

THE FAT HEAD

COLLEGE OF WILLIAM'S AND MARY'S

VOLUME XLV2

COLLEGE OF JOHN AND MARSHA

April Fool's Day Issue

Claude Thornhill Brought Back By Popular Demand

Polls Open April Fool's Day As Student Body Prepares To Select Campus Leaders

David Otto Nothing, Harold Peter Short and Thomas Benjamin Sitwell have recently tossed their hats into the political ring as "available" for the pending Student Body elections. Their intentions of candidacy became known after a three-day closed-door session at the Corner Armenians.

Behind these locked doors the three potential powers of student government plotted the eventual overthrow of the College and the Admiralstration, according to the report of a trusted "inside man."

From this same source of information the *Fat Head* has come into possession of certain revealing facts. This news is now released to the public, in order that they may know the candidates and choose wisely between them.

D. O. Nothing, who has been acting in campus affairs for the past 10 years, (defeated in his five previous attempts for the presidency) is running on a platform of "complete freedom." According to his press secretary, this means "freedom from boring lectures (no names will be released); freedom of life; freedom of liberty; and freedom in the pursuit of free love."

H. P. Short, noted student expert on rare wines, (received his Ph.D., Doctor of Drinking, last Summer) criticized his opponent by denouncing his platform. According to Short, "D. O. Nothing has nothing; elect him and you will get nothing. However, I clearly see the need for improved student relations and if elected will, to the utmost of my ability, secure better student facilities. Inter-connecting men-women dormitories, perpetual 4 o'clock lates and cheap opium rates will be among the improvements that I will seek to bring about."

T. B. Sitwell, the youngest of the candidates (now only in his sixth year at the College), was unable to weather the closed-door sessions with the same acume that his opponents managed. When asked to state his views on the pending elections he wheezed, "I feel confident (hic) that my up-standing character will place (hic) me in good standing with all dis?dis-dis with all smart students. Victory (burp) is mine for the asking."

Since elections are still one day off, the three candidates have retired to their closed quarters where plans are being formulated for future campaigns. As the *Fat Head* reporter carefully crept away, he heard the voice of D. O. Nothing lisping, "hey, boy, draw three."

Malenkov Accepts College's Invitation To Attend Annual May Day Program

Georgi Malenkov, a minor professor of public relations from the University of Moscow, is due to arrive in Williamsburg in time for the annual May Day celebrations, which have been renamed "St. Georgi's Day" in his honor.

Georgi is touring the United States on an Ex-Lax scholarship and plans to be on the go constantly while here.

Georgi obtained his training in his field at MIT (Moscow Institute of Treachery) and U. Va. (University of Vladivostock).

He will be welcomed upon his arrival by speeches by President Pan Handler and Dean Sin-Riberts, who intends to build her opening address upon the theme "Should Dancing Be Outlawed?"

Georgi's part in the celebration

will be to rain over the festivities and crown the May Queen with a bottle of vodka in the old Russian tradition. He also hopes to review the ROTC unit, but Colonel Poke is dubious as to the wisdom of having the boys march on such a warm day.

While here, Georgi plans to take in some of the Restoration, if customs officials will let him get away with it.

As the mellow strains of the Russian national anthem, "Who Put the Benzadrine in Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine" are rendered by Claude and his band, Georgi will give a brief address in honor of higher education to be entitled "School Days in Siberia or What Shovelling 202 Did For Me."

Spring Finals Will Feature Sensational Orchestra Music With Special Saturday Concert Program And Late Dance



Claude Thornhill

Claude Thornhill, his piano and his orchestra, will return to William and Mary to play for Spring Finals, it was announced this week by Bob Sandwich, chairman of the Student Dancing Committee.

Thornhill will play for both the Friday and Saturday night dances of May 1 and 2, and will provide the music for the Saturday afternoon band concert which will be held back of the laundry.

The Dance Committee realizes that it is most unusual to have the same band twice during the year, but the decision was made to ask Thornhill to return when a petition with 1900 student signatures was turned in to the committee, demanding that Thornhill come back to this campus.

Thornhill's band enjoys great popularity. The musical arrangement centers on the piano of Thornhill aided by the unusual combination of six drums, a violin and four castenets.

Day Break Deadline

The Friday night dance will be held in Blow Gymnasium from 10 p. m. until 4 a. m., but women students will not be allowed to return to their dormitories until day-break, it was announced by Dean Sin-Roberts. The Saturday night dance will be held in the basement of the old power plant.

The advance ticket sale will begin yesterday. Combination tickets for the two dances will be \$13.33 plus amusement tax, city tax, state tax, liquor tax and \$12. Tickets will be on sale in the John Marshall Lobby in Richmond.

Students are asked to engage in gate crashing, announced John Bungler, Horror Committee Chairman. It is also requested that students bring their own alcoholic beverages as the College supply has been largely depleted this year.

The theme of the dance will be "The Salt Mines of Siberia," done in seven dimensions, it was announced by Dave Ball'oon, chairman of the Decorations Committee.

All students are urged to purchase their tickets immediately, if not sooner, because demand is expected to be incredible.

College Indicts Headache For Libelous Accusations

William Randolph Headache, former *Fat Head* editor, has been indicted by the Board of Tourists of the College of John and Marsha for the accusations he made in his recent book, *School For Scandal, or Colonial Williamsburg Confidential*. The trial of the accused is scheduled to take place in the Wren Kitchen early next month.

In a statement to the press W. R. Headache hinted that, "if I go, so goes the school." He refused to elaborate further on this comment.

In a recent College Bulletin it was announced that all traffic to and from Williamsburg would have to cease, also all communications with the outside world. This step is being taken to remove any occurrences of misquotation by the press.

Headache incurred the wrath of the College when the accused Igor Benjamin Membrane as being the power behind the Admiralstration. Officials retorted by pointing out that he possessed no facts to substantiate such a claim. Furthermore, Membrane (I. B. M. to his friends) is intrusted with only the most meager duties.

A College spokesman, who does not wish to be quoted, stated that Headache did not stop at merely indicting Membrane unjustly, but went so far as to mud-rake several of the school's most honored departments.

A speaker from one of the injured departments claimed that Headache "spoke with complete inaccuracy," hinting that "his profession of a writer seemed to authorize him special liberties with the truth." This same department made a request that Headache be turned over to them after the trial

to face the firing squad in Sunken Gardens.

The Board of Tourists further indicted Headache on charges of "trying to undermine the morals of the College." They cited passages in his book where he referred to the Royalist office as being no more than a "front for legalized vice." Man Child, although upset, offered no rebuttal to this remark.

Because of the violent emotions of the accused, students have been urged not to attend the trial. However, for the brave souls who muster up courage beer and pretzels will be served.

Chief Killy Suspects Trojan War Mob Involved In Recent Paper-Boy Slaying

The corpse of Fred L. (Laughingboy) Frechette was found last night at 8:07, in a pool of printer's ink on the Richmond Crimes-Dispatch society desk. A gilded Trojan sword was run through the heart of the victim, and strange markings, believed to be program notes, were found around the scene of the crime.

It is believed by Williamsburg Chief of Police W. H. Killy that this is not a "clean-cut case of murder. I cannot imagine what the motive would be for this dreadful crime. Who could have done it?" pondered Chief Killy profoundly.

Frechette had evidently entered the society editor's office to socialize a little, for in one hand was found a Dr. Pepper, and in the other, a crumpled William and Marry Theatre Ticket for the

1953-54 season. The society editor, Miss Christine Shell, had evidently fled.

In a lineup of suspects in Wren Kitchen, the finger of suspicion was pointed at Cassandra Inge, who screamed, "I'm ticklish!"

Another suspect, Scamard Hammon, was speechless, and refused to make any statement. "I can't believe it!" exclaimed Al Hunter, chief program folder for the box office.

Other suspects included Brom Greylay, Tallulah Helms and Paris Clulow, all of whom were unable to speak in their defense.

Chief Killy believes the whole murder was "cleverly staged to divert suspicion from the guilty person or persons," and The innocence of Oiax Schneider is all just a big act."

Abolition Of Classes

We would like to express our complete agreement with the very commendable action of the Stewed Assembly in abolishing the Debate Council, *Royalist*, Chi Delta Phi and the Track Team because of the extreme lack of student interest in them. It is about time that we took a positive stand on such vital issues and did away with unnecessary organizations that do not merit the support of the students. But we have just one complaint with regard to this otherwise ginger-peachy action—it didn't go far enough.

We must have the courage of our convictions, as Dr. McBirdog would say, and carry things out to their logical seclusion. That organizations which do not have the support of the student body should be abolished is a known fact. Therefore, it is obvious that academic classes should be abolished because of a lack of student interest. We can think of few things that students are less interested in than classes.

We realize that some sentimental old characters may regret the abolition of classes at the College, but we can't let this stand in the way of progress. Crime marches on and we must accept the facts as the yard. We admit that classes are a desirable luxury which a college such as John and Marsha should try to maintain, but when such a clear-cut lack of student interest occurs as in the case of academic classes, there is no alternative.

There is, of course, a small amount of student interest in classes, but not enough to warrant the continuance of classes in general. It is much easier to do away with the little interest that exists than to try to stimulate more interest in things for which the student body as a whole displays no real interest. We must accept the fact that interest in classes is disappearing on most college campuses throughout the country and eventually colleges may be forced to abolish them completely.

