

# the polemic

Volume III, Number VII

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

## Coalition holds boycott contest

Members and supporters of the Capital District Coalition Against Everything organized a boycott/picket protesting the recent Chick Corea concert scheduled Tuesday of last week at Troy Music Hall. Armed with picket signs, leaflets, and the combined intelligence of an Asian swallow, the Coalition formed a rough circle outside of the Music Hall in an effort to intimidate Corea concert patrons into discarding the \$8 and \$10 front row tickets. The principally black coalition based their boycott on Corea's alleged racism and prejudice, and his recent performances in S. Africa. Chick Corea, the revolutionary jazz pianist, is, in fact, racist and prejudiced, as is evident by the fact that he was the only white American in his trio, his drummer being black, and his bassist, Czechoslovakian.

The Coalition members, having boycotted the concert, are now in search of a new cause, since Corea's next scheduled concert is outside of the Capital District. Therefore, they have decided to run a contest in an attempt to generate new ideas for boycotts. Previous protest/boycotts have been on such varying subjects as the proliferation of trout, hamstring conditioning techniques, flavored toothpicks, barnacles, "cooking with scallions" recipes, and oxygen. All contest entries must include name, address and sexual preference on a 3X5 card with the boycott/protest idea, and send to 202 Wiltsie House, who will forward the ideas to the C.D.C.A.E. Void where prohibited by law.

## Flash!



**Jim La Poster Thinks**

## Institute devestates community

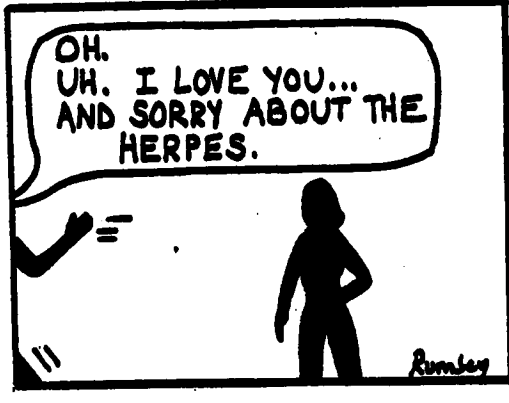
In a press conference today, President Low announced the latest phase of his fabled Rensselaer 2000 plan.

States Low, "It has been brought to my attention lately that there is a growing shortage of parking space here at RPI. My specialists inform me that it is necessary for RPI to expand."

"We believe that the large flat area at the bottom of RPI's hill

(Continued on Page 9)

# MY FRIEND NED



**Gay students group serves donuts at Craft Fair, E-Board deems this a calamity and calls ambulance; Tennis team and Egg Women approve, but IFC terrorizes IC into losing playoffs at Clash concert; however, Booters estimate gains in foreign enrollments during 1982 season to increase at an unsafe rate and Low explains gays' actions on TV talk show with Willie Stanton and Ziggy before marvelous Terrier Festival at Proctor's**

'Nuff said.

# Rensselaer in Briefs

In this exclusive Polemic feature, we hope to expose a segment of 'Tute life which has too long been kept under wraps, in the dresser tucked behind the socks and T-shirts in the underwear drawer. Yes, the Pole is focussing on RPI's briefs.

"What," you ask, "a feature on underwear? That's silly." Yes, we thought so too; but there is a reason behind it all. The Polemic is about to do a serious news story. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help us George.

Yes, the rumors you have heard are true. A new project has found a home at the 'Tute, where the quest for better briefs continues. It all started about a year ago:

## conference

Early last fall semester, the engineering department held a secret conference to develop a new and revolutionary approach to underwear. Experts from all over the world flocked to RPI at the prospect of this new and exciting project in the field of innovative underwear. Although the actual decisions of the committee as well as their preliminary research is still classified as not available for public scrutiny (indecent exposure, you know), we were able to find enough details to force the newly formed Task Force on Underwear to publish a brief statement on their work.

