



JINGLE HELL

Dashing 'cross the 'Tute,
 I am late to class.
 O'er the bridge I go,
 Falling on my ass.
 Chimes on Union ring, (?)
 Making spirits slight,
 What fun it is to bag a class
 I've got the test tonight.

Oh, jingle hell, jingle hell,
 We are at the 'Tute;
 Tests are hard, the food is bad,
 The girls are not that cute.

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THE CHRISTMAS PRONG

Textbooks roasting on an open fire
 Notebooks sizzle in there too
 Yuletide carols being sung by the Pole
 In place of the seventh issue

Everybody knows a 3.0 and no projects due
 Help to make the season bright
 Half-crazed kids with exams in the morn
 Will find it hard to sleep tonight

They know that failures on it's way
 It is a sure fire way to kill a holiday
 And every physics knurd is gonna try
 To see if vectors really know how to fly

And so we're offering this free advice
 To those who in the Commons eat
 Although it's been done many times, many ways
 Throw away your books and cheat

THE FIRST F-TEST

The first F-test, the proctors did say
 Was to certain poor freshmen on pavement they'd lay
 On pavement they'd lay, under the J.E.C.
 Having jumped from the eighth floor so vectors they'd be

Faster, faster, faster, fast rate
 Negative vectors accelerate

The first F-test the shepherds were scared
 The sheep were so nervous hoping they would be spared
 Hoping they would be spared, the poor Rensselaer sheep
 'Cause the women are scarce and the livestock is cheap

Baah, baah, oh Little Bo Peep
 Now we know why she lost her sheep

LATE CHRISTMAS

I'm dreaming of a late Christmas
 Just like the one I had last year
 With a stop in Trenton
 I won't see Scranton
 'Till late in the spring next year

I'm dreaming of a late Christmas
 With every test I know my fate
 For next year I'll be at Penn State
 So may all your Christmasses be late.

OH LITTLE TOWN OF TROY, NY

Oh little town of Troy, NY
 Unstill we see thee lie
 Above thy spires and smokestacks
 shines
 The Screw of RPI

Yet in thy dark streets runneth
 The ever present blight
 It's finals week at RPI
 And no one sleeps tonight.

THE LITTLE DUMBER BOY.

Come they told me	(pa rumpa pum pum
We're a prestigious school	"
We have a hockey team	"
We have a laser lab	" " "

You will be happy here	"
People will hire you	"
So there aren't women here	"
People will hire you	" " "

So the school's in Troy	"
We're near Schenectady	"
So the weather's cold	"
People will hire you	" " "

I guess I'll have to come	"
No one else wanted me	"
Can I have financial aid	"
Sorry no can do	" " "

Will you come anyway	"
I guess I'll have to come	"
No one else wanted me	"
No one else wanted me	" " "

DECK THE HALLS

Deck the halls with reams of Polys,
 Blah blah blah blah blah, blah blah blah blah.
 'Tis the season for their follies.
 Ha ha ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha.
 Club we now our gay alliance.
 La la la, la la la, la la la.
 Print their names in their defiance.
 Nyah nyah nyah nyah nyah, nyah nyah nyah nyah.

SILENT NIGHT

Silent night, finals night,
 Students knurd, deep in fright,
 Ugly virgins forget about sex,
 While they study their mechanics text,
 Christ! Our crib sheet is torn!
 Christ! Our crib sheet is torn!

CAROLS EVEN WE WOULDN'T DARE TO PRINT

HARRY, THE HALF-DAZED TEACHER
 I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE ALLIANCE
 JEFF THACKER, THE RED-FACED J-BOARD MEMBER
 WE T.A.'S FROM ORIENT ARE

the pole

EDITORIAL SECTION

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Responsible Editor

Editor in Chief

MKFJGK

Managing Editors

KED

PJK

REB

STAFF

CJH, ALF, EAL3, BHD, MHB, SPAM, AGS JHN

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SPECIAL THANKS TO CMH

Season's Greetings

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
My T.A. gave to me:

Twelve percent a-failing,
Eleven vectors leaping,
Ten times more tuition,
Nine ROTCs marching,
Eight finals Thursday,
Seven Senators sleeping,
Six Sagies laying,

FIVE DAYS OF QUICHE!

Four falling knurds,
Three french pucks,
A two-faced Wilcox,
And a 'Tute screw in the C.C.

'Twas THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS II

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
My father wore them for weeks and they needed the air

The children were nestled twelve in a bed
They didn't have pillows so they used each others heads

With I in my kerchief and mama in her cap
She looked like a peasant and I felt like a sap
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I swore at my wife
"What the hell is the matter?"

Away to the window I flew like a flash
Tripped over her slippers, hit my head on the sash
When what to my wondering eyes did appear
But jolly Uncle Charlie and a sleigh full of beer

A little old man so lively and quick
Was helping Uncle Charlie who had just gotten sick
He couldn't feel a thing from his head to his shoes
And he had presents for everyone: booze, booze, booze

He said "Let me in, now be a good man
I've had too much to drink and I must use the can"
I went to the door but it was all in vain
For the pants of his suit showed a widening stain

The puddle beneath him as he turned to go
Came not from his breath melting the snow
I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight
"I'm going to Sutter's, it's open all night"

'Twas THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS I

'Twas the night before Christmas and all cross the 'Tute,
Not a creature was sleeping, not even a newt.
The students were huddled downstairs at reserves
In hopes that their finals would all have large curves.

The freshmen sat up and stared at their beds
While coffee and physics played games with their heads.
In bathrobe and slippers and long BVD's
I had just settled down to study Diff-E's.

When all of a sudden I heard someone knock,
So I put down my books and looked at the clock.
At a quarter to three I don't expect guests,
Especially not when tooling for tests.

I opened the door and to my surprise
A curious creature looked me in the eyes.
He was short and fat, with a suit which was red,
A white beard and large glasses encircled his head.

His clothes were too large and he needed a showering;
His hair full of grease and his smell, overpowering.
"Good evening," he said with a jolly old smile;
"Perhaps I could come in and stay for a while?"

"I've seen from your record your down in the dumps:
You need lots of help to pass Thermo and Lumps."
And then all of a sudden, a vision appeared
Of a fat, jolly man with a greasy white beard.

This person fit all the descriptions I'd heard;
Yes, this was the one the only Saint Knurd.
I invited him in, much to his delight,
And we studied 'till morning, and morning 'till night.

I aced my exams, my spirit aflame;
as I blew them away, I called them by name:
"Now O-Chem, now Thermo, now E-Mag I take;
Now Num-Comp, now Circuits; why, this stuff is cake!"

And when it was over, having passed all my classes,
He packed up his slide rule and put on his glasses.
"It's been great fun," he said with a gaze.
"I hadn't studied that hard in days!"

And so he took off, just as he arrived,
Smelly and greasy, with spirits revived.
But I heard him exclaim, as he walked out of sight:
"To celebrate, I'm going to study tonight!"

WE WISH YOU A SHARPENED 'TUTE SCREW

We wish you a sharpened 'Tute Screw,
We wish you a sharpened 'Tute Screw,
We wish you a sharpened 'Tute Screw,
And a foreign T.A.