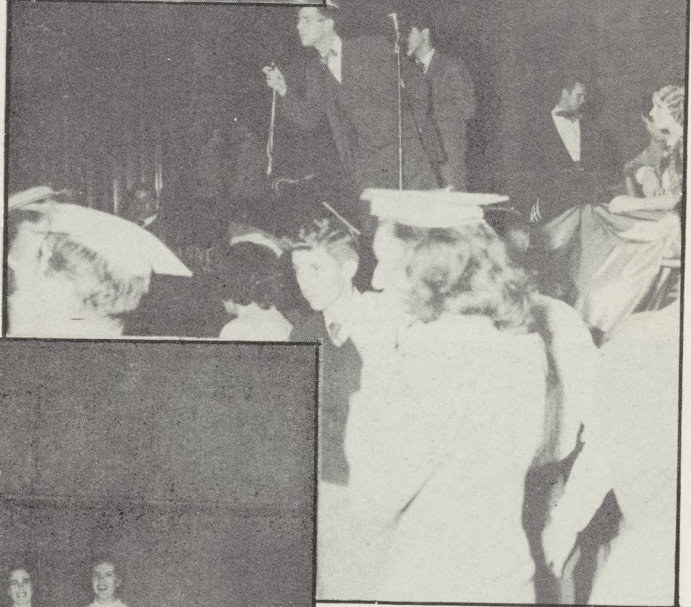
Who's got the dice?



We regret to state that the following clubs and organizations are not represented: Kappa Kappa Kappa (Tri-K), Boys' Monogram, Hi-Hat, New Dominion Literary Magazine, Band and Orchestra, Golf Team, Fencing Team, Girl's Hockey Team, Swimming Teams, Basketball Team, Track Team, Newman Club.



Julius and the Nose

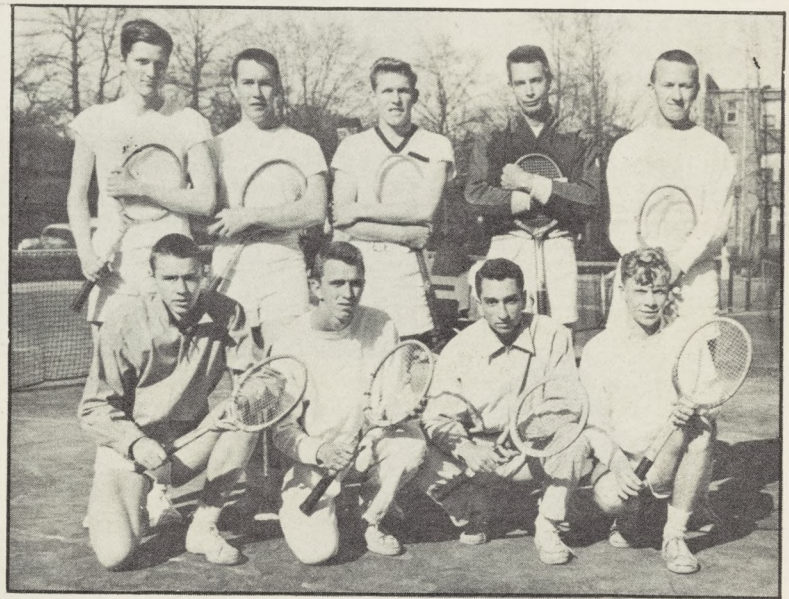


Give 'em a yell!