## support

Support for this project has come from several sectors, both public and private. The government is looking for a new inexpensive, easily produced, but extremely durable brief to underclothe the armed forces. Special research is being done into bullet-proof briefs. NASA also has expressed support, hoping that some sort of null gravity brief

will result from the experimentation. The private sector is also involved. IBM seems to see a great deal of fun in integrated underwear and General Motors is beginning to look for a more profitable avenue of investment.

## performance

According to the available information the underwear project is progressing quite satisfactorily. Preliminary tests seem to indicate that the new brief material has the durability and strength of steel and the flexibility of

rubber. However, it has the minor bug of being chemiluminescent (it glows in the dark). As far as null gravity and integrated briefs go the only comment we could obtain was that things were progressing smoothly. It is foreseen that briefs accidentally put in orbit could possibly hinder future space travel, however, this is more than outweighed by the underwear's effectiveness in disabling HAL.

## clean-up

One important sideline to the research which is expected to be on the shelves within

Fill spaces like this

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the year is disposable briefs. Yes, no longer will you ever have to worry about removing those nasty, disgusting stains from your briefs. Now you just wear them once and throw them away.

### views

Finally we went to the students at the 'Tute to see how they felt. They felt the same way we do. "This project is stupid and silly and we couldn't care less." Unfortunately however, it was our journalistic duty to report this fascinating, if somewhat less than world-shattering report.

### rebuttal

(it seemed appropriate)

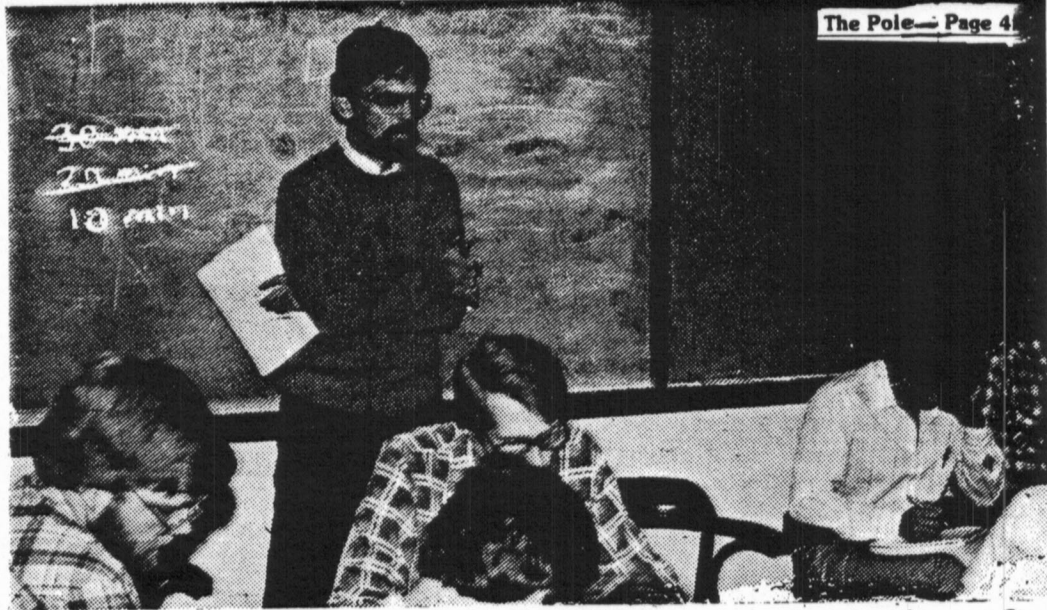
George Low and the engineering department stand firmly by their new pet project. Said George, "I fully support this technological advance in such a long neglected field; the importance of this work will carry on to future generations."