We must remember the important things in college life which students are really interested in, and concentrate on them, instead of wasting our time trying to maintain useless luxuries like classes which students just aren't interested in year after year. The logic of this argument is irrefutable!

The *Fat Head* would like to go on record for the abolition of classes because of a lack of student interest. What we need is more glasses and less classes—to sacrifice quality for quantity in either would be a grave error.

N. U. T. S.

Barrett Third Exposed

During the course of a year, many strange occurrences are called to the attention of ye old editors, many of them far stranger than fiction. It is at this time that we wish to present to our readers an example of just such an event.

It seems that beneath our very noses, webs of intrigue have been spun that are surpassed only by those of Metternich, Bismarck and Stalin. Now where is this foul den of deceit and corruption that threatens the very existence of our manhood, this disease center that should be stamped out before it spreads and contaminates innocent victims?

By special research methods we have discovered that this evil force is harbored on the third floor of Barrett dormitory! Has anyone ever realized how close to the devil he may have come?

Therefore, we have formulated certain hypotheses that should furnish the necessary safeguards for any J&M man. One, never take a Barrett third resident at face value; two, play the East against the West; three, guard carefully against slips of the lip; fourth, chart a good zig-zag course; and finally, find someone in either Brown or Ludwell.

Follow this advice and we guarantee a happy, but dull college life.

B. U. R. D.



HEADSTONES

By Jane Head

Headstones will henceforth replace
The commonplaisancy
Of Halestones who died of happiness
While considering the bliss
Of life
We regret having to dismiss
Halestones,
But we have watched with misgiving
The development of her optimistic
View of living.
Halestones has gone off to write poetry for
A dadaistic publication that has more
Room for designs
And cryptic signs
Across its pages.
It is rumored that she now gets wages
For poems written upsidedown
And without any sound
At all.
(Halestones may be found
In a room directly across the hall
From Ezra Pound.)
When she left she stated
That this place had been vitiated
By too
Many
People who
Didn't like any
Thing.
Halestones was always one to bring
A glow of joy.
Nothing could
Ever destroy
Or annoy
Her conviction that W&M was the best of any possible
College
For knowledge.
We remember how she was always giving bunches of roses
And singing the praise
Of those
Students who were so active and energetic
That they could amaze
A cyclotron.
How fond
She was of the way work always went above and beyond
When students were asked to respond.
Halestones was one who wanted to turn the *Royalist*
Into a humor magazine.
She said, "Desist
That foul publication, for it can be seen
That if the *Royalist* can't get one humorous manuscript
We certainly will be able to glean
Enough to fill up a whole sixty-four pages
With the prose of our talented sages."
Another one
Of her convictions
Was that no student should read a book not required.
"People who think for themselves will come
To some
Bad end.
'Tis better to keep mum
Than ever to enter a conversation—
That might send
Blood rushing to your head,"
She said.

STUDENT CRISIS

Attacks Editorial Policy

To The Editor:

I think it's about time somebody told you off for your idiotic and traitorous editorial policy. As a student of this College, I feel I have the right to be heard in the student bluespaper, but I'll bet dollars to old Stevenson buttons that you don't have the guts to print my letter.

As editor-in-chief of the student bluespaper, you are obligated to reflect student opinion and stick up for your rights instead of taking orders from the admiralstration.

Why don't you print the bare truth about vice and corruption on Barrett third? The whole College has a right to know about that den of iniquity. I suppose you will claim that you don't know anything about the sin and gin that raise havoc up there.

If you don't stop letting outside pressure groups and members of the admiralstortion influence and formulate your editorial policy, the student body may rise in all its righteous indignation and hang you from the yardarm as a traitor to the cause.

In addition to your own unfair editorial policy which is certainly bad enough, you allow venomous and underhanded infidels to use your letters-to-the-editor column to spread their vicious propaganda with a cloak of anonymity. Why don't you require everyone who writes a letter to the *Fat Head* sign his name in full?

While I think of it, your make-up and headlines stink, too! Why don't you and your whole staff take a long walk off a short pier?

With rancor toward all,
Name Withheld By Request

Suggests Economy Move

To The Editor:

To be perfectly honest I am very tired of hearing the constant demand for a Student Activities Building. I really see no reason for any more bulidings of any kind to be built at such a defunct school as John and Marsha.

Why should we have an activities building at a college where no one is in any activities? All the clubs have long since folded. The Student Government collapsed because there weren't any students in it.

Since no student ever studies enough to get tired, why would there be any need for a Student Activities Building to provide a place for recreation?

Sincerely,
Jane Rain and Snow

Praises ROTC Outfit

To The Editor:

I would like to express my appreciation to the ROTC for their co-operation in our current keep off the grass drive. Last Wednesday afternoon, as I was coming out of my 3 o'clock class in Marshall-Wythe, I noticed a student cutting across the campus toward Rogers Hall.

The ROTC, always on the alert for violations, observed the offender even before I did, and the grass-trampling student was promptly annihilated by a well-aimed round from the 105mm howitzer under the command of Captain Hot Irons. This is the kind of enforcement of rules that is so helpful to us in successfully carrying out our Keep Off The Grass campaign. Within a short time we will undoubtedly have the most beautiful campus and the smallest student body in the State of Virginia.

Sincerely,
Wilde West
Chairman, Grass Committee

THE FAT HEAD

"Tempus Fugit"

Intercollegiate Virgins Press Association

Seventeenth Place Rating

Dismembered Virgins Press Association

Represented for National Adversity by

National Adversity, Service, Inc.

A bi-daily bluespaper published by students (?) at the College of John and Marsha on rainy Saturday's and cloudy Tuesdays of the college year except during vaccinations. Entered as forty-seventh class mail May 28, 1932, at the Post Office Arcade in Billsburg, Virgins. Prescription rates are \$127.89 per year and 47 cents per semester, postpaid. Adversity: \$26.50 per square yard, classical, 58½ cents per paragraph, with a minimum of \$1,564.17. Put something in the pot boy, 1776, Billsburg, Virgins.

FAT HEAD STAFF

Eastbrook Pegbasch Editor-in-Chief
Smadge Crusher Barely Manages
Tim Headhunter Associate Debtor
Sex Slob Shorts Editor
Cassandra Stunander Creature Editor
Dark Night Make-out Editor
Christmas Carole Morgue Caretaker
Bee Hives Vice Manager
Tally Hurts Corruption Manager
All Disrobed Well Circulated

Blues Staff: McCarthy, Hickenlooper, Jenner, Nixon, Bill, Jill, Till, Fill, Frye, Stewed, Clobbered, Potted, Loaded, Censored.

Shorts Staff: Mac, Crack, Snack, Zack, Tack, Lack, Fail, Male, Tail, Sale, Stale, Jail, Censored.

Creature Staff: Palmer, Farmer, Daughter, Travelling Salesman, Censored.

Make-out Staff: Hyde, Tanned, Panned, Canned, Can-Can, Without A Fan, Wow, Censored.

Vice And Corruption: Campbell, Soup, Dupe, Stoop, Loop, Coop, Chicken, Fowl, Yowell, Howel, Bowell, Censored.

FACULTY VICE

By Dr. Mossback L. McBirdog

Naturally, I was very surprised and flattered at being asked to write a "Faculty Vice" for this student publication, despite the fact that I think faculty voices should be left to vibrate in empty classrooms rather than in student newspapers. Granted this great opportunity to reach the **Fat Head's** four million daily readers, I would like to profess my Greek credo with regard to some contemporary problems at the College of John and Marsha.

We must all realize that professors are just like other people... well, almost like other people... well, suppose we are a bunch of antiquated Puritans with an overabundance of stupidity and sadism, we have a right to live don't we? Don't answer that question! If we sometimes appear distant to our students, it's only because we are far away. The real problem is that the faculty is alone rather than aloof. To assume that the predetermined perplexities of the clandestine perspicacity of the titillation is not inconsequential would be sheer perversity. Or as they are prone to say at the Corner Acropolis, another round of Schlitz, please!

Since I profess the real truth and progress, my greatest concern is caused by our failure to fan every shining young ennuï into flame. I don't really want to set the world on fire—just want to start a little flame in your part. A majority of our (pardon the expression) students don't have sufficient motivation to learn and to respond properly to our adult form of higher regimentation. If all the (hah!) students would only stroll down Richmond Road and turn in at Lonesome River Lane, they could achieve intellectual stimulation, creativity and incentive of the first water, or maybe something even stronger, such as a Molotov cocktail.



Dr. Mossback L. McBirdog

I am, of course, greatly shocked and chagrined by this utter lack of creativity on the part of the student body at the College. The reason for this catastrophe is obvious to anyone who will take time to study the situation with an unprejudiced eye—not enough students are taking my special courses in advanced sexology. It is my fervent conviction that this is the basic cause for the lack of student creativity and incentive at the College. My midnight lab in the Sunken Garden has been responsible for more student creativity on this campus than any other 16 courses combined, according to a recent **Fat Head** poll. With students who know sexology best, it's McBirdog two to one.

In order to understand the problem of sexology at this prostitution of higher learning, we must investigate the peculiar status of boys, girls, etc. at the College. The female nucleus of the College has attained control of all the major activities and is thereby frustrating the natural male ego on campus. Simple, no? The time has come for all good men to come to the aid of their sex! We must stand up for our rights! Down with women!

I profess that a man who is lucky in love is called a bachelor. The trouble with our modern (de) generation is that the women dominate the men and stifle all their creativity and incentive. Personally, I don't believe women are here to stay—they are just a passing fancy like the automobile and I don't see any point in letting them get to us.