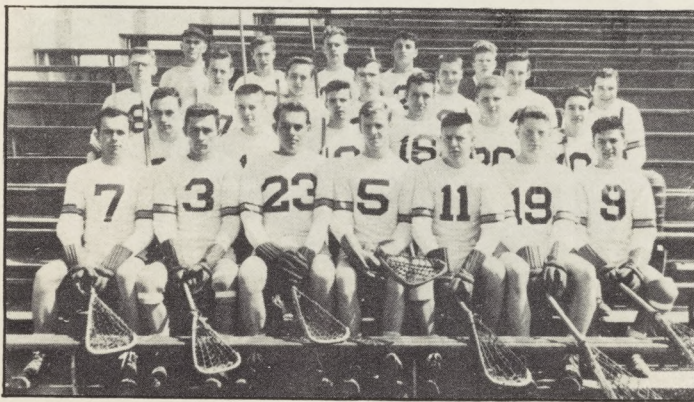
Sports



Baseball Team



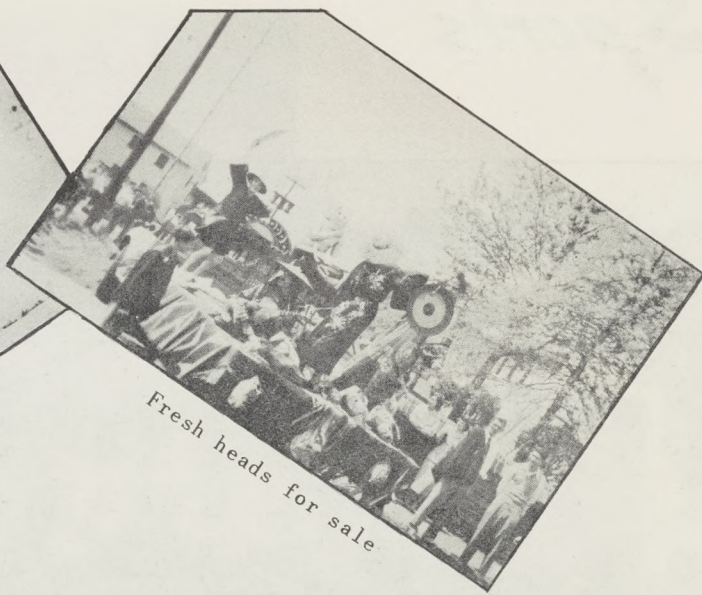
Tennis Team



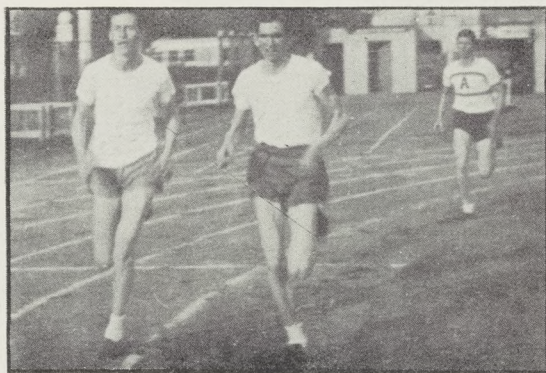
La Crosse Team



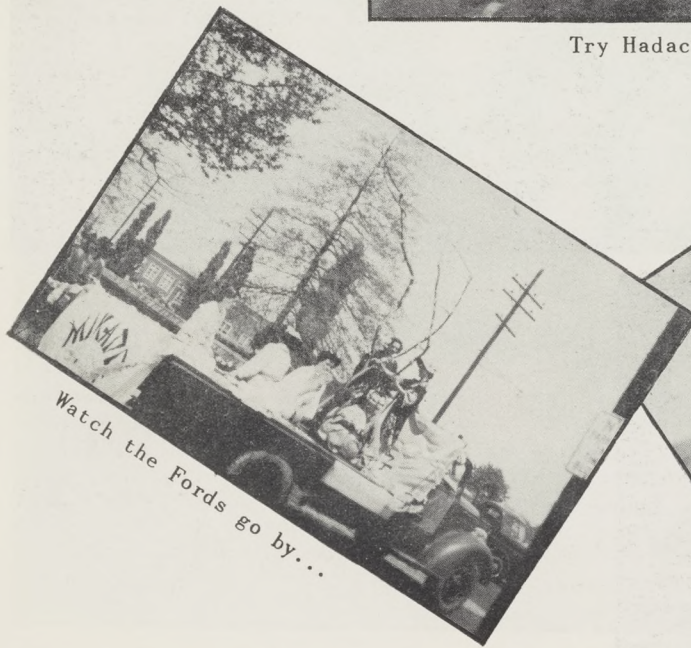
The last mile....



