

THE FAT HEAD

COLLEGE OF WILLIAM'S AND MARY'S

SPRING FEVER ISSUE

Tuesday, April 30, 1963

Jockey Plaza To Enhance Appeal Of Campus

Country Club Brawl Brings Down House Plates Get Shook Up

A flash riot broke out in the Tinker Country Club's Blue room Saturday last at six twenty-five p. m. The blame is irrevocably on Elvis Presly and unilaterally on "I'm All Shook Up".

6:32 p. m. — Clapping brought a frown from the hostess on duty — Mademoiselle Bellcamp. Stamping of the feet deserved a deeper frown and dancing was downright obnoxious.

6:31 p. m. — Marching up to the mezzanine amid hisses, boos, cat-calls and flying cabbage the authority got to the source of the matter — she unplugged the juke box.

6:32 p. m. — A sneak play by the insergents deviated the authority to the West end of the hall while two of their members attempted to reincarnate Elvis. The attempt failed.

6:36 p. m. — Plates began to rattle.

6:37 p. m. — Plates began to break.

6:40 p. m. — Complete humiliation had been affected.

Today — No repercussions.
Tomorrow — Who knows —

In the past few weeks there have been many complaints about the distasteful, crowded conditions existing on Jockey Corner. These complaints — from certain off-campus pressure groups — have protested the unnecessary, disarming fact that the corner is too often filled with an almost impassable throng of college men.

The College has not been un-

aware of this most unpleasant situation.

At a recent joint meeting of the Board of Visitors and the entire college administration, plans were revealed which will alleviate the complete problem concerning Jockey Corner.

The plan — JOCKEY PLAZA! Under this plan, the entire triangle bordered by the Junkville and Poorman Roads will be

cleared and re-furnished as a tremendous, new JOCKEY PLAZA.

According to Mr. Rockefeller, the first steps in the transition will begin on June 3. At noon on this day, the Christopher Wren Building will be demolished. This will be the major task in the corner enlargement.

"There was a lot of opposition to this at first," the chairman stated, "some people had dreamed of an on-the-campus Sears Roebuck store built on the old Wren foundation, but the Plaza Plan won out."

The financial agent, Alan R. Howards, announced that requests for bids for the wrecking job have been sent to the local fraternities. Declared Mr. Howards with a slight, unexplained snicker, "We hope for student cooperation on this project."

It was also reported that negotiations are being carried on with P. Ballantine & Sons for the installation of a 24-hour

fountain in the statue of Lord Botetourt.

All available sources say that this is only the beginning of a vast modernization program planned for Williamsburg. Said Mr. Rockefeller: "Actually I'm sick of the whole thing. As soon as this festival deal gets out of the way, I'm going to really change things. This Junkville stuff is something like on last fling. People here must learn that the past is dead, and that there are things like escalators, burlesque shows and asbestos shingles."

In addition to the Jockey Plaza project, Mr. Rockefeller mentioned the following plans: the powder magazine converted into a Dairy Queen, a 13-story all-aluminum recreation building in the Sunken Garden and a guided missile research center just up from the old capitol building. "No kidding," he asserted, "I mean it. This adult Disneyland has to go."

Mishandler Lists Booze, Lamps, TV Among New Campus Improvements

President A. D. Mishandler announced in a recent news release that badly needed improvements will be made here on campus in the near future.

Included in these essentials are television sets for the Fine Arts building, the government classrooms and the education library. Reasons for these additions, President Mishandler stated, are the great education advantages which will thus be available.

"The fine arts classes, instead of listening to lectures or soiling their hands and clothes in painting, sculpturing, etc., will be privileged to observe that world-renowned craftsman, Mr.

Toymaker, whose specialities are hand-moulded ceramic beer mugs and admirable green and gold samplers embroidered with "God Bless Our School."

"The government classes will have no further need for either teachers or textbooks, for they will (while resting comfortably in reclining chairs) view the history of tomorrow today. A prominent new news program should be especially helpful to them—World Events Predicted and Interpreted by Georgi Malenkov, Experienced Statesman."

"Among many outstanding aids offered to education majors (as well as interested faculty (Continued on Page 3)

Hysterical Visitors Swarm Junkville As W&M Students Bring Firewater

Seeking to attract a larger number of the thundering horde, also known as tourists, to the Virgin state, the General Assembly, meeting in a convenient pool hall in Richmond, conceived of the idea of a hysterical celebration to end all such hysterical nonsense in this neck of the woods.

With the woods very much on their minds at this spring meeting, the august statesmen, recalling the day of their youth, decided to capitalize on that ancient tale of wooing, the romance of Smith Johnson and Parkyercarcus, an Indian maid, which happened to occur on nearby Junkville Island. Johnson, as well as having a good eye for the local redwomen, was chief oarsman of one of the canoes which conveyed a few lusty Angles and Saxons to the treasure laid shores of the Virgin state 530 years ago.