I have been described as just one great big phallic symbol. I wish to deny this ridiculous accusation as sheer jealousy on the part of some of my less erudite colleagues. This fallacious statement has absolutely no more validity than the one concerning the unfairness of my grading system. It is mere coincidence that all the pretty girls make "A" in my courses. I can't help it if my method of instruction gets across better to the more attractive elements of my classes. As a matter of fact, I'm a very broad-minded fellow and never let individual prejudice interfere with my preconceived opinions. Objectivity is the key to understanding the whole problem and don't let anyone tell you differently! There are no absolutes and that's one thing that I'm absolutely sure of. And you keep your inane imbecility to yourself, Clyde.

I fear that the current generation is getting too cynical. With a great exuberance, I was telling one embittered undergraduate about the progress of construction on our new dormitory. All he said was, "Who's counting the bricks?" Now I ask you, what kind of an attitude is that? We must look forward to the future with confidence and a sense of security. Why there isn't a single young able bodied man at the College who doesn't have his future completely assured for him.

At one time, I had a cynical attitude, but that was before I became a misanthrope and began to appreciate the bitter things in life. In concluding this little epistle to the student body, which is composed of the finest young men and women in the country, I would like to say, "shoot me another two-drachma shot of hemlock, kiddo."

Dr. Mossback L. McBirdog, assistant acting temporary part-time instructor in advanced sexology at the College, attended State Penn for 15 years and received his first degree in murder. He did post-graduate work at Leavenworth and did a lot of studying abroad. He is unmarried and has five children.

John And Marsha Go - Round

By Ronnie Bing

I was walking through the Sunken Gardens on Sunday night, and as I stumbled over prostrate bodies and breathed the aromatic air, I suddenly realized that it was Spring.

Ah, Spring! Someone once said, "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of what the girls have been thinking about all year long."

But this young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of what is going to happen to Williamsburg now that the vernal has equinoxed.

Six months a year the Burg is a sleepy little college town; not much excitement except when the housemothers get tanked up, carouse in the streets and raise a little hell. But Spring changes all that.

Tourists Are Coming

Man the lifeboats, kiddies! The tourists are on their way!

For the benefit of the uninformed, tourists are people with new Cadillacs, cameras and rocks in their heads. And when they descend on the city like packs of locusts, our little Burg undergoes a complete transformation.

The restaurant owners double their prices and instruct the waitresses to serve college students only is rigor mortis appears imminent. Every home becomes a Motel and the Duke of Gloucester Street turns into a midway that dims the glitter of Coney Island.

Hurry, hurry, hurry! Get your red hot picture post cards of Williamsburg... Programs! Programs! You can't tell a peruke from a pewterer without a program... hurry, hurry, hurry!... see the racy colonial hostesses. They walk, they talk, they shake their hoops 'til your blood runs cold... souvenirs! souvenirs!... Candid camera shots of King William and Queen Mary laying the cornerstone of the Wren Building... step right up and get a faithful replica of the outhouse that Thomas Jefferson once visited!

Peasants

And how the peasants eat it up! Anything that is associated with history suddenly becomes sacred and divine. Before the war, one student made a fortune selling fertilizer to tourists. Yep! You guessed it. George Washington's horse.

The sightseeing tours are really something to watch. The hostess, bedecked in hoopskirts, guides her group through a particular building, smiling sweetly and telling witty stories. Yet, to herself, she must be thinking, "Good Gawd! Another insipid bunch of morons. They wouldn't know a harpsicord from Harpo Marx!" All the while, the tourists are smiling right back at her, and they must be thinking, "Good Gawd! Another saccharinal southern wench. What crummy anecdotes! I can hardly wait 'til this nightmare is over."

Another delight is the touring show-off who displays his great knowledge by asking the hostess the most ridiculous rhetorical

questions: "Isn't this the place where Patrick Henry scratched his armpit and got the inspiration for his 'Liberty or Death' speech, which he first delivered at St. John's Church in Richmond and not here in Williamsburg as is commonly believed?"

Tourists have an amazing facility for visiting places which are not open to the public. I'll never forget the time I was taking a shower and suddenly discovered that 25 students from John Marshall High School were watching me intently. The teacher had mistaken Brown Hall for the Ludwell-Paradise House, and thought I was demonstrating methods of our colonial fathers.

Ticklish Approach

One thing that always tickles me is to see a wide-eyed tourist approach a college student and ask, "Isn't it wonderful to go to a school surrounded by so much history, culture and tradition?" The student smiles and says enthusiastically, "Oh, yes indeed!" What a liar! He hasn't walked farther than the ABC store since freshman orientation week, and the only tradition he knows is sexless Monday.

The boys on Jockey Corner get a large charge out of the visitors. And how they love to give directions to them! Some little old lady on crutches will limp up to them and ask the boys where the Wren Building is. Instead of pointing over their shoulders to indicate the way, they'll give her detailed instructions which, if followed, will lead her somewhere in downtown Chicago. Anything for a laugh!

The jocular jockeys also have barrels of fun scaring the skivvies off the motorists. Some jovial joker will slap the fender of a slow-moving car, then crumple into the street, moaning and groaning with feigned agony. The driver of the car, paralyzed with fear, scrambles out of the car to pick up the battered body. At this point the "victim" gets on his feet, brushes himself off and everyone

laughs and laughs. Even the driver laughs. And he keeps on laughing until the boys from Eastern State dash over with a straight-jacket. Oh, I tell you, these William and Mary boys are a panic!

Big Yuk

I often get a big yuk out of the proud mama and papa who have journeyed to Williamsburg with an eye toward getting Junior and Jane into William and Mary. For some reason, they always stop me to get a little inside information on the school.

I manage to give rational answers to their questions on the curriculum, the faculty and administration, but when they start quizzing me about the food, the laundry and social rules, I throw back my head and shout maniacally, "Oh, you fools! You fools!"

But getting back to the Restoration, I often wonder if the tourists don't get a distorted view of life in the 18th century in Williamsburg. They see the Governor's Palace, the Capitol, the George Wythe House and all the elegant elements of splendid colonial life. And they must get the impression that everyone lived lavishly in those days.

Restored Schnook

What about Joe Schnook, the hewer of wood and drawer of water, the poor slob who never signed the Declaration of Independence? Why don't they restore his miserable old hovel, complete with tattered pantaloons and rusty spittoons?

And when the visiting schoolchildren troop through poor old Schnook's hut, the teacher can point and say, "Hahh! See what the oppressive forces of capitalism brought to America even from the beginning!"

Comes the revolution, Mr. Rockefeller, it's the salt mines for you, brother!

The above column is a reprint of one of the fabulous Ronnie King's immortal William and Mary Go-Rounds. (With apologies to Barry).

Student Responses To Poll Overwhelms Hapless Staff

The editors of the **Fat Head** are extremely sorry to announce that they are not publishing a Student Union Poll this week nor are they able to publish the results of the polls of the last two weeks.

The poll "The Weather and How would you change it?" evoked a response of 7,831 negative answers and 21 positive ones. Last week's poll revealed that 11,444 students were interested in stating whether or not they favored doing away with the faculty and substituting the Cleveland Indians instead.

A large percentage of recent replies have been written in Morse

Code, lemon juice or poison ink. The editors ask that the students refrain from this practice as well as sending postage due packages containing time bombs and their replies. Three editors have been sacrificed to this deplorable practice, and the culprits will have their names published in the **Fat Head** if this does not cease.

The history of the Student Union Poll is a long and glorious one. It first began by questioning students on such serious subjects as the Horror Council, the **Fat Head**, and the Student Union Poll itself.

The reply to these timely topics was just absolutely tremendous. The flood of replies from serious thinking and enthusiastic students completely covered the Persian Rug and three tables in the **Fat Head** office at the Williamsburg Inn. The highest number received was 90,888 in one week, and the **Fat Head** was spending \$48 a day for renting post office boxes to accommodate the mail.

In order to stem the tide of this terrible flood of replies, the **Fat Head** turned to subjects a little less timely hoping against hope that the students would show a little more disinterest in what was going on in Williamsburg and at the College of John and Marsha.

The College reflects intense student enthusiasm. The Student Government is so active that it also runs the town of Williamsburg. No club on campus numbers less than 300 students, and the literary publications, the **Fat Head**, the **Traitor**, and the **Colonial Hog-Call**, are continually turning away people who want to slave on the staffs.

The editors promise that the Student Union Poll will be resumed in a week or two, but they request that a few less people hand in replies.

Candidates Give Platforms For Student Offices

David Otto Nothing

I, D. O. Nothing, want to appeal to the "love of freedom" bred in the students of the College of John and Marsha when I ask them to stuff the ballot box for me as president of the student body.

If elected, I promise that I will strive to bring complete freedom to the students of this supposed College. They will be free from the drudgery of classes, tests and lectures largely due to the fact that I shall start a petition to give the professors their freedom, too.

No pressure will be put on any student. No one will urge you to vote. No one will urge you to read the **Fat Head**, the **Traitor** or the **Colonial Hog-Call**. No one will urge you to come back from vacation; no one will even urge you to leave for vacation.

Thomas Stufferson had nothing on us when he proclaimed the ideal of "life, liberty and the pursuit of blondes." We shall have life, liberty and the pursuit of

blondes, brunettes and redheads. The students will run wild! The weeds will grow wild! Intellectual activity will flourish; wild parties will flourish; everything will flourish.

