

scattering blasts of billiard balls emanate from the open room and peacefully flows into the main assembly room where it harmonizes perfectly with the overbearing and self taught gazy tunes and lesser but still raucous laughter ~~and~~ incessant mumbling of the congregation.

If these rasping annoyances become to overbearing one can readily make his escape by wedging into the cafeteria and fountain room, where he can alleviate his temperature disgust.

Here the food is served in its crudest form, more on the order of the hot dog and pink lemonade of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration you are probably experiencing today.

The more popular fountain chamber offers that vital life substance for Texas' thermal control - Ice Cream.

Here again one comes face to face with the crowded hosts of humanity and where an ice cream sundae is a long time in the future. (I speak unfavorably, not of the intrinsic constituents of these masses (I love them all), but of the physical factor of congestion itself. This philosophical distinction will not decide the fate of the world but I merely throw it in in the hopes of illuminating any chance of confusion in this most critical discussion. 😊)

Frankly, I am merely attempting to infer that Berkeley is overstacked beyond its carrying capacity. Amen! This fountain line acts like a magnetic force to me, not having completely overcome that subordinate adolescent craving for ice cream and being such a drawing card am instinctively compelled to brave the vicissitudes of this formation. The distal end of this serpent like line is no difficult thing to locate but once on your way it is merely a problem of remaining in tact for 15-20 minutes until your turn has arrived. My choice that day was a pie a la mode and