The visible results of all these poolroom reminiscences is desired hordes descending in the manner of Genghis Khan and various other varieties of vultures on staid old Williamsbarf and newly restored Junkville Island, now more junky than ever as a result of being littered with most of the nation's tourist population.

The three canoes paddled by direct descendants of the aboriginal settlers are tied up in the Junky River as an exhibit for those travelers who came equipped with drammamine.

Hysterically minded landlubbers daily infest the old fort which the Junkville Festival Commission has found it necessary to fortify against the visiting vultures. Even the Indians who inhabit the Po Hat An lodge have armed themselves with their traditional pre-encounter remedy, firewater, in all flavors as recommended by those conouisieurs, the Alphas, Betas, Deltas, Gammas and Deltas at Wilhelm and Magda's lodges.

The Festival Commission reports that 903,867 of its employees have succumbed this month in the line of duty. It is now considering applications for this many lifetime positions.

Coed's Hung Foot Causes WXYZ Trial By Supreme Court

One more momentous trial is over and the case of Hilda Winifred Schmink, Wilhelm and Magdo twelfth semester freshman, now enters the law casebooks to provide Dean Dudley Woodtressel's future legal beagles with text material of unusual value.

Hilda, attempting to acquire a suntan on Barrett Beach, did not realize that her left foot was hanging over the roof edge, in plain view of all passers-by and all professors in Washington hail who were capable of adjusting their binoculars.

The greatest misfortune in Hilda's young, and about to become tragic, life was that passing by at the time that she was committing this dreadful act was the assistant dean of belles, Witch E. Winns. Miss Winns, ever steadfast in her determination to please the women students under her jurisdiction, immediately reported the erring Hilda to the Supreme Court of the WXYZ.

Hilda's case came to the inquisition and she was led into the dim closet where such important trials are conducted. She took her place under the infrared light, ready to be grilled.

Gowned in the latest Dior black robes, their faces ashen and somber as befitting the somber occasion the august judges managed to extract from the shaking Hilda the fact that she realized that she was before the Supreme Court of the WXYZ. She was immediately found guilty and the minute that she recovers consciousness Hilda will begin her 89th term of social campus.

"Hounddog" Rides Again

Noble Act Reveals Youth's Heroism; Modesty Nearly Consumes Poor Kid

by Ern Hamingway

He is very modest and he made us close the door before he would relate the whole documentary to us. He did not want anyone else but we few to hear. Several of us lit cigarettes and we had to open the window. Soon we resorted to taking turns—only ten were to smoke at a time. This way only four shifts were necessary.

He is very modest and we had to egg him on. "Please, Roberson Burgsome, please relate to us the whole documentary. Why is it possible for us to go to Philadelphia for the low fare of \$6.50? Why is it possible for us to go to Toano for the low fare of 13c? And all this—quickly, comfortably, dependably, plus U. S. tax.

He is very modest and we had to egg him on. "Please, Roberson Burgsome Junior, please relate to us the whole documentary. Why is it possible . . ."

He finally began to relate the whole documentary to us. He had just had a drink with Al Wine, his hunting partner, and he had just come out of the Red Lion Tavern and was sauntering down Red Lion Boulevard—the main street of Red Lion, Pennsylvania—singing:

On, Red Lion, On, Red Lion,
On, Red Lion High . . .
Fight R.H.S., FIGHT R.H.S.,
FIGHT . . .

—Then it happened. It was coming fast. It did not see her; she did not see it. Roberson Burgsome leaped into action. He stopped the bus with one hand and swept the child up with the other.

(We must now consider three profound aspects:) First, in the presence of the total population of Red Lion, in the center of Red Lion Boulevard, the Chief Burgess, of Red Lion—Roberson



The Cause Of The Effect

Burgsome Senior — decorated Roberson Burgsome Junior with the Victoria Cross.

Two aspects to be considered now relate to the profound effects of this upon the Greyhound-some Buss Company. And it is all important, when considering the profound effects upon the William and Mary Students, for had the child been killed and the Greyhoundsome Buss Company

been sued and driven out of business, the picture you see here could not have been taken. The people boarding that buss would not be boarding that buss. They would not have that low fare, that easy chair. They would never even get there.

The next time you go on vacation, think of what you owe to this fellow student—Roberson Burgsome.

President's Beer Brawl

President and Mrs. A. Duke Mishandler invite members of all classes to their weekly Honey Beer Brawl, April 23, 1963. The president's aides will be on hand to serve the free booze, when the admiral sinks.