Cast your vote for me and watch the restrictions be removed. I promise you that things will not get so bad that your family will want to remove you from college. It will just seem that way. The Fourth of July exemplifies freedom. So will John and Marsha when I get through with it and with you.

Harold Peter Short

It is imperative that the students know that D. O. Nothing has nothing; elect him and you will get nothing. But elect me and you will see the greatest flurry of activity, change, improvement, regimentation and utter chaos ever witnessed on this campus since it was founded in 1281 by a bunch of cave men whose ways have been practiced here ever since.

I believe that 4 o'clock lates would be a decided improvement —4 o'clock in the afternoon. Late hours must be abolished! Lights should be out by 9 p. m. Students should be required to study 100 hours a week. The fraternity lodges would profit from just being open from 4-4:30 p. m. on Tuesdays when it rains. Women should be required to wear veils and speak only when spoken to.

Students should show more respect for their professors by bowing, scraping and carrying their briefcases. In order to facilitate better inter-dorm communications, the phone systems should be abolished and tunnels built to connect the men's and women's dorms so that they can just yell back and forth.

You can see by this platform that I want to CLEAN up this College, for it desperately needs it. I want to get rid of all the things that are wrong here. In the process, I will probably get rid of all

the students and then I'll have the place all to MYSELF.

Thomas Benjamin Sitwell

I am running for president of the student body. I wish you would vote for me.

I really can't promise you a single thing if I am elected, but then who can? This College is a closed corporation and no changes have ever been made here. That is one of the priorities of the College. Why should we be optimistic enough to think that any changes will ever or could ever be made in the future? Besides who cares?

But we students must band together in a group to carry forward the spirit of dear old John and Marsha. The buildings may collapse; the professors may mildew from lack of use. We may still be using the hornbook. But we have our noble traditions and hallowed halls and glassless windows. We must be true to all that this College has stood for and is now falling down for. Elect me and we will all fade away together.

Women's Basketball Squad Trounces All-Stars, 5-4.

Fiend Runs Loose On W&M Gridiron

By Mac McSpaniel
Fat Head Sports Fighter

"My chances of repeating as an All-American next season are definitely limited due to the gigantic Tribe football squad and the compulsory substitution rule," stated Willies and Marys defensive tackle Georgi (Malencough) Parobbo, recently.

Little Georgi, being interviewed in connection with the football outlook on the Reservation next Fall, was referring to the 113 player Spring grid roster and the new NCAA ruling which calls for a complete new team on the field after every play.

The tiny All-American, however, forges a good pigskin campaign for the Indians and predicts a won and loss log of 22-0 and a Wigwam Bowl victory of 1-0 on New Year's Day.

Parobbo, a senior, will be playing his sixth year of varsity ball at W&M. The husky 125 pounder would like to conclude the coming campaign with a third straight first team All-America post.

Trifle Marshy

Little Georgi, as his comrades have so affectionately tagged him, hails from the Jersey marshes. He was born at a young age and at 26 was graduated from high school, ranking third in a class of four.

Parobbo's early love life was both dramatic and exciting. At the pre-mature age of 22 he had his first date and within a year he was holding girls hands. On graduation night Georgi took the drastic step and kissed her—a sweet bashful peck on the cheek.

At 24 Georgi became acquainted with a football, but it took his high school coach nearly two years to find a place for the "huge bulk of man" and it was not until his senior year that Parobbo saw action with the varsity six-man team.

Obtains Papers

Obtaining his papers (diploma) from high school, Georgi invaded the deep "Suth." Upon matriculating at Willies and Mary he was immediately grabbed-up by Head mentor Quackie Freemo. Parobbo presented quite a problem, reporting at 135, but Quackie fitted him in at tackle, where little Georgi opened the 1947 campaign.

The spectacular reputation and success that Parobbo has gained has undeniably been due to his physical features. His 125 pounds are sloped over a six foot ten inch frame. Other measurements include (coeds take notice): neck, six inches; bust, 12 1/4 inches; waist, 10 inches; and hips, 12 1/4 inches. Some build huh! It is also interesting to note the dwarf-like hands (only 15 inches long) with which he grapples his offensive opponents.

Parobbo has in addition to his football merits made quite a name for himself in campus social affairs. He has remained a "pledge" in good standing in Mu Ko Psi social fraternity throughout his college career.

Sex!

The brawny tackle has shown himself very adapt in the classroom. Greek has been a continual nemesis, but in his major (Sunken Gardens 408) he has displayed his talent in a very satisfactory fashion.

Georgi's greatest thrill on the gridiron occurred last Fall at Homecoming when he blindly (he doesn't wear glasses when he plays) tackled the Homecoming Queen. Being very slow to pick himself and the "broad" up, Parobbo misunderstandingly created a bad impression with the girl's escort.

As far as future plans are concerned, Georgi is torn between several hundred pro football offers. Not being overly ambitious Parobbo may, conveniently or otherwise, stay in school for a few more years.

W & M CO-CAPTAIN

BY ZACK

Scantly-Clad Lily Wows Male Fans

By Male Man
Fat Head Creature Writer

Last Thursday morning at five o'clock, in Jefferson Gym, the Women's Basketball Team trounced, battered and slashed the Women's All-Star Professionals by a score of 5-4.

After a warm-up session, the William and Mary players skipped out to greet their opponents with friendly half-nelsons. This display of good sportsmanship on the part of the College team continued throughout the game.

Attractively clad in a few pink ruffles, the Squaw forwards plowed up the court in the opening minutes of the game. The basket was easy, since the opposing guards were completely trampled in the rush. Before long, however, they were back on their feet and ready for action.

For the rest of the first half, play was fairly evenly divided, with neither team scoring. This was undoubtedly due to the fact that the Squaws were too exhausted from their opening burst of power to be very active against the recuperating All-Stars.

Frolicsome Babes

At the sound of the second half whistle, however, the husky girls frolicked back onto the court with renewed energy. After throwing a quick right job to the referee and a short left hook at the umpire, Lily Finger, captain of the Big, Big Green team led her fellow players on to victory.

With both officials out of the way, the game went wild, but Lily managed to sneak the ball into the basket by running up the wall and hanging over the backboard. In acknowledgement of the applause that greeted her return to floor level, Lily obliged with a brief can-can.

Inspired by her captain's feat of athletic skill, one of the Squaw guards, whose names shall remain unmentioned, grabbed the ball and headed for her opponents' basket. With great agility, she placed two neat set shots from the middle of the floor.

Just as she was about to try for a third, her elastic snapped and she had to leave the game. It was fortunate that this happened when it did, as her aggressive display of unbridled ambition was the cause of the four points given to the Professionals.

Squaws Become Forward

To the cries of "C'mon you babes!", the Reservation forwards launched forth on another offensive attack in an effort to tie the score. Somehow, they got their smoke signals crossed, for they came up against a solid wall of resistance formed by the All-Star guards.

Undaunted, the William and Mary women drew forth scalpels from under their scanty ruffles, and denuded their foes' heads. During this procedure, however, a foul was called on one of the Professional guards for shedding tears which made the floor slippery.

Holding a scalp in each hand, Lily deftly picked the ball up with her toes and placed a beautiful foul shot for the fifth Big, Big Green point.

Filler

This is a filler. Unfortunately, the story above ran about two inches short, so we had to trot out this little monstrosity. Fillers usually ramble on about nothing in particular. For instance, did you know that the Sports Editor is a sex fiend? Or, did you know that Babe Ruth was a candy bar? Last year the New York Yankees won the World Series. Harry Truman is from Mo. He is also from hunger, but this doesn't properly qualify as a bona fide filler. Neo-platonism is a good deal newer than the older form. Did you know that Milton used to beat his daughters with a baseball bat? Neither did we. S'nuff said.

Cess POOLE

STAR SENIOR BACKWARD OF WILLIE'S & MARY WHO TALLIED ONE POINT TO LEAD THE TRIBE TO A 282 TO ONE DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF EASTERN STATE NORMAL - SECOND WORST TEAM IN THE COUNTRY. !

THE 5'6" NINETY SEVEN POUNDER HAS BETTER THAN A .003 1/2 POINT PER GAME AVERAGE IN HIS LAST SEVEN FARCES

CESS IS A CLEAN LIVING YOUNG LAD!



THE 37 YEAR OLD EX-CON MADE HONORABLE MENTION I.P. UN-AMERICAN DURING HIS SIXTH YEAR HERE.

HE ALSO PLAYS LEFT-OUT ON THE BASE-BALL TEAM!

Basketball Team Drops Another, 311-134 To Extend Sport's Longest Losing Skein

By Etaoin Shrdlu
Fat Hat Sports Blighter

The Willies and Marys not so Braves, led by their star co-captain Cess Poole, won six hundred and first place in the final Ununited Press weekly basketball poll.

Willies and Marys lost to 92 opponents in 47 days to extend their three year losing streak to 258. There were many big games for the men of Coach Funny Weird, but the one that stands out is when they lost to Real Grand College, 311-134, in Blowhard Gym before three screaming fans, one of them Joel Hurley.

The Grandies star, Clarence Maynard Cattletrain, who broke Bevo Francis' scoring record by scoring 333 points against Central Utah State Nursery School, was held down by the Tribe to 66 points (in the first three minutes of play).

Tattooed Guard

At this point, Johnny Pixes, a diminutive guard with pictures of his roommate tattooed on his chest, took a shot of scotch and came into the game. He electrified the crowd (the ball was charged with 150 volts of electricity) by sinking jump shots into the opposition's basket time and time again.

