Sea Beast Discovered in Campus Lake; Swimming Plans Postponed

Due to unexpected developments, plans to permit student swimming in the lake will have to be cancelled, announced the St. Louis Campus administrator. According to him, there were at least five 6000-ton sea monster in the lake has made the fulfillment of swimming plans unlikely.

The monster, characterized by long green hair hanging all over his skin, then he couldn't float, appeared in the lake shortly before lunch hour. At his presence was noticed by a group of students who saw his tail splashing in the water, and assuming it was a fellow student's car stuck on the Pagoda road, ran to lend assistance. On discovering the sea monster, the students reacted in the usual refined, intelligent manner in which all educated people react to the strange or unusual—they panicked. Armed with guns, spears and sodium-tipped arrows, they formed a welcoming committee.

Fortunately, however, there was one individual not of the group. Waving his machete, he convinced the group that the sea monster, to whom they had begun to croon, "Puff, the Magic Dragon," was probably a relative of the famed Loch Ness monster and would make a fine specimen for the Zoology Department. The students then proceeded to win the monster over by feeding him the hamberger they had just bought in the cafeteria. At last notice the monster was seen contentedly munching away.

FLASH: Just before this paper went to press, it was learned that shortly after the students left him alone the monster turned upside down and sank to the bottom of the pond. According to Mr. G. A. Stevens, St. Louis Campus Zoology teacher, the monster died from an acute attack of indigestion. It was our decision to print the above article anyway in tribute to the monster for bravery in eating above and beyond the call of duty. May he rest in peace. Amen.

Spilumkers Spill Story Of Stilled Still Stealer

The Missouri Moles, the Spilumker chapter on the Campus, explored as usual last weekend. After their fracas the preceding weekend in which they unsuccessfully hunted Reds in the underwater cave under the depleted Pagoda, they decided to explore the possibility of finding Blu Bill Bargum, the notorious still stealer. They felt such an activity was more in keeping with their club motto: A FREE INTEMPERATE AMERICA.

Dressed in the prescribed uniform of their group, Burgundy Red Helmets and Champagne pink fatigue caps, they approached the Southern Missouri cave reported by a tip from Blu's hiding place. After taking every precaution they scaled the three-foot precipice just inside the cave, minor setback when four of them fell into the twenty feet deep hole underneath it. Emerging, the newly formed Submariners Club stealthily advanced until they could see of

Blu brewing merrily. Donning their Helmets, which before they carried in front of them to offset any immediate barriers, they charged. As they slid down a winding waterfall to the Subterranean depths, their leader caught in a crevice and they had to wrench it free, whisking Rhine of the Ages as they worked. Free at last, they continued the onslaught. Blu was scared to death, and after burying him they dismantled the still and uttered the immortal war cry, Fanarrak-k-a-k.

As they left the cave, carrying the various pieces of the stilled still in their knapsacks, they heard a rush of wings and immediately ascertained that the bats were after them. Using their ever-ready store of knowledge gleaned from Boy Scout Pamphlets bought with funds collected by selling Back-Guata, they bent forward, put their hands behind their backs, and marched out single file, humming the Star Spangled Banner.
The Power of Lofty Thought

We have recently fallen to pondering; that is, of course, whenever such spare moments as we may glean from our already overloaded schedules present themselves, for these are indeed rare occasions and ones not to be dismissed lightly in these grave and uncertain yet at the same time happy and carefree days, for so our own existences could well be described though in a greater sense they do possess the potential for an infinitely more foreboding content and we would do well to realize this, that is, not so much for our present actions but for the wholesome effect it may have upon our preparations for the future which should occupy the greater portion of our time anyhow but, sadly enough, though some will vouch that sadness on this score is unwarranted, and as we can sympathize with both points of contention scarcely feel an inclination to ally ourselves with neither, notwithstanding the concerted attempts which will be made here-by and for the aforementioned reasons ascribe our complete support and wholehearted approval.

TIGER BUG

By Hans Brinker

In Whose Opinion?

Tomorrow night after you have festively enjoyed your TIGER BUG and you have invariably boasted yourself with choice morsels; sit back and relax in a comfortable pneumatic chair. Think of your- tions and campaign posters? Are you sick of crusades, petitions, and carefree days, for so our own existences could also be disbanded in few hours, for everyone knows Sleepy Hollow is famous for headless things.

I Could Care Less

By MIl Deilmeser

You got some mitey funny tings happenin here, booby. Die other day, I was sittin here in your good lookin' lunch room, mindin my own business, and, I sees dis lilie albino type mice runnin over da table. And I says to my fren next by me, "Look-at dat cute lilie mouses; I never seen an albino mice befor dis," by da way, I was eatin one of doze great roast beef sandwiches you got here, like neo- lite type one natale bun, mit out da seeds. So I says to the lilie fellas, "Say dere lilie fellas, do you bitie my sandwich!!" You'll get a tummy ache; it could hurt you bad. Yell, I warned him anyway.

And den I fell kinda bad like, so's I got up and when over and asked da lady up dere for some of dat good lookin' pie mit dis black nuts on top. I says to her, "I vhan some uh dat good lookin' pie wit da black nuts on top," She says, "Piece of lady, I vhan some of dat good lookin' pie; you know, mit dem black nuts on top." She says, "Uh, dose aren't black nuts, den's bugs!!" I says, "Huh?" She say, "Yeh," I says, "Eelah!!"

So den I goes sickened like over to dis machine and I buys some of dis good tastin and nice lookin' "Lima Beens mit da Ham in it." (Like it say on da label.) So you tink you got it bad, lemme tell you, dis stuff was so bad; dat it screamed at me when I hoppeden da can. Dem Lima Beens vere dead, deys wus long gone brudder. So I put da beens where I put my lille mouze fren. I really fell bad den.

An my fren comes up to me and say, "Hi dere," I says, "Huh?" He say, "You don't look so well," I says, "I don't feel so well either." He say to me, "You look-a like you could stand a cup of coffee." I says, "Okay!"

So we walk over to da machine and I put a dime in it. Deen all-er-a sudden, dis brown lookin' stuff come down drubbin out, and then dis white stuff comes out like "bloop - bloop", and then dis powder stuff comes out all over. So's I was kinda sick by den and I pick up da cup and spills my brown lookin' stuff all over da floor. Dere's a big hole in dat floor now; be caruul you don't trip into it. So dem I goes home, kinda feelin feeble, don's what.

Campus Pool to Acquire New Fill For Summer Use

Plans to fill the Campus swimming pool with beer and open it for the students' use in late April have recently been announced by Campus officials. However, several restrictions have been established, and officials indicated that they must be obeyed by all students utilizing the pool facilities.

First, no underwater swimming with your mouth open will be allowed. In addition, a nose plug will be required for all. These two basic rules have been instituted to protect campus students from the undesirable effects which occur with the undue inhibition of alcohol beverages: the student becomes happy and carefree. This must be avoided at all costs, for it is in direct opposition to the present school policy.

The one problem facing the Student Association is what to do with the head on the pool. The most constructive suggestion seems to be to avoid the head in the beginning by having Ichabod Cram deliver some headless Sleepy Hollow beer, for everyone knows Sleepy Hollow is famous for headless things.