Shocking Situation

It has been called to my attention that a situation exists on this campus which has never before been witnessed by the College of Wilhelm and Magda. It has become my duty to make a statement concerning this communication, whose need was recognized by various farsighted people. I make this statement in a general effort to basically explain the unprecedented situation which now exists on this campus, to maintain the interest of the basic students, and to attempt to endeavor to maneuver that interest in a suitable and accepted direction. But mainly I make this situation-concerned statement because various farsighted people have told me to make it.

If we take a quick look at this most unwanted situation as it exists today and compare it to what it might have been, we wonder if this situation might have been different.

It is not my desire to encourage or discourage school spirit—or lack of school spirit—on the one hand, while holding it down with the other (or vice versa), but there is a reasonable degree of thinking needed.

It is also indeed a pity that some fowl-mouthed, gossipy students believe that it behooves them to come to light in the wake of this situation.

If the student body of Wilhelm and Magda doesn't realize, and realize soon, that this blunt affront to their own school, as well as to themselves, demands a complete, basic re-evaluation of their conduct and their character, then the matter must be brought to their heretofore unaware attention by definite pressure.

This, if I may behoove myself to make a basic assumption concerning the dreadful situation, is precisely the kind of statement which these various farsighted people desire me to make.

Now, there are those among the advocates of intestinal aids that maintain that basic tired blood is merely the result of underindulgence of iron. This is no more as incurable as the present situation which exists—unfortunately—on this campus.

But let the college campus beware! This situation is not to be compared with tired blood! If the student body is to expect a campus situation more conducive to maintain a lack of undesirable situations, they must rely, not on a knowledge of iron deficiency anemia, but on a general change in attitude.

The thing most needed on this campus is a student body with common sense, which can decide in a basic, clear-thinking manner, the most proper path to take when faced with an unwanted situation.

Students, take note.

Next week, I will make a statement concerning the asking of various farsighted people to make their own statements.

Felix Akardi
Precedent, Student Body

An Official Salute

Hail, the Admiralstration! We know this seems a little off the usual beam, but we're really proud of the Board of Tourists for promoting Fat Head policy.

In Friday's presidential press conference, the ancient, revered, but salty sea captain released the news that from that moment on any student found violating the high standards of activity participation on the Wilhelm and Magda campus would be automatically sent to concentration camp located near the ancient, still active head hunting tribe, the Jivaros, along the tropical banks of the Amazon. The board of visitors feels that here the wayward students will learn the true value of active participation in community affairs. Then, after a two month training course, the survivors will be packed (they'll no doubt be shrunk to a compact size for easy handling) and sent back to this campus where, having learned their lesson, these enlightened students should have the effect of a much needed shot in the arm (some will probably be used as a seven-year itch serum).

The Fat Head has long been sounding off against all students who feel that their prime duty is to their (pardon the profanity) books. Ask any S.O.B. (senior on board), and he will tell you that it's a waste of time, money and effort which could well be spent pursuing lighter entertainment, pursued in such outside classes as Corner Croats and Sunken Gardens 605 (advanced conversational course).

Of course, we of the Fat Head advocate not so much these 'way outside activities, but, rather, those more intimately connected with College life such as Mermettes, Das Gefährliches Deutsche Verein, Student Dictatorship and IFC, International Fraternal Chugaluggers. So long as Wilhelm and Magda-ites are standing up for not against the high activity participation standards set up by the V.F.W., Veterans of Fraternity Whing-dings, this institution will reach it's long desired goal: lowest scholarship in the nation. Such apathy towards activities must stop!

The sea captain further stated that next year an advanced course in Chugalugging will be added to help round out the new activity push program. Certainly with such encouragement from the Admirastration, every student at W&M will make an effort to support this program.

Join up and drink 'er down!



The Drinkers

by Ern Hemingway

The side door to the Victorian Lunch Room opened and two men stepped in out of the rain. They were wet. They surveyed the scene and sauntered over to one of the several booths. They looked at the clock over the kitchen doorway. It was eleven.

"That damn clock's fast".

"Ya," murmured Max, "the damn thing's ten minutes fast."

"Well," said the hostess.

"Ya," said Al, "the damn clock's ten minutes fast."

"See the boss."

"You hear that," said Al. "See the boss she says."

"She's a pretty bright girl, ain't she, Al?"

"Not too bright," answered Al.

"Well," said the hostess.

"Draft" said Al.

"No," said the hostess.

"No," repeated Al.

"No," answered the hostess.

"You know what I'm going to do Max?"

"No Al, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to leave town. I just can't stand the whole thing. It's too awful."

"Well Al, I guess you'd better go."

"What else can I do, Max?"

"Have a Pepsi, Al."

"One Pepsi," said the waitress, "How about you?"

"Nada" said Max.

"What kind of Nada did you want?"

"Just plain Nada" said Max.

"For the last time, what do —"

"Nothing," said Max.