### thanks

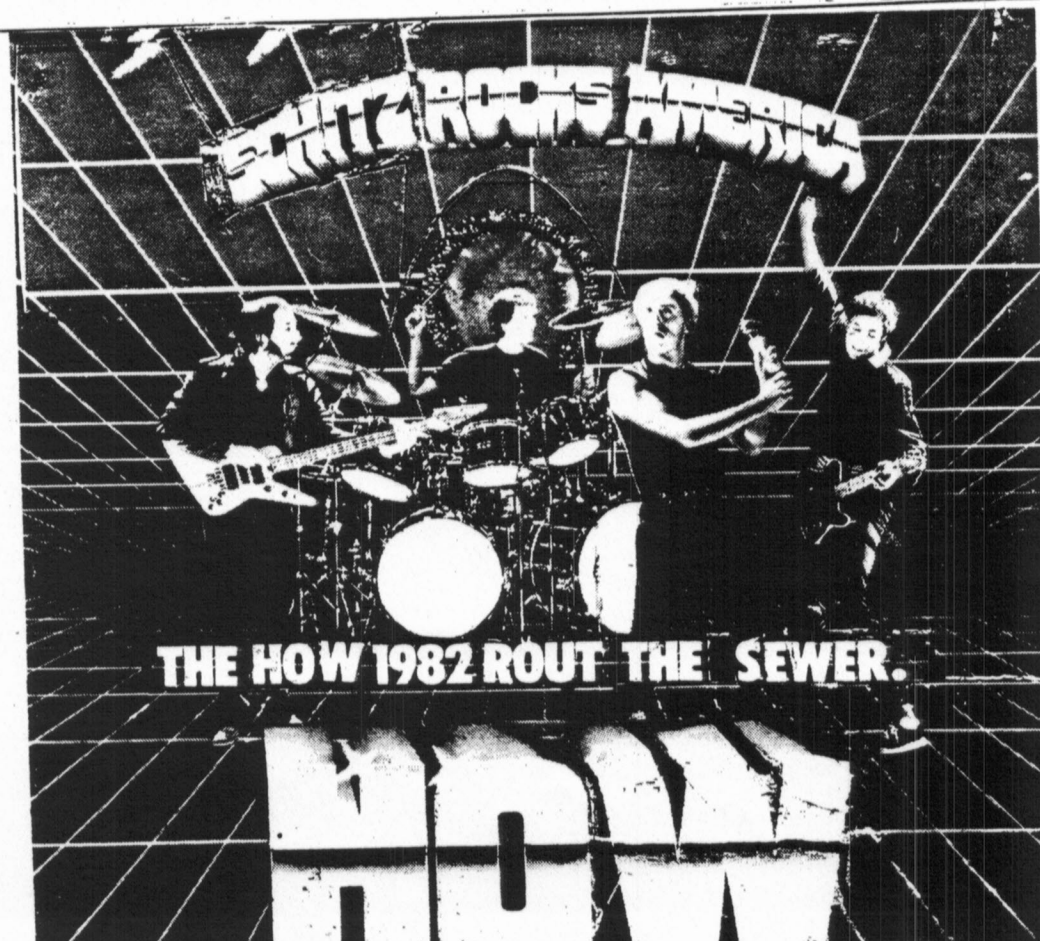
We at the Pole thank you, our readers, for tolerating a true (though somewhat enhanced) story about what the 'Tute is doing with your tuition. We realize we are a humor publication, but truth is funnier than fiction, at least at RPI.

POLE TRIVIA ANSWER:

Gary Owen



Lee Wilcox administers F-test to a closed meeting of the Student Senate last week. Wilcox determined all the answers by himself, and all the senators failed.



# Messiah talks on career goals

It isn't often that one hears somebody around RFI talking about theology. But that is what happened Friday, December seventh in the McNeil Room (commonly known as East-Hell) when the self-proclaimed messiah Billy Vincent Falwell came to Rensselaer to talk about career goals. Mr. Falwell came to the public's attention in September of this year when he was charged with failing to register for the draft. He has been traveling ever since, spreading his message. When asked if he was worried about his upcoming trial he responded, "With the way the courts work these days I won't be tried for another two-thousand years."

