

FITZ

BITZ

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FITZ TO PRINT

Vol. 2, No. 8

FITZGERALD HOUSE O.U.

November 8, 1965

HOUSE COUNCIL CONSTITUTION IN ROUGH DRAFT

The Fitzgerald House Council will air the rough draft of the House constitution at this week's meeting. This is the first constitution ever written for Fitzgerald House. Doug Bastion headed the Constitution Committee.

Coming soon--the dedication ceremonies for the fireplace.

Don't miss Mr. Hayden's Last Lecture on Wednesday, November 10th, at 4:00 P.M. in the Gold Room.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The other day I tripped over a copy of the dorm contract. I fell flat on my face. It seems that the University has a real neat deal going for them. We agree to pay the small sum of 415 a semester, either in a lump or in difficult time payments. In return, the University agrees to terminate the contract with or without refund, at its discretion, if we break any number of rules that in practice may or may not be enforced at the whims of the RA's, head residents, and administrators.

Oakland University does not, in any place, make any promises as to the number of meals, hot, cold, or ineli Herrent, that will be served. However, the student must agree to take his meals in the resident cafeteria. The University makes no promises as to the type of

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EDITORIAL

Some people on this campus believe we should get out of Vietnam and others maintain that we must stay and fight. By definition both the United States and North Vietnam can be termed "imperialists." Both claim they are battling for the South Vietnamese People's "liberation." I don't know anything about the South Vietnamese opinions, needs, and wants as to the political situation. But for the moment, let's reject any moral connotations involved and concentrate on the Usonian's feeling towards the United States' involvement in Vietnam. Both the government (including their sympathizers) and the protesters are making fools out of themselves. (Don't misunderstand me, because it thoroughly pleases me to see the controversy.) Even if the protesters are "morally" right, they're naive if they think they can change U.S. foreign intervention policy^{and} Selective Service draft policy. Johnson and his followers look ridiculous when they "express concern" over protests and begin investigating the protest movements. This is more "un-American" than the "un-American" protesters.

I don't have any pat answer for those who think there's a problem in Vietnam and the United States but the concerned among us should fight for their well thought-out views. J.H.

Rats Invade Fitz

The little brown rhodents have again invaded the plush domicile of 118 Fitz. For the second time in four months, a friendly brown mouse came to pay her respects to Lawrence Roscoe Koch.

Then Larry noticed his frisky friend

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(Letter cont'd)

housing to be provided, yet the student must agree to live there. I believe that the contract should be rewritten to clarify at least these two glaring faults.

In addition to outlining our responsibilities to the University, there should be some statement of the service to be rendered by the University. The contract should include an agreement to offer a specified minimum number of hot meals and meals in general each week. The word food should be mentioned someplace to avoid the present confusion. There should be a definition of the minimum living conditions provided in the dorms. If there was a statement of the medical, police, and food services within reasonable distance of the campus, I feel that fewer parents would sign on the dotted line.

In all, I am not in favor of a contract that would hamper the University in its operation, but the absurdity of a contract containing only liabilities for one party is obvious even to non-existentialists.

Arnie Kruger, 6426

(Editor's Note: The Dormitory Council is now in process of investigating the housing contract.)

Our Love

by Nezzie Kicapoux

The food we eat
Is not too sweet
Between you and me
It's stinkin' too.

We have a place to stay or play
But it was quite unbearable today.

The muffins are great
The meat needs a mate
Like liquid or gravy
Or moistness in, maybe.

Lots of homework's fine with me
A full-empty stomach I can't be.

The potatoes, lumpy
The service, grumpy
So why do we munch
On crud for our lunch.

Inquiring Reporter:

The answer of the week was: "because the ostrich picked all the rivets out of the battleship."

We received the following questions:

Mel Kozek: Why did the wombat attack the three-toed amoeba?

Chris Jones: Why did the cork-legged cockroach thoroughly undermine the entire jar of Polish pickles?

Andrea Urban: Who you could say that in the presence of the opposite sex?

Gary Durst: Why does ice cream have bones in it?

Tom Volay: Why did the captain get a hernia?

Dave Silver: Why did the Bismarck sink after only eight hours of continuous shelling by four British ships?