"Nothing — well why the hell didn't you say so in the first place?"

"Hey Max, where the hell did you get that tan?"

"Florida, Al, Florida."

"Florida, Max?"

"Ya, that's right, Florida."

"What else did you get there?"

"Read Al Wear some's column, Al, in last week's Flat Hat."

"Okay, Max, I'll read it."

"Where did you go, Al?"

"Tiger hunting, Al?"

The side door opened and another individual stepped into the Victorian Restaurant. It was Ernest. He was wet and he had a very large head.

"Who's that, asked Al.

"Who," said Max.

"The one with the big head."

"He's from Fort Useless, Al."

"What's the matter with his head?"

"He's a hero, Al. But he don't know nothin'. He's not realistic."

"What's the matter with his head?"

"He puts it in a machine, Al. It's too damn big and he puts it in a machine and he is very self conscious."

"Why dies he put his head in a machine?"

"Because, Al, because he wants to shrink it. It's too damn big and he is very self conscious."

"What's he showin' that guy, Max?"

"Those are pictures, Al. Those are pictures of the future of his head."

"What does it look like, Max?"

"It's normal."

"Oh. I'm going to be sick, Max. I just can't stand it any more. It's too much. I'm going to run away — going to leave town."

"Well maybe you'd better, Al."

"Ya, maybe I will."

The two men smoked and drank — and it rained.

"I was wondering Max."

"Ya, Al."

"When you were in Florida, Max?"

"Ya, Al."

"Did the ground move?"

THE FAT HEAD

"E Pluribus Phooi

Intercollegiate Virgins Pressing Association
Sixty-ninth Place Rating

Dismembered Virgins Press Association

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National Adversity Service, Inc.

A tri-nightly scandal sheet published by Jivaros at the College of Wilhelm and Magda on barily Tuesday's, muddy Thursday's and slushy Saturdays of the College year except during polio vaccinations. Entered as 96th class mail November 32, 1984, at the Pony Express arcade in Billsburg, Virgins. Subscription rates are \$429.63 per year and 91 cents per semester, postpaid. Adversity: \$21.21 per square yard (on sale), classical 54 6/10 cents per paragraph, with a minimum of \$6,424.09. We need the hay, group; Box 1555555555; Billsburg, Virgins.

The Fourth Pint

By Rat Piley

"There are gardens everywhere, night-ingles sing in the gardens and police spies (only police spies?) lie in the bushes."

Many denuded persons are trying to tell me about the Fourth Pint in our Silly and Fairy Boner System. Now I am the originator of This Great Controversy and justice and right must be done, the brilliance of universal sudo-intellectual knowledge and the light of sophisto-ignorance.

The answer is simple. The 4th pint, that insidious effort by the evil liquor industry to make even greater profits, that enemy of religious-atheistic carpet-baggers, that anti-pan-slavic elecent of our Vile & Merry Boner Code must be ABOLISHED.

After all, for even an advanced guzzler, 2 or 3 pints should be sufficient to induce unconsciousness. Quicker flake-outs would cut down on noise in the lodge area, also on the number of broken glasses. Two quick pints are better than 3 slow ones. Less expensive, too.

For the 3 1/2 non-drinking sudo-inebrates and sophisto-sohistocates, I have solved the problem in my usual, logical, esoteric fashion. Now, here is the Silly and Fairy Boner System, in detail.

NOTE CAREFULLY THE 4th POINT, LURKING ON THE RIGHT. THAT IS AN EVIL THING AND MUST BE AVOIDED.

Now, look carefully, and for \$64,000, which is the 4th point?

Maddening, isn't it. Do not despair, Decency Will Triumph, (damn it).

A little math will also solve the problem. Merely subtract .8 from the 4th Point. What do you get? Yes, it is! The one and only, ever-lovin' 3.2!

And now, the lights are going out oll over campus . . . and I hear rustlings (and hustlers) in the Sunken Garden.

Letters

Resents Competition

Dear Editor:

Most students at Wilhelm and Magda know all about the door to door Vodka salesman who's been trampling around the back doors at Ludwell. What I want to know is why doesn't your paper tell the rest of the coeds on this campi—they might want to remain chaste, and I do mean chaste in every way. Why, if my daddy knew what was going on in the Ludwell parking lot, he'd turn over in his grave so fast, the Mississippi'd run dry just because of it!

Adamantly, y'all's,
Zsa Zsa Bush.

P. S. My daddy owns "And How's Your Bush" Brewing Company, and that's the really reason I'm just so all-fired indignant about this lil' ol' Vodka salesman, anyway.

Keep Off The Ivy

Dear Sir:

Spring has once again blighted our campi. If students would just wake up around this cemetery campi they'd find that there are signs all over the window sills that say, "Keep off the Ivy!" The fact remains that there is still a vast amount of desecration of our beautiful halls of ivy. Apparently at Wilhelm and Magda, there just aren't any live people.