In his talk, Mr. Falwell urged people to "get back to the land." He continued, "It is only through communion with God's creations that one can truly be enlightened. Follow me, for I shall lead thee on the road to the Kingdom of Heaven. Your present educational and career goals shall avail you nought, for they are based in selfishness and greed. Mine is the way to truth and light, and all who wish to be saved shall follow me. And while thou art following me and uplifting thy souls thou must be sure that thy worldly possessions fall not into the hands of sinners. That is why I have set up a trust fund for those of you wise enough to tread the path. I have shown that only I have access to

it, so you can be sure that it shall be put to good use. Recall the truths of the enlightened heathen Buddha, 'Fain is suffering, suffering is caused by desire, get rid of desire and you get rid of suffering and pain, follow me.'" Mr. Falwell went on to encourage all to join his "camp of truth" at the University of Southern North Dakota at Hoople.

After his speech, Mr. Falwell opened the floor to a question and answer period. When asked why he had not appeared before now, Mr. Falwell stated that as a messiah, he fully expected to be tortured, crucified, or forced to work with UPAC lighting. He decided that he might as well enjoy himself before this happened, and so has spent the last three years in a San Fransisco hot tub. He only appeared now because he felt he had been given a sign from God in the form of Alexander Haig's resignation.

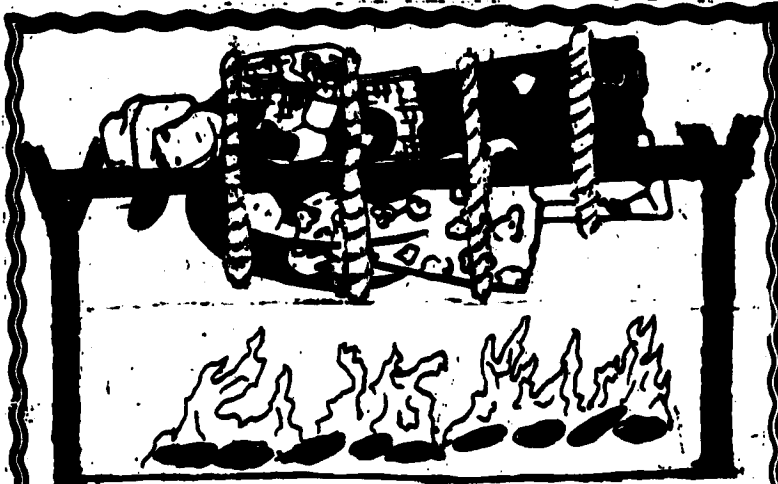
Mr. Falwell was unable to complete his session as he was informed by Lois Ives that his time in the McNeil Room was up, and he would have to leave. "Even the Messiah has to listen to Lois Ives," he said as he left.

## Trustees schedule Concert

In view of the recent end of term "exam crunch", the board of trustees committee on campus life has scheduled a faculty concert. Says GM Jam LaPaste "students cry enough around finals, let see professors scream for a change."

The extravaganza will feature Harry Meiners singing "Wild Thing" and "I'm all choked up over you", Band Sanders with "Sweet Transvestite", Wally Reeves performing his version of "Whiskey", and Jeff Kastoff, with his touching rendition of "Glad To Be Gay."

Student Response to the show has been tremendous. CC308 has already sold out. Special video simulcast tickets are on sale now at the union office for ten dollars.



### COOK A CHILD FOR CHRISTMAS

What nicer gift can be given on Christmas than the gift of a child lightly basted in mushroom sauce and cooked with a light stuffing?

view local concerts  
**JOIN POLE TRIPS**

## Review Review

Symphony No. 6 in F Major, op. no. 68  
("Pastorale"), Ludwig Van Beethoven  
RCA Records

Disappointing, I think, is the best word, under the circumstances, to describe Ludwig Beethoven's newest release, the "Sinfonia Pastorale." After the incredible success of Ludwig's Fifth Symphony, no less momentous a work was expected of him this time, the fourth movement of the Sixth Symphony an anticipated smash hit-single. Unfortunately, this was not to be the case. Beethoven planned the album to be "an expression of emotion rather than tone-painting." Ausdruck der Empfindung, indeed! The pastoral symphony has all the emotion of a third grade production of Romeo and Juliet, and all the sustained excitement of a wet egg noodle.