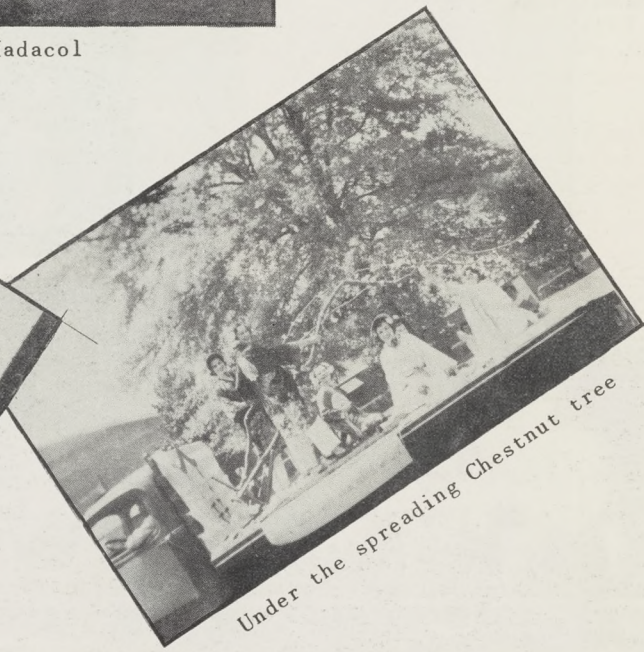
Fresh heads for sale



Try Hadacol



Watch the Fords go by...



Under the spreading Chestnut tree

PREFACE

WE WOULD LIKE TO PRESENT AN IMPRESSIONISTIC SURVEY OF THE BEGINNING STUDENT'S INITIAL REACTION TO THE COMPLICATED, SOPHISTICATED, OMNISCIENT, OMNIPOTENT, OMNIPRESENT, OMNIVEROUS SOCIETY THAT COMPRISE COLLEGE LIFE.



Move, you hulking peasants! Let me off this mobile mix-master. Have you no respect for the enthusiasm of youth? This is my day to carve a niche for myself. I have a date with destiny.

Ah, there it is - crouching guiltily 'midst the magnolia trees. I'm all agog. Not scared exactly; just a little unsteady. This is the seat of the learning I desire, and those are the heights of erudition to which I aspire. This is probably the most auspicious occasion of my brief career.

What do I do now?

I don't even know what I want to study.

Well, - all of human knowledge has its roots in speculation. The speculative science is Philosophy. From this, it seems to follow that my first stop should be the Philosophy department. So...

...here I am, and a fat lot of good it's doing me. Both of these august individuals are so engrossed in their books that they don't know I'm present - or don't care.

"Ahem!"

Don't scratch your foot, kind sir, look at me. Here stands fertile soil for the sowing of a few seeds of knowledge, and you sit there idly scratching the bite of some hypothetical insect.

"Beg podden, sir."

"Oh, yes; what can we do for you?"

Mercy! It's a talkie! I never know what to do in these crises. Should I drop a curtsy? What did I want, anyway? Oh, yes...

"If you have a minute, sir, I'd like to know about Philosophy."

Have I said something wrong? He looks so strange. Sort of - sort of homicidal, somehow.

Maybe I should just leave quietly. The other gentleman is looking at me, too - with the same maniacal gleam in his eye. Oh my....

"Won't you have a seat, my boy? The one in corner, please. Yes, the one with all the cobwebs. Allow me to introduce the psychology instructor."

"Uh - hullo."

"Why, how do you do, son, how do you do? Would you mind terribly if I examined your forehead, hmm? You have a couple of frightfully interesting bumps there. They intrigue me, really."

Why, they're quite gentle. Actually kind of fatherly. And except for this childish fascination for the bumps I got in football, they seem fairly sane. Oops!

"What in heaven's name is that?"

"Only a lie detector, boy. Mere matter of form. Just relax your arm, so I can fasten this strap."

Oh very well. It seems quite harmless. Surely, I'm not so mean and narrow as to refuse this kindly individual such a small request. Strap away, me bucko. Your miserable little machine holds no terrors for me.

Now this is cosy. They're taking seats in front of me. Why are they staring? Is my hair uncombed? What did my sainted Aunt Sarah say? When in doubt, SALUTE!

"Well!"

Ohmigod! I knew it wouldn't work. And they've inferred something from that simple gesture, something - sinister. But they seem pleased with their inference.

"Perhaps we'd better check the room temperature. Must be kept constant, you know. This limits external influences which might be upsetting our cerebral lobes. By the way, have you always had that little twitch of the eyebrow?"

"Eyebrow twitch? Why - uh, I hadn't noticed it before."

Twitch? What twitch? I have no twitch, or, anyway, I had no twitch. God knows what I have now, and He ain't speaking to me.

"Now that you mention it, sir, it does feel rather twitchy, humm."

Now I've lost the other one's interest. He's gone back to his pocket edition of Plato. Ah, well....

"Go on. You have some questions you wish to ask?"

Questions? Have I ever got questions! But I'm in deep enough as it is. If only that confounded gimmick he strapped me to would stop ticking - or if my eyebrow would stop twitching. Oy!