I leave my remains,
R. U. Dead, X

HEAD FAT HEADS

- Vicki Vodka-snuff Editor-in-Briefs
 - Lord Chadwick Party-poop
 -Hardly Manages
 - Maiden N. Form Dirt Digger
 - Alphonse R. Muse Shorts Stuff
 - Marianella Marigold Creature Editor
 - S. Garden Make-out Artist
 - Jake Jivaro World Head Hunter
 - Agamemnon Crapy Editor
 - Smirnoff Bush Big Business Bumbler
 - Daisy Mae Zigafos Corrupted Promoter
- DIRT STAFF — Beck, Hoffa, Portland City Council, Cement Mixer, Putty, Putty, Dixon Yates, Mailstopper Summerfield, Winter Yard, Spring, Ring, Roasted, Fried, Stewed, Clobbered, Sinsored.
- SHORTS STAFF — Plato Q. Black, Pizano Weedman, Mohammed Tinmann, Samuel Q. Barfly, J. J. Spats.
- CREATURE STAFF — Schlarianovitzka Margatorbitz, Lasagna Grass, Ted Butterball, Gypsy Rose Leaf.
- MAKE-OUT STAFF — (This may be long so hold on, here goes) Nan Narbuckles, Geoff Shakespeare, Philomela Pancake, Stanley Holloway, Georgia Malenkov, Pygmalion, Philanderer, John B. Turnipgreen, Helen of Troy, Anthony, Cleopatra, Romeo, Juliet, Whiskey and Lucy

Beauty Is A Beast

W&M Beauty Gets Award At International Meeting



Schlarri, Coed Of Century

In keeping with the International news featured on this page, the editors are extremely happy to announce that a Wilhelm and Magda coed has been chosen not just as Coed of the Week but COED OF THE CENTURY. She was selected from a host of raving international beauties last night at the annual International Convention of Death Magazine in the awe-inspiring ruins of the Roman Coliseum in Rome, Italy. Who is this exotic beauty roving on our campus? None other than our own Schlarri Coed Margatorbitz, 11th year senior

dition of 231 pounds, that he ran around in circles around the arena until Schlarri Coed was forced to take the bull by his horns and bring him to a stampeding halt. The crowd was aghast, but our Schlarri was unharmed, and she calmly descended from the bull's back and reeled toward the direction of the judges' box. Magsaysay, spokesman for the judges, (Death Magazine sponsored this, you will remember) presented Schlarri Coed with a hating cup for subduing the only bull in the world that had been undefeated up till that time; then proceeded to crown her with a circlet of thorns, claiming:

The crowd cheered and Schlarri howled—she thought it was all very very hilarious, and was ready to split a Bud with the judges.

Distinguished Scientist Comes Home After Brush With Native Slimerians

Posthumously returned from a recent collecting trip in Slimeria, the disembodied remains of Herr Doctor V. D. Fleschigras, Head of the Biology Dept., retrieved at great risk after a disastrous brush with a rival group of native botanists, will repose in a gallon urn of formaldehyde to be entombed in the basement of the Washington Building.

Herr Doctor Fleschigras is survived by his aged mother, Fraulein Schleidenpeffer Fleschigras, from whom little has been heard for two years, since her son contributed her to the Navy for experimental cold storage in Antarctica in connection with Operation Deep freeze. He also leaves behind a tiny group of pupils, shuddering student derelicts — visibly identified as members of the human race only by the battered notebooks they still clutch in quivering paws. The family has requested that all flowers be sent to the laboratory for dissection.

Due to the absence of his mother, Dr. Fleschigras' age and place of birth are unknown. A self-taught scholar, the professor has always used to advantage the biological principles which he learned at an early age. Having learned to read and write during a considerable pause in the pursuit of more serious studies, he enrolled in Maoka University where he majored in beachcombing and minored in advanced snipe hunting. He was a member of Alfalfa Cow agricultural fraternity.

Since his arrival in Wilhelm and Magda, Doctor Fleschigras has made many valuable contributions to the welfare of the school. He returned from a collecting trip in Mexico with seeds of the Hardy North American



Dr. Fleschigras

Opium Daisy, now grown commercially in the Sunken Gardens. On numerous field trips to nearby points of interest, he is said to have met many coeds — understand the value of biological experience. Shortly before his untimely demise he bestowed the name Burgerus obnoxius on a rare botanical specimen discovered growing thickly among the garbage dumps of the Wirestone Synthetic Rubber Factory in Slimeria.

International News Shows Patching-Up Of World's Affairs

Diplomatic relations between the United Kingdom and the U. S. were restored last week after the shocking affair of the Midland Beast.