In addition to this, the musicians on the album were all but incompetent. It is surprising that Ludwig Van would even consider employing a back-up band like the London Symphony Orchestra, let alone adopt it as his own. But such was the situation, and the sound quality of the album suffered because of it: the rock beat was nearly inaudible under the over-powering walls of the French horns and violins, and it seems likely that Beethoven didn't even write a part for the synthesizer. It seems somewhat of a waste that a composer of Beethoven's potential would spend months working on a piece of music on which one can barely, if ever, distinguish the electric guitar.

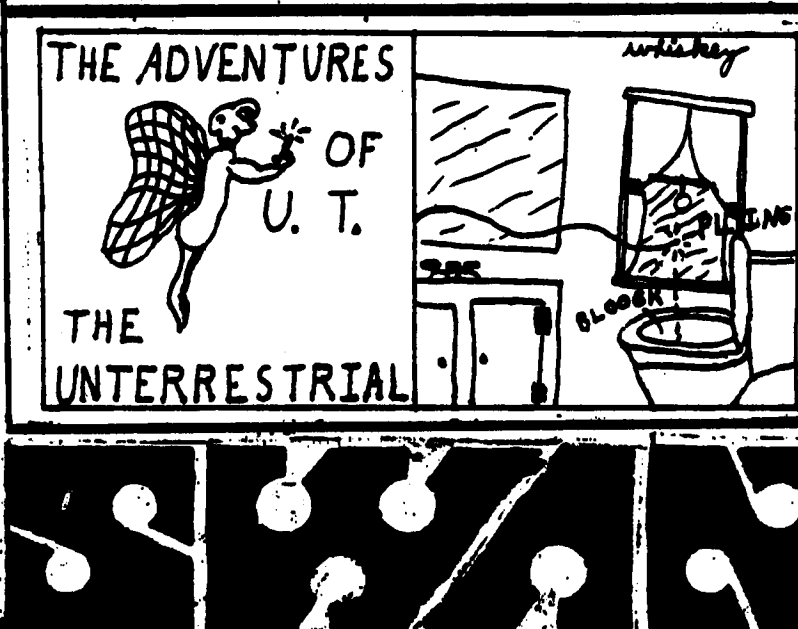
Overall, the Sixth Symphony sounds like the composer was totally deaf when it was written, and it will be extremely interesting to see if the song ever gets above its present spot on the pop charts, not yet in the top one-hundred. This reviewer gives the vapid "Sinfonia Pastorale" a meager 2+.

Diary of a Madman, Ozzy Osbourne, CBS

Ozzy's done it again: he's shown what a combination of genius, persistence, and a couple of minutes of hard work can do. He's created a masterpiece of modern music which can't be paralleled even by the most talented of his competitors. Diary of a Madman is a brilliant satiric work which mocks man's

inhumanity to man, and the almost benign indifference which the universe displays to mankind and his surroundings. It's a tongue-in-cheek religious statement aimed at the fanatical, blind followers of all faiths who have not, as yet, attained the disciplined freedom of open-mindedness. But most of all, it's Ozzy at his best, and he won't for one minute let you forget it.

Diary of a Madman contains everything necessary to make it the landmark album it is: an unchanging rock beat, screaming, distorted electric fuzz-guitars, and hard-hitting, garbled vocals, mixed and remixed to perfection. Unfortunately, it is not getting half the attention that it deserves: it is nearly twenty-five slots below "Rock the Casbah" and selling only 1.7 million copies to date. Nonetheless, this reviewer gives the intense Ozzy classic Diary of a Madman a healthy 9.



### Students With Alternative Nationalities

Are you interested in:

- \*Going to weird rituals
- \*Meeting other alternatives to people
- \*Travelling to alternative places
- \*Being alternative in general

If you answered "Yes" to any of these questions, then we're for you!

P.S. If you answered "No" to all of these questions, you obviously are staid and mundane and not material for our group, and your absence will be appreciated.