"M-may I have a glass of water?"

He ignores me. I can dehydrate for all he cares. Don't touch that thermostat, you sadist! Oh my, he's going to check my bumps again. Now he's going into conference with his buddy.

"It's evident that this lad is a victim of vicious asphasia, being bombarded by negative stimuli affecting the left wing of his hypothalamus."

I'm a victim of heat prostration! Unstrap me! Thank you - oh, thank you.

"Or, as Plato would have it, he has crossed his particulars with his universals, thus achieving a negative and contradictory state, in which no philosophical progress is possible."

"I've got it! I've got it!"

Eureka! A fourth. Now we can play bridge "Got what?"

"A perfectly straight line!"

Don't scream so. He must teach Mathematics. What has he there, anyway? As I live and breathe, it is indeed - a perfectly straight line. What will they think of next?

"What exactly is this perfectly straight line of which you are so proud?"

Ah, the student of Plato has a word to say.

"Why, a one hundred and eighty degree angle, of course."

"And what is a one hundred and eighty degree angle?"

"A straight line."

"You see, your definition leads to absurdity."

How can they be so intelligent?

"Then, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points on a plane."

"A plane extended to infinity?"

I was once on a plane to Albuquerque, but

this hardly seems the place to mention it.

"Presumably."

"How does one test the relative straightness of a line extended to infinity?"

"One first assumes such a line, then brings to bear upon it all the postulates of Euclidian geometry. If it stands up under all of them, it is a perfectly straight line."

Obviously!

"But what if Euclid were mistaken?"

"Oh, he couldn't be. His is a perfectly valid geometry. However, one can conceive of a geometry in which, through a point outside of a straight line, an infinite number of straight lines could be drawn...."

How edifying! But I shall surely perish without water. I do hope they'll excuse me.

Ahhh! So refreshing. So far, I've learned that when Logic gets too logical, it becomes confusing. Well...

"Oops! Pardon me, sir, are you an instructor?"

"Yes, indeed. Of Sociology. And these two gentlemen are history instructors."

They all look rather normal, somehow.

"Would you tell me a bit about Sociology, sir?"

"Certainly, boy, it deals with social problems. Good day."

"Oh, don't go, sir. Tell me more."

"Oh, very well. It is generally held by students of human behavior that as society becomes more complex, the proportion of persons who are inadequate is increasing...."

So this is Sociology. Sounds like mud to me. While he's rhapsodizing on what is evidently a favorite theme - the Ideologies of the Belgian Congoians - I suppose I can safely turn my attention to these other two learned gentlemen.

"All freshmen should take a course in History of Civilization, for how else will the students become acquainted with the hairdress of the Ancient Persians?"

"Not at all, sir. It is obviously more beneficial for the students to concentrate

on the Astrological factors that influenced



soldiers to wear uniforms in American History."

"Then, I shall take both History of Civilization and American History. I feel confident that I should acquaint myself with these important historical facts."

How clever I'm becoming!

"Bully for you, young man. And may I be permitted to mention the Government course which is also offered to the students?"

What gall! What unspeakable effrontery! How can he imagine that I don't know all about the United States government?

"Sir, I am quite aware that I live in a Democracy and that our heritage as a nation is an impressive thing. As a matter of fact, my uncle is a 'hopper' for the house of representatives; no bills could be passed if it wasn't for my Uncle Harry."

"Well, I suppose you needn't take the course, since you already know what most of the people in the United States know about their government."

Oh, mercy, I'm blushing. I'm all happily confused. But, I'm delighted that he appreciates what I learned in high school.

"All of this is quite new to me, sir."

"Have no fear, my boy; in Sociology, the main emphasis is placed on social problems."

"Good heavens!" Forgive me for swearing, Aunt Sarah. "I have no social problems at all. Why, only last night I was invited to a party. But, thank you for your interest, and if you'll excuse me...?"

"Certainly, boy. Come see us any time."

College is interesting. But what strange people one meets. Even those lovely people began to get a rather frantic look before I left them. Is there something about me that brings this out in people?

What is that ominous murmur? Do they have a class in witchcraft? It seems to be coming from that office. This is no time for cowardice. Courage, boy - yours is a tradition of exorbitant valor. This is it; never fear those pulsating walls. Turn that knob, and walk on in.