The BBBC (British Bull-Breeders Club) had presented a 2,000 lb. Midland specimen (that's what it was called) to the U. S. ambassador in London, but the beast was refused entrance into the U. S. because it made some rash Charlie Wilson statements and suffered from hoof-in-mouth disease. The British were insulted and broke off diplomatic relations.

U. S. Secretary of State, J. Foster Dulles flew into London last week to patch up the rift, but was coolly received at the airport (the temperature was in the low 20's.)

Mr. Dulles was introduced by an old alcoholic friend, Rye Bevan at a banquet of state. Mr. Bevan playfully referred to his unlucky-in-love friend, John lost-her, as "the White Man's Burden".

The small crowd of waiters and dishwashers present at the banquet (attendance was slim) received the speech in cold silence, as they did the meal. One interruption occurred, directly after the dessert was served. Mr. Dulles was stoned by a shower of peach seeds.

War Declared

Miss Primrose, head mistress of Mrs. Primrose's School for Girls, has declared war on Monsieur DeBauch's Boys Prep, claiming that her boarders were being repeatedly violated. Miss Primrose, however, is regarded as in a shaky position as she seems to have little or no support from her charges.

Our Secretary of Status valiantly continued however, despite a very large mouthful of peach shortcake, most of which was distributed among guests in the first row during a high point of the speech.

A traveling shoe salesman and ex-gangster lawyer, one Add-a-lie Steve-&-Son (law firm), was on hand to support the speaker who was in danger of falling down from exhaustion induced by a native drink (Scotch) common to the island. Add-a-lie, always ready with a slip, reminded the Britishers that, "There'll always be an egg-head." All present agreed, noting how healthy he looked.

Prediction: The sun will rise tomorrow but may not be visible because of clouds.

High, How're You?

Professor High Gets Job, Give Lowdown To Highups

In a surprise press conference held by White House Press Correspondent James C. Haggard, Dr. Low N. High of the William and Mary history department was named assistant secretary of state.

According to the White House announcement, Dr. Low N. High was chosen because of "his consistent and enthusiastic support of our basic foreign policy." "We have been watching him for a long time," said Mr. Haggard, "and the present world situation now demands a man with his background. It is Ike's and my personal feeling that only a person with a thorough knowledge of Peter the Great and Chartism can successfully deal with the Suez crisis."

It was later revealed that the new current world affairs expert had first come to President Eisenhower's attention through the efforts of the Wilhelm and Magda Young Republican Club

When reached at his home, Dr. Low N. High made the following prepared statement:

"Ah — first of all, I want to call to your attention my proposed 69-point program which I will submit to the President in the following week. On Monday, he will receive points 42-48; on Tuesday he will receive points 26-33; on Wednesday, points, 4-19; then on Tuesday again, just in case he tried to read ahead, I will change Wednesday's points from 4-19 to 51-57 instead. On Thursday he will get points 1-3 and 34-41. Finally, on Friday, I will tell him to forget points 4-25 together with points 49-50, and I will present him with my last points all the way to 69. This is the program which will clear up all the confusion now existing in Washington. And you know what I think of John Foster Dulles.

"Now this business has gone too far. If Ike had studied the trouble brought about by the colonization of Morocco in 1904, he would know what to do when Egypt is invaded by England and France. As you know, Henry VIII ruled England for about 38 years. Look at the facts of history, man. You think Nasser is new? On top of all this, Russia is allowed to come along and win the Olympic Games and you know what I think of John Foster Dulles.

"As if this wasn't enough, we find a member of the Van Doren-Mallory-Bulganan Falange is running the post office department. Don't you think that Mr. Khrushchev studied History 101

in Moscow Tech? I think you can see that simply by looking at Geneva. I haven't been spending all my time in the lecture room you know.

"Of course I'll know more



Dr. Low N. High

about everything when I get to Washington. Well, at least a little more. However I intend to teach them a few things. And Nasser too. Think he knows anything about the origins of Calvinism?

Faculty Decreases; Escalators To Rise

(Concluded from Page 1)

members) will be that popular, informative program 'Ding Dong School.'

President Mishandler went on to remark that the Board of Welcomers believes that the outrageous expense of teachers' salaries will be extremely reduced by this new method, since only about six teachers will be necessary to help in the operation of the television sets, the reclining chairs and the serving of refreshments from the modern beer dispensers which have been conveniently located outside the door of every other classroom.

President Mishandler further commented that escalators will be installed immediately in each dormitory and academic building because the Board of Welcomers feels that the students should conserve their energy in case they need it at a later date in life.