Myra Allen: Why do eight out of ten men prefer blonds?

Mary Ten Eyck: Why did the ship sink?

Carol Wilson: Why couldn't Superman play with his toy boat in the bathtub?

Mr. Kammon: It is an appropriate response when the head resident asks you why you are carrying liquor to your room.

Katy Beat: Why did the chicken cross the road?

Gina Jones: Why did the sky fall?

Sue Zeleznik: Why is the price of tea in China so high?

The only additional thing that could possibly be added is that the answer of Chris Jones was solicited during the Sunday lunch.

(Nezzie cont'd)

Give me an answer to my plea
There must be something somewhere, see?

So give me sustenance
Not soggy reluctance
Of this old society
Of yellow notoriety.

I have but one life to give
But as yet I want to live.

Even Cruder Excerpts From the Ageless Mungols

Last time, as you remember, Sun Yat Mung (second son of Stanley the Terrible) conquered the T'ung Shi hatchet warriors, by spreading the dread disease Kiwi's Foot. About the only other thing that Sonny did during his reign was die. (The only reason that this was of any significance was that they had a big Kumquat festival, which was thereafter celebrated annually and more commonly known as the Mardi-Mung.) This festival grew and grew until it was such a large attraction that it drew people from many continents all over the world. By the time of the 13th annual Mardi-Mung, there was a tremendous number of people on the continent, creating a huge demand for the official drink, Kumquat nectar. In order to meet this demand, all of the Flungolians as well as the captured T'ung Shi hatchet warriors, had to climb into the large vats of Kumquats and stomp the quats to death. At one moment during this rhythmical stomping, it so happened that everyone jumped at once. The prefab continent just couldn't take this strain and it slowly sank into the sea. This entire Titanic continent was lost. At this festival, however, was the mild-mannered reporter Clark Flug of the Weekly Planet. As everybody knows this was only the coverup for his more sensational job as that of the Indestructible Supermung. (You guessed it, he's going to make one of those sickeningly dramatic rescues where he saves just enough people to keep our story going.) This rescue, being such a sickening cliché, we won't describe it. (Don't sweat the misplaced participle.) Supermung realizing that he had perpetrated such a gross race of men placed a gun to his head and shot himself. (Also don't sweat the anachronism. We aren't all perfect.) Besides, they didn't realize that guns hadn't been invented until after he had shot himself, and then it was too late.

These survivors became nomads who made their living by trapping and training wombats. They would trap these

Wombats riding their fastest means of transportation* and throwing tranquillizing ball-point spears (which they erroneously called Howitzers for lack of a better name.)

