

A Woman's Place...

Co-ed of the Week.....

Brutonia Biceps stepped back from stoking the physical plant's automatic boiler and wiped her dripping brow.

"But how did you ever happen to choose poor little me?" she howled, wiping her hands on an election poster. "I'm just a nobody!"

Brutonia might be called a "prominent" campus figure. At least some people think so. She stands seven feet, two inches tall—in her "you can be taller than he" saddles. And she carries her 275 pounds without a whimper. Her daringly-cut mother hubbards are the talk of the campus. She is a seventh-term freshman majoring in hydraulic arts. Although unaffiliated on the campus, Brutonia proudly displays her membership card in the International Brotherhood of Stationary Engineers Helpers.

"Grades? I think they're stupid!" Brutonia snarled. "All they do is give you an indication of what you don't know. And I want more than an indication—I want to know what I don't know!"

As she artfully rolled a Bull Durham cigarette, our co-ed of the week was queried on the cheating situation.

"Don't even mention it," she pleaded. "I think it's simply revolting. Besides, it's not even sanitary, bringing ponies to class."

Although Brutonia denies an interest in politics, she slyly divulged that she had held the position of room monitor in the sixth grade. "It was forced upon me," she sighed, "and I found it so difficult to be impartial!"

Political affiliation are another touchy subject with this week's co-ed.

"I guess you could place me a little west of center, but not as far southeast as George Holcomb," she whispered. "Does it really matter?"

An outstanding activity record is Brutonia's, and her GPA runs into three figures. She petitioned for and received the chairmanship of the "Keep Mother Sober" committee last term. And less than a week ago she was named by the editors of the Clam Diggers' Quarterly as the girl most likely to approach the physical proportions of Fred Kuhl.

"Some people call me a celebrity, but they're so wrong," she confided. "I'm just a poor working girl."

Actually, Brutonia is 300% self-supporting. Her job at the physical plant and occasional work on local SP section gangs help her meet the expenses of a college woman.

"The only thing that bothers me are all these donations. And now it's the Student Union. Please don't think that I'm anti-labor,"



she pleaded, groping for her union card. "But I just can't afford to give money to two labor organizations. But on the other hand, we must do all we can to halt this exploitation, mustn't we?"

As the one o'clock whistle sounded, Brutonia bounded back to her original position beside the boiler.

Beauty on the Psot

This week's Beauty on the Spot is Wanda A. Round, senior in underwater hieroglyphics, whose article runs below.

"People have got to eat!"

When I heard this statement I wanted to argue, but I discovered that I had no foundation and this proved most embarrassing. This eating situation has got to be solved and that's all.

I have tried it before. I found that I don't lose anything when I don't, so I do. When I do I don't feel any better than when I don't. When I don't I don't feel any better than when I do. It's all in the way you look at it, some do and some don't.

Why they do or don't I don't know, but they do and they don't.

Anyhow, I sat through a solid fifty minutes of monologue on why they should, while I was trying to decide why they shouldn't. You see I simply can not let a statement go unchallenged. The guy behind me thought that they should—but he wanted to pass the course, so I knew he was prejudiced, so I forgot about him.

After thinking about that statement for nearly two weeks, I finally knew that I had it. That statement was grammatically incorrect! It was difficult to put off going to classes all the while, but

I knew I had something at last.

I, the statementee, didn't know exactly how to contact the statementer. I spent another two minutes before I decided to write a letter to the Gemerald editor:

Dear Sir or Madam, as the case may be:

"People have got to eat!" What is wrong with that sentence?

It's incorrect, that's what is wrong and I will prove it.

According to LaMascious's International Unabridged Original Indexed First Edition of the Fifth Printing Universal Libel Files, the statement has an incorrect attempt at a verb. The words, "have got to," should read "must" to make this sentence correct and acceptable.

Besides, the word, "must," is shorter and you get it faster that way.

Well, anyhow I think I have proved my point. "People have got to eat" was proved incorrect. I therefore maintain that "People don't got to eat!"

Next week's Beauty on the Spot is Karen Tu Far, junior in cosmic cartography, whose few thousands words are due in the journalism building by July 4 at high noon. If you bring it in at low noon it'll be rejected.

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