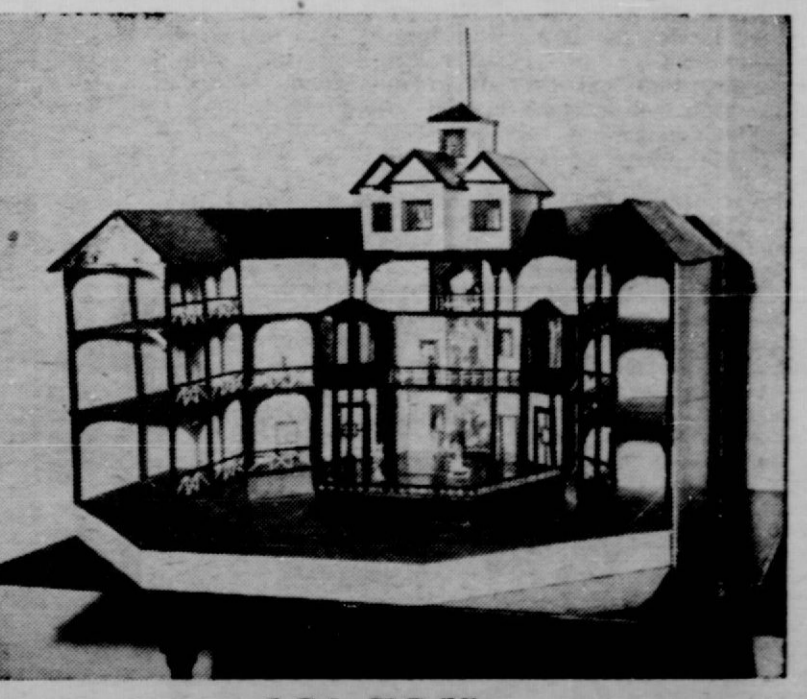
One further addition will be sun lamps in each classroom — one per student. These are necessary improvements to enable seniors to be properly prepared with deep tans for graduation. This should also relieve the unhealthy congestion on Barrett Beach.

I Baka Pi Hall Of Memories Opens, Displays New Modern Convenience

In keeping with the College's decentralization plan begun with the demolition of Wilhelm and Magda's original building to make room for a bigger, better Jockey Plaza, the college has opened its new I Baka Pi Hall of Memories, located halfway between Williamsbarf and Junkville.

Two evils of the collegiate educational system have been eliminated to get between classroom buildings is 25 minutes, class time has been reduced to ten minutes, for each formerly 50 minute class period.

In addition, all physical education classes have been abolished and more W&M gymnasts are pounding the old brick walks, peddling their degrees. Miss Barfa Yiphill explained the reason for abolishing P. E. classes which W&M coeds have so enjoyed since 1689. "The students are so completely worn out by the time they have attended a few classes, that they can't even stand up on the tennis court."



I. Baka Pi Building

The new building encloses a magnification of Radio City Music Hall, known as the auditorium, where the College strolling minstrel group, Aloysius's

troupe of thespians and various other refugees from the ancient ruins, known in some circles as the fine arts building, are currently displaying their wares.

Athletic Committee Announces New Coach, Policy



W&M Smears Cold Cream: Bats, Baseballs Fly In Win

By Pizano Weedman

The Wilhelm and Magda diamond nine broke all their available bats and were forced to use genuine colonial style chair and table legs, but managed to hang on to a 30 run lead to beat Cold Cream College, 31-29. In what was termed, "the widest game ever," the W&M smashed 13 home runs and 24 bats as they swept to their fourth win.

Coach Eratic Tiptop, on the carpet for winning, termed the game as the sloppiest game he had ever seen, as neither team managed to come up with an error.

Senior Stuff, power hitter, was singled out for a particularly terrible performance. He hit eight solo homers of the Idiot's 13. Miniature rightfielder, "Scooter" Caplanovsky got eight hits for eight trips to the plate and was chided with a letter of reprimand for flouting school policy.

The best performance of the afternoon was accorded to pitcher Raskolnikov Worthless, whose stellar relief role in the seventh allowed 29 runs for Cold Cream to slip across the plate. Dean Fraud lauded his super-human efforts, and recommended him for the new baseball coach.

Accounting for the other home runs for the W&M Idiot nine were 3rd baseman, Rug Hunley, with three, Philaster Secures with one. Both Secures and Shinario hit grand slammers.

Eustacia Sigafoos Vye was the big gun for the Idiots with five doubles and one single, driving in 11 runs. Vye was due for one more turn at bat, but she had to go run the track meet. Bedwell Jonesky pinch hit and drew great cheers with a tremendous strikeout.

Aberdeen Hardrock, spunky short stop enlivened the fans by stealing second base from third base on six occasions. He also stole first base twice and did a

Ticket Stubs

Wilhelm and Magda Athletic Business manager Happy Pooch announced that all students should save their ticket stubs. There will be a collection of these stubs, and the student with the largest number will receive the \$1 athletic scholarship under the new athletic program.