Gad, what a frightening sound. Surely, my delicate eardrums have been rent asunder. But what an innocent, ostensibly mild-mannered, gathering is its source. Mixed couples and all talking at once, but - in what strange tongues! The young man in the corner is obviously speaking Lower Slobbovian - regardless of his habit of gargling. But the object of his discourse is sorely afflicted. Some sort of adenoidal ailment is responsible for that nasal tone. What a pity! The poor unhappy wretch. Perhaps I can lend some assistance. I shall tell him of the EENT

clinic.

"Uh - podden me, sir, but I know where you can get that fixed."

Why so quiet, all of a sudden? Can I have erred? Have I committed a faux-pas? If so, what is a faux-pas? Why, oh why this funeral silence? One of the young ladies is speaking....

-Callate, cochino, o te echo a los perros.

Oh my, I'm blushing again. That French certainly lends itself to pretty speeches. And she said it so soft and musically. Really, ma'am I'm too young for that sort of thing.

-Qu'est ce que c'est?

"Ich glaube es ist ein neuen student."

-Qui cas esta aqui con una beca de futbol.

Oh, let's not make a big thing of it. It's nothing any healthy, red-blooded young American wouldn't do for one of his less fortunate brethren. Maybe the little lady under that monstrous stack of papers speaks English.

"Excuse me, ma'am, do you speak English?"

-Basta, silencio.

I guess not. What is she muttering, anyway? Something about pre-class tests.

"It's quite all right. Don't apologize."

"Tell me, young man, have you had any background in Language?"

"Oh, yes sir!"

"Auf Deutsch?"

-Mais oui. (Now, why that profound sigh?)

-En francais

-Si, senor. (How come he shudders?)

-Ah, en espanol.

"Ja, fraulein."

I guess I impressed them. They're so busy discussing my linguistic ability that they're ignoring me.

"Er scheint hoffnungslos; nicht wahr?"

-Certainement!

-Cuan estúpido se puede ser y vivir?

"Genau so dumm wie er."

How nice of them! I shall bow slightly from the waist, in acknowledgement.

"In which language, in your opinion, should I major?"

-Englais.

"Englisch.

-Ingles.

"Shaddup and geddadahere."

I suppose we've been distracting her. She's such a busy soul. I'll murmur a polite good-bye.

-Arrivederci.

"I beg your pardon, young lady, what is major?"

"Language."

"What do 'Englisch', 'anglais', and 'ingles' "

mean?"

"English."

"All of them?"

"Yes."

Well, - really. But I'm prepared for this. Where is that short story I wrote? Ah, here it is. Humm, not bad.... This story has everything Humor, pathos, and a message. Illustrates the futility of human endeavour. Isn't it remarkable that one so young could be so well versed in the ways of Nature? Lessee, now ...

I settled into a comfortable lounge chair and thought how lucky I was to have an entire evening off from work. An entire evening in which to catch up on my studies. An entire evening in which to enjoy the peace and quiet of home.

"How wonderful," I said aloud, as I snuggled deeper into the soft comfort of the chair. My mother's startled cry shattered the robe of ecstasy in which I had enclosed myself.

"What the devil is wrong?" I asked.

"There is a big dog on our back porch and he will not go away," she replied.

I forced myself out of the chair and walked to the back door. I am not sure what I expected to see but the sight which met my eyes was a shock. Perched in the middle of the porch was a huge and obviously vicious dog. He apparently had claimed the porch as his own and was defying anyone to dispute his ownership.

"Hm-m-m-m-m," I said aloud in order to let my mother know that I was considering the matter.

Now there resided in our neighborhood a mongrel who existed off the food donations of the various families. This mongrel was approaching our back door to receive our nightly contribution to his existence. The huge and obviously vicious dog that had claimed our porch as his own had no way of knowing that this other dog was merely trying to further his existence. He apparently considered the neighborhood mongrel a trespasser as he proceeded to show him, in the way that only a huge and vicious dog can show anyone, that he was trespassing and it would be sensible and healthier, to leave at once.

"Hm-m-m-m-m--Hm-m-m-m," I said again to let my mother know that the situation had acquired more depth and needed further thinking.

