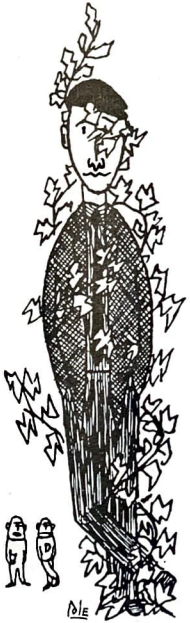


Hey Yalie!
want to dress
in style? then
emulate the
Davidson man.
Go IVY League



Rush Wilson Ltd.

The Bar Sinister

"Now gods, Stand up for bastards."
— Shakespeare



We were gazing wearily out the third floor window of the *Scripts 'n Pranks* building into the light drizzle of the tenth afternoon since the monsoons began. In the faint noises of our spacious offices we could still hear that poor sophomore dictating a piece of drivel entitled "Lamentation for Beowulf" to Miss Beverly. ". . . out of the night, rising from the dank, cold, foamy brine near Cape Hatteras, slippery-scaled and ferocious looking came the horrible, man-eating . . ."

"*Scripts 'n Pranks*," growled a hoarse voice from somewhere behind the third row of book-cases.

"Ches R. Cat!" we yelled almost in unison, "Ches R., we're so glad you came!"

Slowly appearing in the dim gloom of the stacks was a bright, rather sharp, tobacco stained tooth. Then, four teeth. Then, a whole constellation of teeth. Nothing else for the moment, but we knew that it was really Ches R., so we wait-

ed expectantly. The teeth parted slowly:

"Well, what's the problem now, idiots? Every damn time I settle down for a nip or a nap you blunderers have to fill the rooms with weeping and teeth-gnashing and nail-biting. Can't you ever do anything right around here?"

"Ches R.," said one from the editorial side, "we need your help. This issue isn't going nicely at all. No one knows how to spell, the art editor fell over his drawing board and broke his model's shapely leg, the student body is daily cursing us, and ol' editor has been hung in effigy from a sour apple tree."

"Ches R.," said one from the business side, "oh woe! No one wants to place any profitable advertisements. The publication board dropped three hundreds from our budget. The liquor store refuses to deliver up here until we pay last week's bill. And Fats Domino won't acknowledge our



contract for the staff party. What'll we, what'll we do?"

Cat was beginning to take definite form now, and we could see that his eyebrows were arched downward in a Siamese frown quite unlike his real nature.

"So the store refuses to deliver, eh? Freshman! Yes, you with the tattooed I.Q. number on your forehead. Run down there and bring back a case of Xmas bourbon. Don't take no for an answer. Tell them we'll . . . well, they better not refuse.

"Now, the rest of you sniveling Cratchitts, wipe the tears from your cheeks and pay attention. The main problem seems to be one of money, and . . . Alright you wiseacres, why the raised eyebrows? You've heard of money haven't you? You know, moola? . . . greenbacks? . . . dough-re-me . . . lettuce . . . continentals . . . yen . . .? Come on, come on. You remember, don't you . . .?

"See there, you've been without it so long you've forgotten what it is. Money is like a cheque, or a charge card, only the government prints it in green and black. We still use it as legal tender, don't we? We did last year. Has the new frontier abolished money too? **Quo usque, Kennedius?** Thou shalt not crucify mankind on a plastic charge card!"

Ches R. stood before the fire in a John C. Calhoun pose, his arm extended toward the Confederate flag that the staff had carried in the Pennsylvania campaign. But after a brief moment of silent respect, one of the legal side spoke up timidly, being rather exposed

to the issue in his economics course:

"Ches R., Sir. Our professor told us today that money is still legal, even though it may have to be called in to pay for the Cuban Blocade."

"Blocadel!" said Ches R. as he turned toward us again. "That's how we'll get even with the liquor store. We'll send the legal side down there and impose a paper blockade. Those are still legal, aren't they?"

Legal staff: "There is no such thing as legality on the high seas. Nor is there any established international law. But since this is the good ol' United States, I am certain we can work something out."

"Well get to it then, fool." said Ches R. "Now then, as I was saying, we can pick up some old cop uniforms and hijack the relief cheques on the Davidson mail truck. That ought to net us some change. Then

chance to sell them to anyone around here. Then, working by candle light, with the shades pulled down, we . . ."

The tattooed freshman crashed through the paneled doors staggering under a heavy wooden crate. "Here it is, Sir," he gasped as he half dropped it into one of the leather chairs. "Is Early Times alright?"

Old Ches R. allowed his Siamese frown to dissolve, and became fully visible now, even down to the racoon-like tail. We quickly poured five fifths into the **Scripts 'n Pranks** — **DAVIDSONIAN** Challenge Cup (known affectionately as the Auld Mug, this cup has been a continuous trophy in our offices since the croquet match was begun in 1915.) Breaking spontaneously into the dear old **GAUDEAMUS IGITUR** fight song, we eagerly passed the cup around the room. We all felt better now, with Ches R. at the helm again, and with Early Times in our systems. Old cat stretched out in front of the **Life of Johnson** set on our mantle piece. He yawned masterfully, knitted his eyebrows with the grace only old age gives one, nodded wisely at the editorial side, and fell asleep smiling.

A raven fluttered up against the chamber window seeking refuge in the foul night. But when he saw our recumbent forms, still holding the empty shot glasses, which reflected the embers in the fireplace, he darted away, croaking in mournful, prophetic tones "Neveh mo'," being Southern, and all.



we go out, see, and buy up all the copies of the **Texas Ranger**, the **Yale Record**, the **Harvard Lampoon**, the **Florida Orange Peel** and **Playboy** before the newsie has a