Assistant Coach Ready Talent, upon seeing this, took out a pistol and shot himself, since it was he who had recommended inserting Pixies into the game. After trainers No Joy and Grunt Borwn had mopped up the coach's remains, Cess Poole was inserted into the line-up.

Reeking from the sweat which had accumulated from his other

91 games, Poole was able to take shots from underneath the basket since no one had the courage to stand within ten feet of him.

The Grandies' Coach, Federal Case, ordered a hose brought out on the floor which was turned on the Tribe star. After giving Poole a thorough bath, Cattletrain was able to get close enough to him to block a shot which went careening through an open window and was last seen flying over Toano. The score at the end of the quarter was 99-24 in favor of the visitors.

Throughout most of the second quarter there was little for the home crowd to cheer about. Poole, who had received honorable mention on the Un-American team, was helpless against the defense thrown up by Real Grand. It was not exactly a zone defense, but everytime he would get the ball, three men would gang up on him.

Wild Orgy

One would grab him by the neck, another by the feet and a third would give him a punch in the stomach. The officials, Royall and Skruie by name, were unable to call any fouls since they had both swallowed their whistles.

Cattletrain continued to pour in basket after basket and grab rebound after rebound. His task was made easy since the basket was below his upstretched hands. He is only seven foot seven, but his arms are five feet long.

The score at the end of the half was 197-57. After Miss Onetooth McSweeney was named Basketball Queen and crowned with a wreath of stinkweeds, the second half was ready to begin.

The Billsburg charges were ac-

companied to the floor by a familiar campus figure, Lennie Nickel, who reminded them that he had bet on Real Grand to win by 200 points.

The Grandies benched Cattletrain in the third quarter in favor of their "five brother team." This team consisted of three six-year old triplets, each six foot seven and the famous Bobbsey twins.

To counteract this, Coach Weird put the Becoverakae into the game. It proved of little value as the Ohioans scored on impossible shots. They would station themselves at mid court with sling shots and let go from there.

Bull Shot

After Poole had returned to the game and succeeded in capturing three of the slings, this nonsense was stopped. When the three minute rule went into effect in the final quarter, the Grandies began to pour in points. This rule states that in the last three minutes of the game, a fouled player may shoot foul shots until he misses.

Cattletrain was goosed for the twenty-third time by Poole (the official scorer committed suicide after the first half) and hit 66 fouls in a row before his arms fell off, necessitating his removal from the game. It is understood that he was later seen in the Sunken Gardens, without his long arms, to the delight of his date.

Cattletrain was high scorer with 231 points while Poole hit 77 for the losers. Coach Weird had words of praise for the tight defense put up by his team. "It was our best game of the season, by far," he said.

BICARBONATE

By Sex Slob
Fat Head Shorts Debtor

Once upon a time, there were three bears. They were called Bear because they were too cheap to buy clothes. The old man was an alcoholic, his wife was a street walker and Junior Bear had a dirty mind. Can you blame him? Well, one day, Papa Bear said to Mama Bear, "I wonder if we are giving Junior the education deserving of a young bear?" Whereupon Mama Bear replied, with a lecherous look in her eye, "I don't think so. Let's send him to college."

So Junior Bear (from here on we'll call him by his Christian name Seymour) was packed off and sent to Bare College for Bears. This was a dandy institution, which specialized in three year degrees for deviationists of all varieties. Since Seymour Bear fitted into most of all of these categories, he was accepted without further ado. By the way, the president of this college was named Ado, which explains an awful lot of things, maybe.

Skip it. I'm wandering. Well, when Seymour Bear arrived at Bare, he was met by his housemother, a sweethearted old granny of about 25, with long blonde hair. Perhaps you think that this blonde was a little young to be a granny, so I'll state right here and now that she was nothing but a bleached racoon. After all, this is an animal story.

Seymour Bear consulted his faculty advisor, an old goat by the name of Old Goat, and decided to major in sex. Nothing like a nice, clean course. It wasn't until his fourth day at Bare that he found out it was an all girl's institution. By that time it was too late to transfer, and if you ask me, I don't think he would have anyway. I know I wouldn't have if I had been in his shoes, but come to think of it, I wouldn't be caught dead in his shoes (he didn't wear any, for one thing).

Seymour Bear had a fabulous time in college. He used to write long letters home to his parents, describing all the wonderful times he had, but even his mother, who was rather broad-minded, was shocked to learn that in the course of six months he had matriculated with no less than 168 different girls, and in classrooms, no less!

Papa Bear was very proud of his son's journalistic prowess. You see, Seymour Bear had joined the sports staff of the Bare College weekly newspaper, "Bare Truth." He used to go around to all his alcoholic friends and show them his son's journalistic efforts. A sample of Seymour's style follows:

"Flash, bears! The hockey season has started. All bears can be seen every afternoon behind Chandler brushing up on their tactics. How are your tactics? Better brush up. Well, the telegraphic sex tourney has begun. Send your highest scores to the National Board. The top 10 will be reimbursed. The others are just out of luck. The team wasn't too successful this year, but you can't keep a good Bare girl down, so better luck next year."

Due to an unfortunate misprint, this marked the end of Seymour Bear's journalistic career. In fact, it marked the end of his college career. So home he went, a downcast little bear, back to his loving parents. In a fit of rage, his drunken father choked the little chap to death. Mama Bear decided to travel for her health. She is abroad, and hasn't been seen since. With nothing to live for, Papa Bear, in one of his rare moments of clarity took gas.

And that, children, is the story of the three bears. Now what the deuce is the moral to this story? Simple. HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

This goes for everyone, including the MYSTIC FOUR plus ONE.

Bush League Preview

Now that it has been generally conceded that the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Yankees will win their respective pennant races, let us see what will happen in one of the other important leagues, the Virginia Bush League.

The race in this Class XXX circuit promises to be one of the best in its two year history. Several additions have been made to bring the league from a two team to five team circuit.

We look for the Toano Giants, one of the new teams in the League, to win a close battle for first place with Rube's West Point Tigers. The Giants were formerly known as the St. Louis Browns, but came to the city referred to as "The Flower of the South" through the insistence of the American League.

President Bill Wreck and Manager Skirts Marring are flatly predicting that record crowds will flock to the opening game in Toano Stadium. New seats have been added and it now has a capacity of 228.

Some of the stars for the Giants are Vic Worse and Johnny Loath

in the outfield, pitcher Virgil Firtruck and catcher Clint oreknee.

The Tigers are managed, owned and recruited by the Rube and his staff of 15 assistants. The infield is made up of four players who starred for the Old Staggs in the Kentucky Bourbon League last year. The outfield consists of three seven-foot giants whom Rube was fortunate in persuading to leave the lucrative coal mines of Pennsylvania.

The Lightfoot Indians have had a pow-pow since last season when they finished in second place and should come up with a good team. The Indians have several good men back from last year including the "Big Chief," Alley Katt, and the "Big Bear."

The Willies and Marys baseball team, with a new manager in Wreck Tipped Over, have turned pro at long last and will play in the Bush League as the Williamsburg Lodgers. The Colonials have three good pitchers in Bill To Me, Liver Pill Carter, and the red-headed lefty from Long Island.

The infield will probably consist of Pal Jersey, Noose Hooray, Monte Day and Ed Auction while

the outfield will be Bill Archer, Hard Coffee and Log Gettum.

I am very cold on the Norge Freezers, who no longer have those great competitors, Kelvinator and Frigidaire, who have moved into a higher classification.

All in all, the Bush League promises to provide its fans with some interesting baseball throughout the season.

Coach Adolph Rump Is Held For Trial On 'Moonshine Madness'

What few sports followers still remain on the campus after a semester and a half of exclusive coverage by the Fat Head were no doubt shocked to hear that Adolph Rump, that builder of real champions down at Lexington College for Deformed and Persecuted Giants (six-seven and over) had been arrested for alleged shady dealings.

In an exclusive interview with a member of the Backwoods Georgian, which is read in the best out-houses all over Georgia, Miss Amelia Ivantovich revealed that Rump had combined with Leo "Pretty Boy" Fishetto, "Greasy Thumb" Berserk and two other



Adolph Rump

well known national leaders to defraud her poor, ignorant brother, Albert Beerstein, out of his monthly wages of \$6,759,834.26.

Rump immediately denied that the charges were false. He said that he needed the money to lure that great Scotch athlete, Jock McStrap, into a year's study of Glandular Diseases of Siberian Elephants at old LCDP-which can also stand for "Loaded With Crummy Displaced Persons."

Admiral Fluke Rambler, who was a Navy hero in Switzerland before becoming president of old LCDT, stated last night that since this school is co-ed, they were sticking with Rump.

It is expected to be a sorry day in the "whiskey state" if Rump is ever brought to trial. In fact the Governor of the state of Kenessee has declared that all stills will close as a tribute to the man who championed their cause in "speakeasies" all over the nation.

Speaking of stills we personally hope that the gentlemen who dodge "revenooers" for a living can instill, or is it distill some of the Scotch flavor caused by McStrap's presence into the blends so well-known to the backwoods populace. We don't mind drinking bath-tub gin, but we would like to reserve the right to say who bathes in it.

Judge A. J. Flycheck is expected to preside over the trial. The judge is one of America's foremost crime fighters. His office will be open from noon today on to receive any bribes that might be forthcoming.