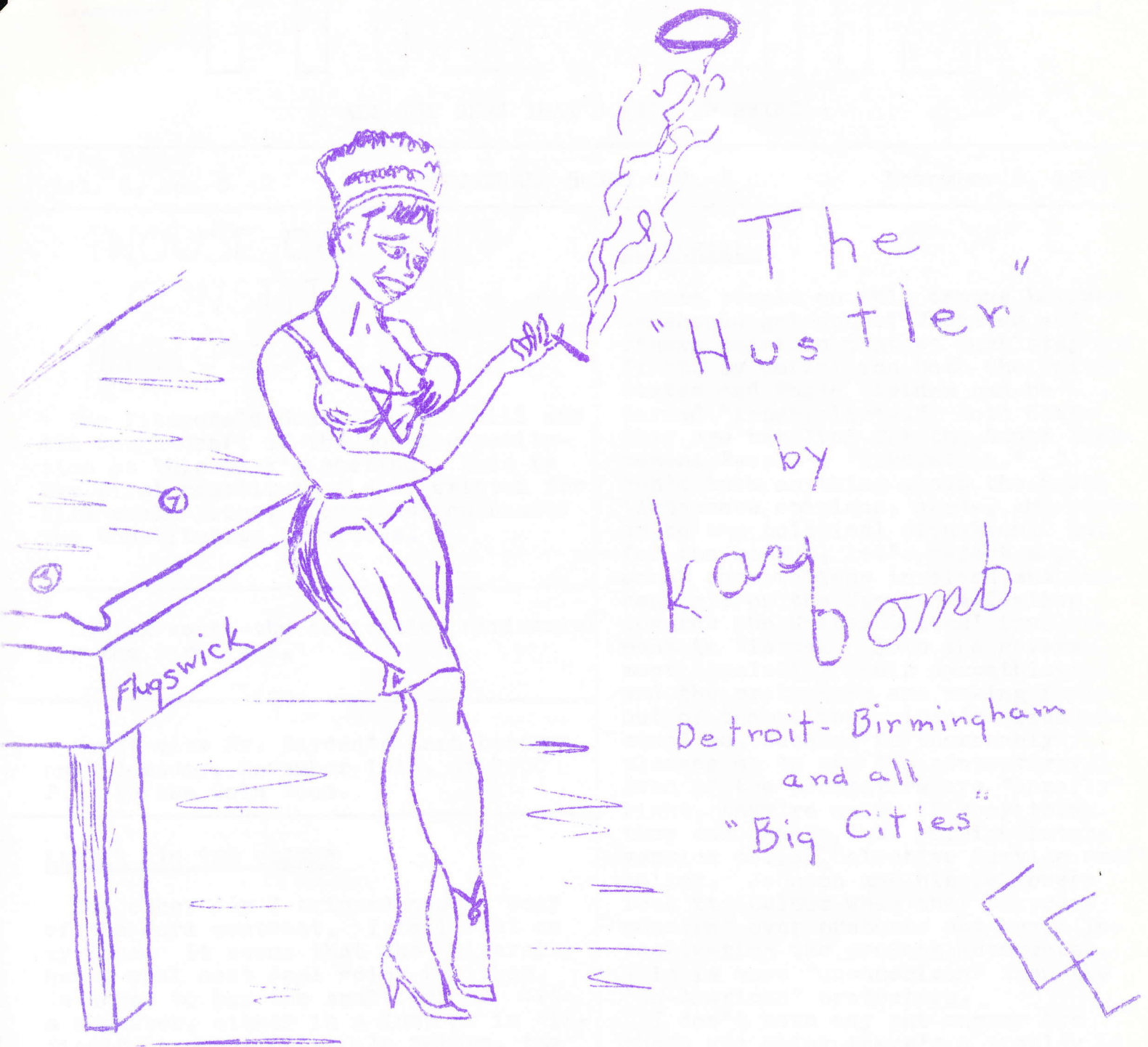
One day two women were fighting over a cuddly playful wombat. They both claimed that this wombat belonged to them. The village Suzerain, not being able to resolve this dispute, wisely sent them along with the Wombat to the Solomung in the kingdom of Blace-Stein. (This was a kingdom of people of the Stein race. They couldn't keep their willie hands off the women.) The wise Solomung quickly sized up the situation, and came up with an answer. He decided to go ~~xxx~~ to the women and tell them that he would cut the baby wombat in half and give half to each. He then presented this proposition to the two women. He would have to do the cutting himself to eliminate the middle man's profit. After cutting the baby in half he had to decide who got which half so he said, "Call it, heads or tails." Solomung, after this insipid blunder was fired as Supreme High Potentate, and replaced by Lee the Lecherous. Next week, same time, same station, (don't touch that dial) tune in for more (if you can stand it, and if we get around to writing it) exceedingly Crude Excerpts from the Ageless Mungols. It doesn't matter if you have a big radio, a transistor radio, a car radio, or if your radio doesn't work at all, because we're in the paper and you all get it for free anyway.

Respectfully Submitted,
The Mungolian Tribute Office

* What is brown, furry, has all leather upholstery, has British green racing stripes, and goes hmmm, hhhmmmm, hhhmmmm hhhmmmmmmmm?

A Four Speed Yak.

Did you know that during the 1950's females recorded a greater improvement in longevity than males in every section of the United States?



FIZ

Ken Silver
Chuck Jagen
John Howard
Pete Gates
Dave Smith
Mungolian Tribute
Nezzle Kicapoux

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(Rat cont'd)

he arose and tried to chase it from the room thinking that it was probably one of Stoutenburg's assistants making a room check. The scuffle lasted for about five minutes and then there was silence.

A few minutes later Mr. Koch was seen to dejectedly walk from his room and mutter, "Did you ever roast a mouse?"