My step-father returns home, as most men

do, from work every day. He is tired from a hard day's work. Being tired he does everything in his power not to exert himself. One of his energy-saving devices is to cut across the back yard to gain entrance to his home. By doing this he saves walking the block and a half necessary to reach his front entrance. He was tired tonight. He elected to cut through the back yard. He approached our back porch. I was to interested in seeing what would happen to warn him. The huge and now proven vicious dog had no way of knowing that this new intruder was merely passing through. He, in his dog-like manner, proved that he did not want anyone to intrude on his property or privacy. In doing so he removed a strip of cloth from a cheap, but highly prized, pair of pants that adorned my step-father's person. Realizing that he was ill-equipped to do battle with this large, and rather impolite, canine, my step-father retreated. He circled the house, acquired greater speed and temper by the second, entered our front door, obtaining a huge fishing gaff, not unlike an extra-long broom handle with a frightening hook attached, and went out of the back door much better prepared, emotionally and materially, to do battle. The dog proved quite agile for his size and evaded the wicked gaff that was swung at him. The gaff continued its forward motion, struck the edge of the porch, and snapped at its point of contact. This left my step-father with a too short piece of wood as a weapon. He retreated through the back door, which I nervously held open for him. The dog again took up residence in the center of the porch. My step-father looked at me. I looked at him.

"Hm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m," we said together.

There lives above us, on the second floor, a family consisting of two humans and a very well bred and high-priced dog. This dog is released nightly from the four walls and affection that he lives in. This temporary freedom is made necessary by the biological functions, which is unavoidable even in aristocracy, human or canine. The dog had just been turned out to make his nightly contribution to the terra-firma that makes up our back yard. Upon exiting he came face to face with the self-appointed proprietor of our back porch, namely the huge and more vicious by-the-moment canine that had taken up residence there. The well bred and high-priced dog saw at a glance that the monstrosity who was facing him was of low intelligence and doubtful ancestry, thus not worthy of his attention. He ignored him. The huge and unsurpassably vicious dog knew nothing of an-

cestry or intelligence but did claim a knowledge of trespassing laws. He refused to be ignored and proceeded to put real conviction in his eviction effort.

The female, or wife, of the family owning the blue blood dog became aware of two things at once. One, that her darling dog was receiving a severe thrashing at the rear of the house, and, two, that her darling husband was entering the front of the house.

Now the male, or husband, of the family had recently been promoted to a position of no little importance and was acutely aware of it. Being aware of it he imagined himself heavily burdened with responsibilities. So, naturally, he had acquired the irritable and superior airs that go with importance and responsibility. His self-important broodings were shattered by a shriek from his wife. He gathered from the shriek that some damn mutt was beating the hell out of Smudgy the Third, Smudgy the Third being the title that had been handed down to the blue blood dog. The husband was more than certain that he was superior to any dog living. He rushed around the house to rescue his poor little, but superior, Smudgy the Third. He was met by what he believed to be an enraged pony, and a growl not unlike that of a ruptured lion. The effect of the loud growl and the sight of the huge and very-very vicious dog had an instantaneous effect upon him.

"MY GAWD," he screamed, not yelled.

He immediately retraced his steps back to the front door, ascended his stairs, entered his apartment, secured a weapon (baseball bat by name), and descended his back stairs to do battle with this monstrosity that had succeeded in shattering the composure he had been creating for weeks.

Smudgy the Third meanwhile had departed, as fast as his aristocratical legs would carry him, to spots that he considered safer.

For the next fifteen minutes strange sounds could be heard from the rear of the house. They sounded something like this:

"You son of, ROAR, you no-good, ROAR-ROAR, get the hell away, GROWL-RIP-TEAR-ROAR.

The human retreated, deciding that intelligence could win out only if it had the opportunity to present itself, and it required a thick oak door between the intelligence and the vicious dog before the intelligence could function properly.

All was quiet. No opponents were forthcoming to challenge the dogs right to the back porch.

The dog must have felt that a deep-rooted

plot was being hatched against him as he appeared ill-at-ease. His authority had been proven anyway. With a triumphant howl, that somehow made one think of dense jungles and huge all-powerful animals, the dog leaped from the porch and trotted easily away. He paused only once, for a split-second glance over his shoulder, and he appeared to be laughing, laughing, laughing.

I found the words, "atomic age," running through my mind.

... "Dog Story by Howard Spruill"

Significant bit of work. And quite well done, too. Maybe the English department is in this building. My, it's quite dark in here. And what an odd odor! Seems to be a composite of tired gym socks and burning golf balls - augmented by four gallons of citronella. Where is it coming from...?

Ah, this must be a laboratory. There are the neat rows of stone-topped work tables. Equipment lockers under and reagent shelves over them. Shelves all over the place. Let's see, Chemicals, burners, test tubes, ring stands, and empty coke bottles. That's probably the instructor's desk, lurking under that mountainous pile of tinker toys, paper clips, and comic books - science fiction, I trust.