VILE WOMEN

By Male Man
"Fat Head" Fat Head

After a harrowing trip to the arctic regions of Ismelarat, Iceland, the Women's Varsity Snowshoe Racing Team has returned to the quiet monotony of campus life. Accompanied by Miss Agitha Yapsvalley, coach for the team, the girls travelled by every conceivable mode of transportation to reach their destination.

Starting out by bus, they switched to train, plane and then dog-sled. Unfortunately, the dog team lost its way in a blizzard. However, the women were saved from freezing to death by a Saint Bernard with a gallon keg of Four Roses hanging from its collar.

By the time they reached Ismelarat, they had to forfeit the game, for no one, including Miss Yapsvalley, could stand on her two feet. All team members report that the trip was very interesting and worthwhile.

The Physical Education Department has revealed the exciting news that women will have new gym suits next year. The suits will be striped chartreuse and fusia on a mauve background.

Made in three pieces, the new suits will include a high neck, long-sleeved blouse with matching calf length skirt and stockings. It is believed that the suits alone will be a great incentive for girls to participate in women's athletics.

Congratulations to Lulubelle Musclo, winner of the "Miss Athlete's Foot of the Year" contest. Lulu, her muscles rippling in the breeze, received the prize at the annual buffet dinner of the Whistling Armenians Association.

Rising from her place of honor under the coach's chair, Lulu was knocked flat by the all steel, 300 pound plaque that was presented to her. But, calm and poised as usual, she pushed her nose back to the front of her head, unknotted her muscles and blushingly uttered, "Duhhh."

A straight F student, Lulu has worked hard to earn this award. She participated in all women's as well as men's athletics during her college career.

Thirteen members of the lacrosse team have been relieved of their positions on the squad. Six girls are being penalized for sneaking an extra cigar while in training.

Two others were punished for entering the competition on an individual rather than team basis. The thirteenth was hit in the mouth with the ball and suffocated when it lodged in her gullet. She's not with us any longer, nor is the ball. May they rest in brawny peace.

Miss Limber Boidtodo, instructor in modern dance, has announced that great and enthusiastic interest has been shown in her course. Therefore, classes will now be held for four hours instead of the customary two.

Many of the co-eds have received this news with unbounded joy and pointed toes. On the other hand, there are others who feel that we should just do away with the whole ugly mess.

A new cosmetic for brightening dull complexions has been discovered. Nature's own remedy—rain. Day after day, the various athletic teams race across the field during the perennial Williamsburg downpours. Baring their chubby little cheeks to Nature has had amazing effects on all team players. During these rainfalls, the field tends to become a bit muddy, unfortunately. In fact, at times it becomes so deep that girls have been known to drown in the muck and mire.

Pinballers Pin Cruds

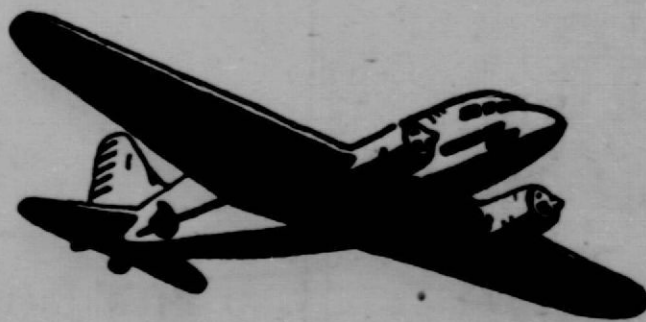
Last Doomsday the College pinball team won its first straight victory by bashing Danny's Campus Cruds, 198765432-98765432, or some like figure. Speaking of figures, high scorer for the locals was Diz Smakalis, a prominent figure.

Diz not only won three free games herself, but greatly aided the morale of her fellow players by unplugging the machine whenever one of the Campus Cruds took careful aim. This so enraged Eduardo C. Kapparapsak, boy bag, that this mental mentor laid her low with one swift kick. The remainder of the match was held in a pool-room.

Cheer up, though! Just as the outlook for the college four seemed bleak, who should wander into the lists at Lockesley but Alexander H. Darper. The thought of a new record made this knight errant's blood boil, and he immediately broke the glass covering on the machine and held his hand over the replay button. In no time at all he had broken the intramural pinball record.

Minus Smakalis but enforced by the addition of Alexander-Boy, the pinballers are looking forward to their second straight win in the near future. The team is full of spirits of one kind or another, and bids fair to go all the way.

MAKE YOUR WEEKEND OR HOLIDAY LONGER . . .



FLY HOME

Get complete airline ticket service at the TRAVEL OFFICE on South England Street. Limousine service direct to Patrick Henry Airfield from the Lodge. Service via American, Eastern, Capitol, National and Piedmont lines. Call Williamsburg 330 or 500.

UNCLE PETE SAYS:

It's a Natural for this week:
COMBINATION SEAFOOD
PLATTER AND HEALTH SALAD
WILLIAMSBURG RESTAURANT

Tank Friedman Returns For Final Farewell Show

The 1953-54 Varsity Show, **Give'm Egg**, has been scheduled for April 32 and 33, a six day run, in Washington 200. This year's production will feature many of the talented performers who made last year's show "Head for the Lily Pond" such a rousing success.

Give'm Egg was written by Bill Barley, with a helping hand here and there from Berry P. (Perlman) Swilson. The two have had their heads together on the thing for months and it is hoped they will be able to get them apart before the show goes on.

"Tank" Will Star

The cast, announced this week, includes "Tank" Friedman in the leading role. "Tank" is returning to the John and Marsha stage for his 50th farewell performance.

Playing opposite "Tank" will be Whatta Lyne. Miss Lyne is appearing for the first time here and it is rumored she has a lot to offer the John and Marsha stage.

Also appearing for the first time is the team of "Gin and Cin" who have just returned from a grand tour abroad on the Barrett third circuit. They have received great acclaim for their song and dance, which they recently presented at Nick's.

Paluso and Pompanio, two old time vaudevillians from the East Side of Fraternity Row, have promised to lend their novel act to the evening's entertainment.

A surprise is in store for all those who attend the show, for the fabulous team of Biggs and Beggs will be included as the intermission entertainment. They are

It was feared last week that the Dropback Club would not be able to obtain this act for their show, for Beggs got too energetic in the middle of a rehearsal and tried to knock all the windows out of Barrett Hall. Doctors were



"Tank" Friedman

afraid that Beggs was suffering from a severe attack of escapomania, but now have assured the producers that the show can go on.

Knead Monster, President of the Dropback Club, says that "**Give'm Egg** will be the biggest we've ever produced." Costumes for some of the most exciting numbers are rumored to have cost 25 cents and Rose's Five and Dime is doing most of the costuming, with the assistance of Hilly Dale who is an old hand at designing here on campus.

Zackler Combines Sleep And Stupidity To Become Sensational College Failure

By Cassandra Stunander
Fat Head Creature Editor

Ben Zackler, the sage of fraternity row, once more wound the bed covers over his head and didn't seem too eager to answer our questions, but after a few moments of coaxing, he consented.

His room was in a condition very conducive to sleep; nobody could bear to gaze upon it for very long. It isn't that Ben is not a good interior decorator, it's just that he likes to save things and decorate his room with his souvenirs.

The Zackler bed is adorned with several "No Parking" and "10 MPH Speed Limit" signs. This makes sleep rather difficult, since Ben is apt to have one fall on him any hour of the day or night.

Campus Vice Map

To help with his studies in how to maintain a minus four point average, Ben has a Vice Map of the campus of John and Marsha over his desk. It was hoped that the Vice Map would be available for publication this week, but the **Fat Head** regrets to announce that publishing it would be contrary to its new policy of never publishing anything, which might irritate certain readers.

A sophomore from Santa Claws, Indiana, Ben prides himself on his achievements here at John and Marsha. He's modest, though, about telling of those fields in which he has reached the heights of artistic perfection.

It might be mentioned that he has one of the finest garter collections along the Eastern Seaboard.

Major Changes

Ben started out at John and Marsha with the idea of majoring in NS&T (Naughty Science and Tactics), but after three brief years in that department, he decided to switch to Physical Education. After two months in the Physical Education Department he decided the locker room where he was staying was getting rather stuffy and switched to philosophy.

He assures one and all that he can philosophize on any subject. He has spent many hours deep in

meditation in the Corner Acropolis, and for really profound work, he travels out to Lake Matoaka.

Ben's activities here on campus have been quite varied and his friends are amazed that he can keep up with all of them. Ben has proven that he can keep up with the best of them in any crowd, though.

Last year, he was elected president of S. S., Sleepers Synonymous, honorary fraternity here on campus. Although he is the only member of S. S. on the campus, his brothers all over say, "Ben has indubitably done an outstanding job of promoting our ideals among the members of the chapter down there at John and Marsha."

On the agenda of S. S. activities this Spring, Ben has planned several exciting and unusual things. Next Saturday, he plans a mass party on the shores of Squirrel Point. I. B. Callous will chair the group. Ben would reveal no more.

Ben is "intensely interested" in cooking, and he cooked up a lot of stuff last Summer in his capacity as camp cook at the "Fairchild Camp for Deficients." He added that the contacts he made there were going to follow him through life, and the work he did there was "awfully interesting."

He believes that his experiences will be of great aid to him in his chosen career, as Sunken Garden's Watchman No. 6.

Hates To Think

There is one thing that Ben hates to think about, and that is, in three years more, he might graduate and have to leave his cozy residence in the rear of the BTO lodge.

However, he said he has a plan afoot to stay in school at least five more years and is working on it.