# Engineers lose ambulance at Glens Falls

Students in need of ambulance service last week found themselves out of luck as for the sixth time this semester, Rensselaer Rescue lost their vehicle. After a frantic search covering all of the RFI campus, Sage, and the City of Troy, the ambulance was inexplicably found cruising driverless in circles in the City of Glens Falls. The ambulance, whose behavior has been extremely unpredictable of late, was apparently unharmed, but required over three hours to "talk down" before it would allow anyone to approach closer than fifty yards of itself.

According to Ima Hitman, spokesman for Rensselaer Rescue, high fuel costs have forced the club to run the ambulance on alcohol and flammable drugs available from the infirmary, with unpredictable results. Previous instances of the vehicle flying the coop seem to have been confined to the local area and have thus avoided publicity, but this time the ambulance simply went (literally) too far.

Hitman had no comment on how the squad suddenly found the ambulance in Glens Falls, but rumors abound that Security has a video camera and a tape recorder covertly mounted in the vehicle, allowing them to monitor anything



Security Officer Himmler using typical Security tactics in an attempt to control Rensselaer Rescue's ill-behaved ambulance after last week's bizairre episode.

they like (in their usual style). Hitman would only say "Drugs! We love to work with our DRUGS!! We need DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!!..." as he was led off screaming by men with large screw insignia on their white jackets.

And thus closed another horrifying example of how a seemingly legitimate enterprise such as Rensselaer Rescue can destroy innocent victims such as Ima Hitman. A dedicated worker of medical miracles (well... lets say they deliver them...), led hopelessly into a world of free flowing drugs and into addiction, compliments of the Dirty Tricks Department of the Covert Activities Group of the RFI 'Tute Screw Board, always looking for ways to fool you into thinking you had really made it. Ha Ha.

## Wales tales tournament

The IFC announced today it's first activity of the year, a drinking extravaganza with the highlight of the evening being a massive Wales Tales tournament. The event, to be held on the sixteenth of January, celebrating the ratification of prohibition, will consist of the usual drinking games including quarters, thumper, and pin-the-tale-on-Lee-Wilcox. The main event, however, will be a Wales Tales tournament to end all Wales Tales tournaments, billed to be "the largest event of it's kind this side of Troy High."

The even, in which all twenty six fraternities are expected to participate, will include a drink off competition in straight, reverse, and reverse rotation Tales. Tom Collins, IFC presi-

dent, informed further, "There will also be a separate contest in anticipatory Tales, with so many whips it'll look like a meeting of the RPI S&M Society."

Reaction to the event was, on the whole, positive by the fraternities. The Dean of Students Office, however, was less than thrilled with this idea, preferring that the IFC hold its usual non-open houses, almost IFC picnics, and other such un-events. In fact, Dean Thomson was heard to remark, upon hearing of the announcement, "What do you mean, the IFC is sponsoring an event? What happened, did they hold elections of something?" However, no action by the Dean's office is anticipated, as usual.

# the pole

## EDITORIAL SECTION

# the polemic

Vol. III, No. VII

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Glue & Razor Blades thanks to  
S&J Variety c/o JB Paper & Neil

Special thanks to CMH

Amidst the gleaming new oil rigs, the valuable payoff of weeks of "test" drilling, the cornerstone was sealed and set in concrete; the CII was begun. The contents of the stone, known only to a select few, were destined for future eyes.

The year was 2274. Amidst the crumbling ruins of a once-great technological university, one of its robotic by-products came across an interesting find. Inside a rock marked "CII - 1983" was a Polemic. Its electronic voice crackled, "They were not responsible for anything. They didn't do it. They welcomed input submitted to 202 Wiltsie House or "POLEMIC" on Myron Mail, but they gave it all to the Troy Sanitation Department."

"What was a 'Troy'," it thought.

## outraged at wash & dry finals

Yes, the Tute has found a new way to screw the students. Impossible, right? Wrong. The administration is everworking on new twists of the screw, and this time they have outdone themselves. RPI is the first college in the world to institute "wash and dry" finals.