Shades of the Philosophy department! What "secret, black and midnight hags" are these? Oh, faculty members. But what is that apparatus they're watching so intently? It almost touches the ceiling. And so complex! Condensers, distilling flasks, bunsen burners, collecting beakers, glass tubing... what on earth goes on?

The experiment in progress is probably one of grave consequence, so I'll just move over quietly to where I can see and hear.

"Gentlemen, according to my calculations, the proportion has to be six grams per liter of solution. Actually, the results show five point seven grams, but we must allow the three tenths of a gram for evaporation loss and impurity of the mixture."

My, oh my, ain't they dressed up? I prefer the white lab gown with belt in the back to the conservative gray models the other two are sporting.

"That sounds, ah, logical to me, but my shin hurts were I, ah, bumped into the door, so I'd be willing to try anything to get this over with and go home."

"Here, cauterize it with this HNO₃."

"No, thank you, you've spilled enough on

it already."

"Oh, stop gassing. One of you heat that first flask up to 102° C, so we can start the synthesis. The other can get some goggles to wear in case the system clogs and explodes."

"Okay, I'll get the gog - what do you want, boy?"

"I just wanted to look the place over, sir."

Mercy, why are they so suspicious?

They must take me for some sort of nihilist.

"Well, I guess we're stuck with him. If we run him out, he'll probably tip off everybody in the building."

"True. It's better to split the proceeds with just one more than with the whole bunch."

"Okay, boy, grab some goggles and stay out way."

Wonder what they're making. I'm all afire with curiosity. Better follow this procedure very carefully. Hmmn, they're adding a dark brown, granular substance to clear liquid which is now boiling violently. Now, the whole maze of vessels is filled with a hot, brown vapor. All the vapor is collecting into a water condenser where it's condensed to a liquid again. How fascinating! The experiment was evidently a success. There they stand, in a three way huddle, sniffing, smiling their delight, and shaking hands. I can stand it no longer. I must know!

"What in the world is it?"

"You mean to say you don't know?"

"I'm afraid not, sir."

"Here, see for yourself."

Mmmm - well I am aghast. I am indeed. Can I believe the testimony of my heretofore reliable olfactory organ? Can it - can it be... coffee?

"What do you think of it?"

"It - it's excellent."

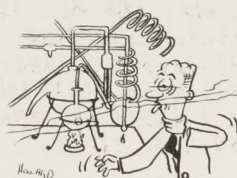
It is. It's undeniably as fine a vat of coffee as I've ever smelled. It's - certainly - coffee. Heh, heh..

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I just remembered a previous appointment."

Coffee. Nuts!

"...and what do we do? We go and put mother-hubbards on these simple, happy people and make them miserable in a biological crime - and we call it civilization."

Ah, the clarion call of Biology instructor.



And there he is - bathing his gold-fish and watching the young lady at the microscope.

"Say, what are you doing? You look so worried."

"A paramecium gummed one of our amoebae on his pseudopodium during first period lab. Neither of them seems to feel too well. Maybe they need a good stiff drink."

What is the other gentleman doing? Oh, I see. Smearing the print on a set of pending departmental exams.

"If they aren't better by tomorrow, give them a good dose of Hadacol. Fo' fo'teen yeahs, ah wuz sick, run-down, couldn' do mah wuk. Then, ah taken a case of Hadacol. Now, ah duz all mah fren's wuk."

Damned clever, these German scientists.

"I hope you're all prepared for the lecture on the crayfish next week. Remember, it is imperative that you emphasize the fact that the crayfish has nineteen appendages."

It has? Well, fancy that. What has a crayfish, that I lack, to rate so many appendages? And what does it do with them all? Probably has to stuff them up under its cephalothorax to walk. It would look perfectly ludicrous scuttling across the floor with all nineteen appendages working in and out of one another. Wonder what is an appendage.

"Why, of course! All of us agreed that we wouldn't pass any student who failed to learn the number of appendages on a crayfish. It wouldn't be fair to the student, no matter how much other biological information he possessed. How could we allow a student to go out into the world devoid of such vital information? Why, you never know when you might be called upon to know the appendages on a crayfish."