With that, he said he had to get back to work, rolled over in the sack and murmured something about "de-emphasizing classes."

Sin-Roberts Takes Temporary Action By Banning Sorority House Privileges

Dean Sin-Roberts announced last night that all women and men students will be banned from sorority houses until the women clean up their present "mess."

Sin-Roberts assured the women that this action is only temporary and that the ban will be removed as soon as the administration is satisfied that measures have been taken to rectify the situation. Dean Sin-Roberts did not specifically state what the present situation is, but said that action must be taken by the women themselves.

The College, however, has made provisions for social activities while the sorority houses are closed. The post office arcade will be open from 8 until 10 on Friday nights, where orange pop and graham crackers will be served to students presenting their identification cards.

Students may gather in Monroe Lobby or in Washington 200 from 9 until 12 on Saturday nights, but those who make use of these facilities must take caution not to pass through the Sunken Garden (which will be patrolled by the ROTC) on their way to these meeting places.

President Pan Handler expressed the hope that the women would be able to solve their problems within the next few months so that social activities may be resumed in the sorority houses. He stated that in case the present messy condition still prevails next Fall, arrangements will be made for sororities to give their rush parties in Wren Kitchen, Marshall-Wythe lobby, the College bookstore and the Washington greenhouse.

While the sorority houses are not in use, the College will rent them to the tourists.

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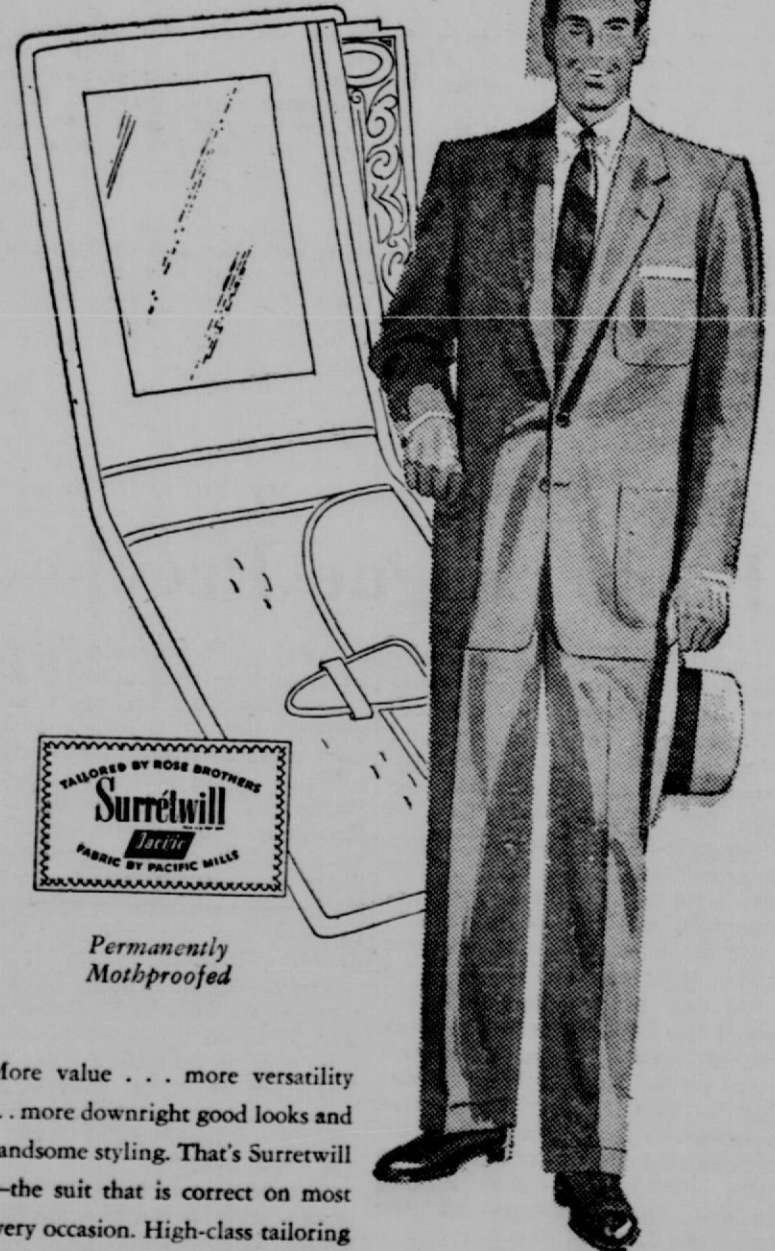
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— April 1 Through April 15 on the —
COLLEGE CALENDAR

WEDNESDAY, April 1

Flask and Stagger Meeting—O. D. basement, 3-4:30 a. m.
Phi Tappa Keg Initiation—Matoka Lake, 5-7 a. m.
Poop Club Meeting—Washington 400, anytime.
Student Surveyed Committee—Simpleton Kitchen, 11-12 a. m.
Student Inquisition—Jockey Corner, all day.
Art Inhibited—Faculty room, Washington Hall.
John and Marsha Theatre Reversals—Wren Kitchen, late.
Orchard Pickings—Woods, after dark.

THURSDAY, April 2

Wig Meeting—underground, 1-5 a. m.
Tunnel Club—Tinkle Hall, whenever you get there.
Guide Arts Club Meeting—Guide Arts Motel, 1-6 a. m.
T. O. M. Meeting—Carrott, 8-9 a. m.
Without Law Club Meeting—Matoka Lake, 1-3 a. m.
Colonial Hog Call—Marshall Fifth, around noon.
Barrett Third Meeting—anywhere, anytime.
Old Dominion Meeting—also anywhere, anytime.

FRIDAY, April 3

I Felta Thi France—Squirrel Point, anyone game!
Science Club Closed House—Yes, 7-10 p. m.
Philosophy Revival—CCC field, perpetual.
College Women's Club—Monroe Hall, 7-12 p. m.
Choir Scrimmage—Music Building?
Burd Watchers Meeting—Now!
Literary Club Meeting—Corner Athenians, after 9 p. m.
Midwinters Dance—Opps, that was four week ago.

SATURDAY, April 4

S. R. U. Snake Sale—Shmoo Beta Kappa Hall, 15-16 p. m.
Lawless School Weekly Picnic—Tunnel, usual time.
Eata Beta Pi Dance—Laundry Basement, 8-12 a. m.
Whig Picnik—Yorkburg, 1-6 a. m.
Outboard Motor Meeting—Greyhound Bus Depot, at noon.
Theta Celta Cry All Night—Cherry Hall, really?
Barrett Third Meeting—anywhere, anytime.
Old Dominion Meeting—also anywhere, anytime.

SUNDAY, April 13

Early Morning Breakfast Club—Cafe, before dawn.
Early Morning Reform Group—Palace Green, same time.
N. U. T. Meeting—N. U. T., 5-8 p. m.
Old Men's Meeting—no charge.
Swimming Club—Williamsburg pool, 1 a. m.

MONDAY, April 14

W. C. T. U. Meeting—PBK Hall Basement, 6:30 a. m.
Psychology Club Meeting—Roger's Rat Cages, anytime.
Debate Club—Yankee Stadium, plenty of room for all.
Dramatic Club Meeting—Greenwich Village, afterdark.
All Soternity Meetings—in the caves, very late.
Faculty Conspiracy—Faculty room, Washington Hall.
Farsity Club Meeting—Blow Hard Gym, sometime soon.

TUESDAY, April 15

Fat Head Meeting—Marshall Fifth Terrace, 7-7:30 a. m.
KKK Invitation—House basement, all night.
Stewed Assembly Meeting—Apall Room, 1-end.
Front Lift Club—Little Hall, 6:30-8:30.
Biology Club Meeting—Matoka Woods, you know where.
Droopmore Class Meeting—Revolta Room, after mess.

Giraffe, Owner Of Corner Athenians, Announces Policy Changes, Free Beer

Jim Giraffe, owner, manager, chief cook and bottle washer for the Corner Athenians, local campus hole, announces a few changes in policy that will begin tomorrow.

Free lunches are to be served with every five-cent beer, and students will be required to accept a free gift of three beers with each glass of water they purchase. Tourists will eat in a special secluded alcove inside the refrigerators, in order not to interfere with the intellectual atmosphere produced by student reverie.

The menu will be expanded so that a choice of two dinners will be offered two nights a week. The daily sandwich will be served in the future on either whole wheat or white bread with a choice charge of only 25 cents.

The price of dinners will be reduced from \$8 to \$7.50, not including appetizer, entree, beverage, dessert, toothpick, napkin or table. Chairs will be furnished on request.

The Corner Athenians has been a campus landmark for a number of generations. It now has the reputation of being one of the finer ptomain palaces in the Restored Section. It has always enjoyed great student popularity, but student opinion now seems to be that a little less bear grease in the clam chowder would be much appreciated.

When the fraternity lodges were undergoing minor alterations, repairs and renovations last December, the fraters streamed into the Corner Athenians like a herd of cattle, testifying to the popularity of the place with drunken shouts. That now has changed, but the Corner Athenians is a good place to get a free lunch with your beer,

Are you Engaged?

Graduates from 321 American colleges and universities have spent their honeymoon at America's unique haven exclusively for newlyweds, and found the perfect start for married life. Beautiful cottages in complete seclusion... wonderful meals... leisurely atmosphere, and the company of gay young people with similar tastes and backgrounds. Mention dates and we'll send our helpful **THREE HONEYMOON PLANS.**

The Farm on the Hill
Swiftwater, Pa.