That's right, all students will now be required to pass a laundry final before they will be allowed to graduate. In a pressed conference the administration gave reasons for this surprise move, which were clearly laundered for the public. However, responses to the tide of questions left a ring around the questioner. The main jist of their arguement was that they felt the reputation of the university had been stained by the previous era in which the attitude towards laundry had been starch.

Such a blatant Ivory Snow job should be met with a strong "No Soap" from students. The tute governs every other facet of our lives; must they also govern our laundry?

## It's the Pitts

On the fourth of this month, the governor of New York committed political Hari-Kari ( or Hari-Carey, as the case may be ) in the eyes of college students throughout the state, when he raised the legal inebriation age to 19. What, if any, affect will the ineptitude of this act have on our beloved Alma Mater? Well, for one, unless you have been living in a cave, you know and take pride in the fact that R.F.I. is the biggest drinking school in the country, which means that, for once, Cal.-Tech. and M.I.T. are second to us in something besides ice hockey. This is bound to change with the new law now in effect, however. Coming in second to Dartmouth and U-Mass. Boston in the Flayboy Foll will undoubtedly cause a great dichotomy to form in the adhesive unity of the Rensselaer community.

Secondly, next year's Rush season will all but disappear; what with no alcohol, what will there be to lure incoming Freshman to Greek life next year? Brotherhood? Loubt it.

(continued on page 9)



# Proctologists present

UPAC (Union Proctologists and Anal Cohorts) has announced a new program called "Proctologists Present", which will entail behind-the-scenes looks at various related film projects. The first program will consist of a viewing of the new Greek nature film "An In-Depth Analysis of the Dairy Air," but this will obviously take a back seat to the main event, a delicious buffet with rump roast as the main course. Says UPAC, "The program has been considered assinine by many observers and has thus been the butt of many jokes, but we're willing to bend over backwards to make sure it all comes out OK in the end."

## Institute

(continued from Page 1)

would be the ideal location for a huge parking lot.

It was pointed out by an astute reporter that, "that is where Troy is located."

President Low seemed aware of this as he replied, "Well, I've been thinking that we have three possibilities.

1) We could ask them to move. 2) We could build the parking lot when they aren't looking or 3) Accidentally blow Troy off the map during a ROTC training drill.

When asked which proposal he preferred, he was observed to merely grin and rub his hands.

## ... the Hits

(continued from Page 8)

And what about student politics? Who wants to go vote for class officers without the traditional mug and beer afterwards. And mug nights? The thought of being able to walk from one end of Sutter's to the other without being trampled will unquestionably confuse and dismay many a mug night veteran. The list, unfortunately, goes on and on. As a political statement, and in an effort to reverse this situation, a number of students have decided to travel to a small, rural section of South America and commit mass suicide by drinking cyanide Heineken.

# Judicial Proceedings

Last week, the Foly filed an injunction against Joe Sallow. The Injunction stated that Sallow should not be allowed to speak aloud for the remainder of his enrollment at RFI. The Foly justified the injunction, saying "Little did we know, when we gave him his own column, that he'd turn 'Panorama' into 'Pandora's Box'." The J-Board ruled unanimously in favor of the injunction; Sallow was unable to comment.

## NOTICE:

Yes, it's that time of the semester again. Time to renew your Polemic prescriptions. Time to say, "Hey, you guys suckered me in last semester, and once a sucker, always a sucker." So send us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost, to us. Actually, just send us the two bucks. That's all you need to do to receive the uproarious Pole for the entire Spring semester.

If you want to renew your prescription, buy a prescription for a friend, or get back at an enemy, just send the form below with a check for \$2.00 made out to "The Polemic" to 202 Wiltsie House via campus mail.

The way we see it, there's a sucker born every minute. That makes 60 suckers born every hour, 1440 every day, etc. We should have had over 1½ million suckers as prescribers by the end of this semester. We must be missing a lot of suckers. So help us out. If you know a sucker, tell him to buy a Pole prescription. "I'm a Sucker, You're a Sucker, He's a Sucker, She's a Sucker, Wouldn't You like to be a Sucker Too? Be a Sucker, Buy the Polemic! Be a Sucker, Buy the Polemic!"