Sorry, ma'am, but don't make a big production of it. I've led a very sheltered life. Never had much fun as a child, myself. And somehow, my dear, departed Aunt Sarah, when she dandled me upon her substantial, well-upholstered knee, neglected to mention crayfish appendages. Probably just an overishgt, but there it is. I'm more to be pitied than censured. Had I ever encountered the emergency you mention, I should have been forced to tread heavily upon my inquisitor, for, until today, I hadn't the foggiest notion how many appendages has a crayfish. But now I know, and you may rest secure in the knowledge that I shall never, ever be able to forget.

"Personally, I believe we could omit every-



thing else covered in the Biology course and devote ourselves exclusively to crayfish appendages."

You will certainly be justified in doing so, and I wish you well. But, as for me, I have a problem which I must take up with an Economics instructor.

"Oops! I'm very sorry."

"Why'ncha look where yer goin'? You a freshman?"

"Potentially."

"Oh? Well, I'm an Econ major. Anything I can do to help you get started?"

"Why, yes. You can clue me on Economics. It has impressed me as a very practical science indeed, but I know nothing whatever about it."

"You don't? Then, siddown. Are you in business?"

"In a small way."

Must I confess that my sole source of income is the commission I receive on the sale of Cloverine Salve?

"Are you an entrepreneur?"

"No. I'm a native American. Great grandfather grew apples right here in Virginia."

Am I the carrier of some obscure disease, unknown to me, one of the symptoms of which is this frantic look? He's got it, too. One would think my answer made no sense.

"You don't understand. Do you have a partnership?"

"No. The profit is all mine."

Some profit. Footballs, air rifles, baby Brownies, but it is all mine.

"Well, first of all, Economics is a social science..."

Doesn't he rattle on, though. Certainly has a remarkable grasp of the subject. Factorial distribution, amalgamations and conclusions - would you dig the facility with which he flings that Econ talk?

"Tell me, how is your comparative advantage?"

"Deflated, unloaded, and out of film."

"Uh - yes. Let me give you some sound advise. I suggest you go down to the Medical Arts building and talk to Doctor Utley."

"An economist?"

"No, a psychiatrist."

Now, what in the Sam Hill did he mean by that? Psychiatrist? For me? Nonsense! I'm not nuts - maybe a little neurotic but not really nuts. Heh, heh, heh! Still, maybe I'd better drive sedately down and check up.

(!!!%\$##&@@¢?? and not only that but ??¢@@&##\$%!!!) My model T doesn't run worth a hoot from Hades. Every now and then, a rocket

Oldsmobile manages to squeeze ahead of me at a stoplight, and it's quite embarrassing. Maybe they could give me some hints in the Science department .

"Pardon me, sir; I have a problem."

"Obviously. Well, what is it? I'm in a hurry."

"My car doesn't run as well as it should, and...."

"What you mean is that the moving body takes (T+X) seconds to get from point A to B when it should take only T seconds, am I right?"

"Uh - yeh."

"Well, I want you to determine the length of the line, A-B, so we can figure out X. Take this steel measuring tape, transit, range poles, stadia rod, chaining pins, and sextant, and, starting a bench mark no. 1 outside, make a complete open transverse of the course from the Administration building to the Navy Yard in Portsmouth. Be back in ten minutes."

Ulp! How does he expect me to use all this stuff; I can't even carry it. Maybe if I just leave it in this corner, nobody'll....

"Uh - hullo. I was just going out in the field for a spot of practical application."

"Well, you ought to be able to do a pretty good job of surveying with those instruments. The transit alone is worth over eight hundred dollars."

"Eight hun...? Uh - maybe it's too cold out there today. Wouldn't want to get the things wet. Would you put them back? Uh - well, so long."

"Hey, wait!"

"Yessir?"

"Do you own a 1924 Ford?"

"Yessir."

"You'd better get out to your car. I just saw it roll out in front of a lady's new Buick, and she smashed it all to pieces. She's phoning now to arrange a lawsuit against the owner..."

Phew! Well, she settled out of court, at any rate, and I ressurected my heap with a long piece of baling wire. Lessee, now. I shall become an English major, because, as far as I know, the English instructors like me. So, although it has been an eventful day, at least it hasn't been a complete bust. Wonder why they all looked so puzzled...?

**(These symbols are intended to denote profanity. This is a bit of artistic escapism with which our integrity can hardly concur. It is purely out of consideration for our more sensitive readers that we resort to this expedient. Chivalry ain't dead - just debased. It can be had in any taproom.) end of futnit.*

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