Marilyn Monroe Will Enroll At College To Take Special Courses In Sexology

By Frustrated Droolbash
Fat Head News Slighter

As Hollywood bid her a sad hasta la vista, Marilyn Monroe took a brief leave of absence from her brilliant movie career and left yesterday for Williamsburg to take several courses in the school of sexology.

While at John and Marcia, Marilyn will study comparative anatomy, Sunken Garden tactics, Matoka Wildlife 407, Man-Trapping 513, a critical analysis of **The Sex Life of Dr. Kinsey** (English 309), and real life photography.

Sunken Garden tactics is a lab course and is taught by Colonel Slanderson. The class will meet on the steps facing Washington Hall Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2:15 a. m. Associate professor Smash will conduct the course in comparative anatomy. Man-Trapping 513 will be taught by Miss E. MacFleur and Mr. Cecil McWooley will lecture on **The Sex Life of Dr. Kinsey** with specific examples.

Offers Advice

Marilyn made the momentous decision to come to Williamsburg after an anonymous gentleman on the corner of Hollywood and Vine failed to look at her three times and faint. Marilyn says, "Sex is something which must be constantly improved. My studio makes me practice technique at least six hour a day, and, girls, you'll do well to follow my advice."

Marilyn is expected to cause some change in the daily humdrum of Williamsburg life while she is here.

The Restoration is preparing for severe financial losses as the tourists have expressed the desire to see Marilyn rather than Thomas Jefferson's outhouse.

The co-eds on campus are also fearing severe losses—dating losses. The available men on campus are already anxiously awaiting the arrival of Marilyn's train and anticipating the sensation of hypnosis produced by her pungent perfume called "An Evening in Greece." This situation may become so serious that WSCGA is considering re-installing sexless Monday.

Relaxed Study Habits

However, Macys, local drygoods establishment, has been forced to employ several extra salesgirls to handle the sales of size 36 cashmeres and peg skirts slit to the



Marilyn Monroe

waist. These clothes are being bought by girls who are pinned or going steady in an effort to keep their men happy.

When asked about her difficult subjects and college study habits, Marilyn replied, "The secret is to be perfectly relaxed and comfort-

able. I usually study with nothing on but the radio."

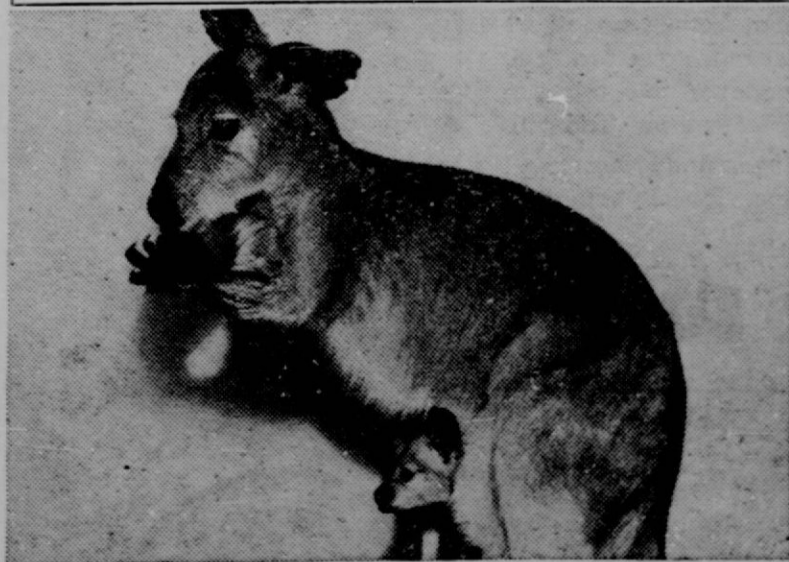
Whatever the outcome of Marilyn's visit is, events are not expected to be dull. As one Joe College put it when he heard the news, "I told Dad there was nothing like a liberal education."

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POOR PAUL felt down under when his girl said, "Your sloppy hair kangaruins our friendship. Never pouch your arms around me again until you high tail it to a toilet goods counter for some Wildroot Cream-Oil. Contains Lanolin. Non-alcoholic. Relieves annoying dryness. Removes loose, ugly dandruff. Grooms the hair. Helps you pass the Finger-Nail Test. Get it or you'll kangaroo the day!" Sheedy tried Wildroot Cream-Oil and now all the girls are hopped up about him. Better reach in your pocket for 29¢ and buy Wildroot Cream-Oil in either bottle or tube. You kangarong cause it puts real punch into your social life. Ask for it on your hair at any barber shop too, and get a jump ahead of all the other guys!

*of 131 So. Harris Hill Rd., Williamsville, N. Y.
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Williamsburg, Virginia

Tondalayo Schwartz Receives ROTC Classification As Most Desirable Girl

By Mao Tsi-Tung
Fat Head Foreign Correspondent

Miss Tondalayo Schwartz was chosen by the senior officers of the **Refined Old Tots Club** of John and Marsha as the girl they would most like to share a fox-hole with. In honor of this distinction, she was awarded the rank of a five star general.

Preceding Miss Schwartz's coronation, the Flask and Stagger Drill Team of the ROTC demonstrated their accume with drawn sabers.

High-lighting this drill performance was the commanding ability demonstrated by the cadet captain M. Hot Irons, who proved his ability in the face of crisis. At one time during the evening several disgruntled swabbies slipped onto the dance floor and tried to make away with the officer's dates.

Springs To Action

To this call for immediate action jumped M. Hot Irons who, with the aid of the Flask and Stagger Team, cut the sailors to pieces with their sabers. For this act of heroism cadet Irons will receive the medal for **Action Above and Beyond the Common Call of Duty**. He will be presented with his medal at the next review of the corps in Sunken Gardens.

The pinnacle of the evening's festivities occurred when Miss Schwartz was crowned. This ceremony, conducted underneath the bandstand lasted for some 30 minutes. When Tondalayo was later reached for comment she exclaimed, "WOW!"

The only mishap of the Friday night frolics occurred when it was discovered that the punch was spiked with high-octane gasoline. This in itself was not too bad, but in the panic it caused several persons to be severely bruised. Cadet Smashson, in charge of beverages, averted complete chaos by announcing that the gasoline had been carefully strained through a shammy skin before being poured into the punch.

Honored Guests

Among the many honored attendants at the brawl were a detachment of North Korean prisoners of war. It is rumored that they had been sent down as a tigate the local **Refined Old Tots Club**. A spokesman for the group ventured the information that the "ROTC is in very, very good shape, only so solly that more changes can't be made."



Tondalayo Schwartz

Because of the resounding success of this year's brawl the ROTC has already laid plans for next years blast. These plans include the securing of 6 a. m. lates for all women students, a special con-

cession from Schnley's and an invitation to Tondalayo Schwartz to return for the occasion.

Thus, in the true tradition of the army, the ROTC brawl will not die, it will just fade away.

PBK Taps Top Talents

The local chapter of PBK (Peanut Butter & Krackers) announces the election of a dozen new members on last Saturday night.

These members were selected from the cream of the student body, and not a one of them has an average of less than .008. They were, of course, chosen from the freshman class and will be initiated into the chapter April 1, 1963.

The election took place on the west end of the Sunken Gardens, with the president of the group, Dr. Ima Ijit of the home economics department presiding.

12 Are Elected

The members-elect are: Nan Kidd, Bob Turpentine, Bobbie Bowlegs, Gin Raggy, See Jeralinger, Hot Irons, Veberly Slimeington, Bora Ramsey, Mary Cou Burry, Nan C. Howl, C. Jack Killlem and Teeny Flounder.

Turpentine is from a fine old Virginia family, but now he lives in Williamsburg. He thinks he might major in government, although he says that "physical education is mighty tempting."

Mary Cou Burry owes her success here on the campus to her participation. She is one of the quieter type, who just soaks up everything and nobody would guess she is the active person she actually is.

Hot Irons was astounded to learn of his election to PBK and hurried back from his little place on the banks of the York to re-

ceive the accolades of his fellow students out there at Walsingham and in the gun room of the MS&T Department.

Bora Ramsey is one of the biggest surprises to be elected. Her parents thought so, too.

Veberly Slimeington was sitting quietly in her cell when the news came, and when asked to make a statement, this clever Marine Life major replied, "Oh, it wasn't nothing."

See Jeralinger wants to teach biology when she gets out of J&M, and her election in the Sunken Gardens last Saturday certainly assures her success.

Caught Speechless

Gin Ragg, Bobbie Bowlegs and Nan C. Howl were enjoying a little party in the back of Sorority Court when they got the news. All of them were speechless.

Nan Kidd was just the opposite, and spent two hours tying up the Bell Telephone lines from here to the Swance River trying to call her grandfather and tell him the good news.

C. Jack Killlem was busy in the library late Saturday night when she heard. Evidently she was engrossed in working on her thesis **Psychonalyzing Library Stacks Boys**.

Peanut Butter and Krackers was founded here at John and Marsha during the great cafeteria scourge last year.

Some smokers choose just any brand; They always wear a frown. So just smoke Luckies and you'll have Enjoyment that's deep-down!

James F. Quetch
University of Notre Dame

All facts don't come from textbooks; Here's one I learned from Pappy: Despite the claims of other brands, Smoke Luckies—you'll be happy!

Fay W. Barron
University of Miami



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Gerald Robbie
New York University



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