Here's your chance! Just fill out this handy-dandy order form:

Yes! Yes! Yes! I'm a Sucker!  
Place a Spring Pole prescription in  
the name of:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

I have been the leader of the Communist Party for \_\_\_\_\_ years.

# sports

## Cereal

The space was darkened, and it was a few minutes before Dave's eyes adjusted. He saw a figure on the floor nearby, someone he now recognized as the person he saw in the VCC so long ago-- "Jon" was his name. Jon was just coming to.

An hour later they had thoroughly examined the place in the semi-darkness. They found electronic equipment everywhere, some recognizable, some not. A fairly complex computer was in a small adjoining room. The only piece of equipment in operation, however, appeared to be the IBM 3270 in the corner, with "MTS" glowing eerily in the dark. There were two doors in the place, both locked, and although the doors were old, with wide gaps between them and their frames, neither Dave nor John could card them, even with a moneymatic card. Suddenly a loud "click" was heard. As Jon swung around, he saw the leftmost door lined with light. "Someone's in that room," whispered Dave. They both went to the door, and peeked through the cracks, unaware of the video camera peering intently at them.

Sid and the Aardvark-like Martha, arm in arm, approached the Visitor's Center after a delicious lunch at the end of the Universe. "You don't really think Security will know what's going on, do you?" asked Martha.

Sid replied, "Well, rumor has it they get the Polemic, otherwise we'll have to wait till 4 and check with IPAC." They entered the building.

Dave watched with awe at the assemblage of personna in the next room. Paul Scarjello, Joe Silly, Laura Tinski, and Kathy Boardman were the only students present except for one other who had left under suspicious circumstances last year. Dave had always found it hard to believe that Pete Travesty had flunked out-- so this is where he went! Then Lee Whycox, Eddie Scowles, George Lowly, Susi Kantmanage ("But where's LaPoster," Dave thought), and 3 trustees filed in. As the group sat down, Dave looked at Jon, the light through the crack playing weirdly upon his face. "Is it..." cried Dave.



"Must be," replied Jon, "the Z-Board."

"I'm sorry, but we don't receive the Polemic," the security officer on duty told Sid. The aardvark was fascinatedly watching the video display on the front desk. "We stopped receiving the Polemic after they ran an article on Crime Watch some weeks ago," continued the officer. The front door of the JEC flashed by, then the back door, then Martha saw a friend of hers enter the JEC from the second floor on the display. She watched as though hypnotized. The steam tunnels under the JEC were shown, then a curious darkened area. Martha tried to figure out where this was, but could not. The only clue was the lone IBM 3270 shown on the display, its MTS logo glowing eerily in the dark. Suddenly the picture jumped again, and Martha saw a closed doorway outlined in light. Two figures were crouching in front of the doorway, as if looking inside. Martha gasped, thinking, "Hey-- that's Dave and Jon!"

Thanking the officer profusely, Martha dragged Sid out of the building.

"We've got to help Dave and Jon!" she cried.

"Who?" said Sid puzzledly.

"Come on, we've got to do something!" continued Martha, "They're in trouble, and it's only a matter of time before the security officer looks at his display!" But it was too late.

As Jon watched through the door crack, the Z-Board meeting progressed. He strained to hear what was being said, but only was able to catch a few words. Something about "beyond Rensselaer 2000" "got to change", and "Union as a classroom facility." Suddenly a red phone lit up beside George Lowly. He picked it up, listened for a minute, then very deliberately looked at the very door Jon and Dave were hiding behind. Suddenly Jon had a feeling his Data Structures project would never get done.

# epolemic

Volume III, Number VII-5

The Pole - Page 2

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

## Christmas supplement

### 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 Wednesday,  
Seven Salos shoveling,  
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.

### 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!

### 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.

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

### 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.

### 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.

### 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.