

The Carbon



Everyone is
Cramming even the Carbon

NO: 13

THE GOLDEN SIXTIES ARE HERE AT LAST-WELCOME-

JANUARY 8, 1959-1960

STUDENTS RETURN FROM HOLIDAYS TO MEET FACE TO FACE WITH EXAM DAZE...PREPARE NOW

That Christmas Season sure seemed long enough December 18 but that time went mighty fast. This is the general feeling of the student body at this time and for that matter it's the same every year. One can look back on all the parties, especially that New Year's Eve Blast. Some will remember how good it was just to be home with the family. Midnight mass will hold a predominate place in some peoples memory, especially if they took 8 non-Catholics to Mass as I did last year. For some of the Students this past holiday season will be remembered as a special time for lovers and they have the rings to prove it.

The students aren't the only ones who enjoyed the Christmas vacation. The administration found time to relax and He Who Is Known they deserved it. For example, Sister Edgar had time to sit down and watch Walt Disney present 'The Swamp Fox'. Sister even had time to take note of the advertisement "Peter Pan Peanut Butter is the P-----Nuttiest, the Whatiest? The P-----Nuttiest." (My GRADE IN SPANISH JUST DROPPED FROM A D TO AN F.)

For all concerned it was a period away from intensive study, for all that is except history majors and minors. But now that we have reentered these halls of scholarship and seeing that finals are all but here there will be many books cracked and many midnight lamps lit. With this cheery thought in mind we your staff say Welcome Back.

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TO-YOUR-DOOR-SERVICE

The student body and the faculty will have an opportunity to get a free Chest X-ray today starting at 9 AM until 3:30. A mobile X-ray unit is parked in the senior lot. If you have had one within the last two years it is best you wait. If not, it is a good and smart thing to have done. Any disorders in the Thorax from T. B. to Heart trouble can be detected by this x-ray.

KNIGHTS JOURNEY TO ROSE POLY TO SEEK
SECOND WIN OF THE YEAR OVER THE ENGINEERS,
THAT'S NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT.

Sporting a 3 and 8 record our team will go forth to do battle with Rose Poly in hopes of making it a 4 and 8 mark. After all is said and done it is easier to understand that record when you consider what Marian is up against.

Marian has very few male students compared with the schools we play. We do not have a scholarship system for athletics and when a boy goes out for the team he is making an unselfish donation.

WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY

This is very true as the mice (students) returned they discovered the cats (workers) and student workers) had indeed played.

Among some of the changes to be seen on campus is the beautiful paint job done in the mexed lounge. The decorating scheme is simple, modest, and easy on the eye. To all the students who gave of their free vacation time to help in this endeavor we say thanks.

Also, from the looks of the construction on Clare Hall's third floor the other cats (construction workers) were busy beavers also. Work is coming along very fast and the job will be completed much earlier if this rate continues.

The Freshmen class will have the honor of using the newly finished lounge for the first dance in it and for the first dance of the year tonight. Speaking of dances if the Sophomores want a Sweethearts Ball they had better attend a class meeting today at noon. An Amusement tax of 1.50 is to be levied on all members of the class and you know why this is necessary.

EXAM WEEK SPECIAL.....

The book you've all been waiting for:
 "1000 Ways to Pass Exams Without Studying
 or Is Honest Really the Best Policy?"
 on sale in the Book Store. Price: Heart-
 aches here and 'Heat aches hereafter.

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AS ONE CARBON EDITOR TO ANOTHER.....

CONGRADS TO BOOTS STARK AND JIM ERVAN

ON THEIR CHRISTMAS ENGAGEMENT.....

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A NEW FEATURE OF THE CARBON FOR THE PUBLIC INTEREST.....P E T C O R N E R

Today we start our Pet Corner. Animal lovers whose pets have problems are invited to write in and see if you get an answer. Our first letter is from a Senior named Mr. Hugo Yourway.

Dear Sir:

We have a canary called Mario but he will not sing. He only opens his beak, eat. He eats much more than the man said he would. We have tried records Mario to see if they suggest anything. He just listens and when the records are finished he cleans his feet.

Mario cost me 3 dollars and my Dad says if he does not sing soon he will find a cat to play with that #)\$*)(**\$)##+\$)(* canary (as my dad calls it).

Do you know how to make him sing? P.S. We don't know if Mario is a boy or a girl. Should that make a difference?

Mr. Hugo Yourway

Dear Mr. Yourway:

Some canaries don't know when they are well off. I suggest you ignore Mario a few days. Give him no food. Let his apple get wrinkly. After a while he'll make some sort of noise, even if it's just knocking his head against the bars of his cage.

Whether Mario is a boy or a girl canary should make no difference to his or her singing, but it might be just as well not to discuss the matter in the bird's presence. Some canaries don't say anything but they hear like nobody's business.

yours, DOCTOR BOWMAN (HA)

SECOND LETTER:

Dear Sir,

Our tortoise, Jim has just laid an egg. We have had jim for ten years and he has never done this before. He hasn't had anything to play with except gravel. hate to change his name now because he is just getting used to it and when called will snap at your finger.

In the meantime we have this egg in the middle of the rug. We don't know whether to move it or not because we don't know how Jim feels about it, since he's gone upstairs. What do you suggest?

yours, Charlie Pooner's parents
 (Mother and Father Pooner)

My Dear Pooners,

There's no point in trying to hush this thing up. I suggest you take another look at Jin's gravel. Then you should inspect the egg closely. If it has a black spot on it, it is a billard ball and Jim is having his little joke. You need not hesitate to move a billiard ball as long as you use the end of the cue and don't put your leg pm the table.

yours, Dr. Bowman

P.S. Give my love to Charlie.