Pooch announced that old ID cards will count and that students must have at least one amid the heap of ticket stubs. All stubs must be presented at the game during the W&M - Tidewater A&M football game next November 35.

S. Samovar Gets Vacant Berth; Dr. Oliveoil States New W&M Policy

By Alphonse R. Muse

The Wilhelm & Magda Athletic Committee made two great strides in ending the chaotic athletic situation that has beridden the campus for three months by announcing their new Athletic Director and Head Football coach in a formal statement to the Exasperated Press news bureau.

The new Athletic Director is not quite older than Samuel Hangnail Samovar. Samovar was a former bench warmer for the Wilhelm and Magda gridiron eleven of 1893, which failed to score a point all season and had the fantastic total of minus 342 yards.



Sam H. Samovar Bedridden Fireball

Samovar was the hero because he was thrown for the highest total of lost yards—340.

Samovar saw service in the Spanish American War and received a dishonorable discharge. Dr. Quincy Q. Oliveoil stated concerning Samovar's appointment, "Because we set high standards for our sports here at Wilhelm and Magda, we felt that our choice was extremely pertinent."

Oliveoil, who previously was famous for the ringing phrase, "No Comment," outlined the new athletic policy. "We have renewed athletic competition with the University of Virgins, and will continue to play a high caliber of team. The committee and I, backed by President Mis-handler, have decided to follow a policy of losing every game."

Dr. Oliveoil noted that the W&M Board of Vipers has backed with enthusiasm every move made by the Athletic Committee. He continued, "We have cut the budget because we are determined to have amateur-professionals on our teams. The official allotment to sports is exactly \$1 for scholarship purposes."

Commenting on the football players available now, Dr. Oliveoil said, "We have only one man in school who weighs over 130 pounds but our wonderful recruiting system is coming up with some bumble-footed 150 pounders who should be in shape by September to lose every game."

The new Athletic Director, Samovar, expressed happiness at his appointment. The 86 year old bedridden fireball said, "Right now I am suffering from gout, but I think Wilhelm and Magda's boys can lose adequately without me."

Reservation Thinclads Slip By Shod; Tomb, Filecase, Vye Notch Victories

The Wilhelm and Magda Track squad slipped by Shod University with a total of 66 points. The star of the afternoon of Hairless Clove's team was Grant D. Tomb who ran the two mile race in 20 minutes 30.3 seconds.

Tomb, an 82 year old spindly legged sophomore out gunned Shod's Pith Stealthy, a 73 year old freshman. Tomb also won the mile race in 19:42.7. This was his best performance of the year.

Fleet-footed Whizbang "Shag" Filecase sped down the cinders in 1 minute flat to win the 100 yard dash. Filecase at 64 years, is the youngest man on the squad. He was followed closely by Dalton Bickerer and Aloysius "Tank"

beautiful hook slide to the pitcher's mound.

As a result of this win, Coach Tiptop was in danger of losing his job as authorities cited the game as "a complete disregard for the rules specifically created to form a stable athletic policy."

Shermanski, as W&M swept that event.

Other records were wrecked by Eustacia Sigafoos Vye in the pole vault and the 440 yard run. Her time in the 440 was 1:44.3. It broke the old standard of 1:44.6 set by Red Oldknife in 1632. Oldknife's record was set in an involuntary race with some Indians.

Wells C. Fargo, muscular advocate of milk drinking, fired the javelin for the remarkable distance of 13 feet 2 inches, to place in that event. Shod's Hunt A. Snipe won with a 13 foot eight inch heave. Both men, veterans of World War I, have been vying for Southern Confer-

ence honors all season. The SC standard is 13 feet 10 inches.

Hairless Clove, coaching in his 48th year, lauded his track team for their stupendous efforts. He said, "I would like to point out that Bobble Cyclone and Sam Bundles did a stupendous high jumping job. They tied for first place at 4 feet even."

New Records Discovered; Hardrock, Horsmann Stars

by Plato Q. Black

In reviewing past sports events, Fat Head reporters discovered two new records. Aberdeen Hardrock, spunky short stop, has done it again, along with Girdy Mae Horsmann, track star, injured in her steller role three weeks ago.

When Wolgate's Marcel Sabacronski grounded toward short in the sixth inning of last week's 9-6 victory, another new record was established for Coach Eratic Tiptop's Idiots. It was the first time in the school's "age-old history" that a right handed center fielder batting lefty against a side-armed right handed pitcher has grounded out on three and a half hops to a black-haired, home team shortstop in the sixth inning of a tied ball game with men on second and third and two outs.

Knowing that the record was at stake, Hardrock, who incidentally does a little thinking out on the diamond, rushed in quickly from short left field, scooped up the red hot smash, and sprinted for first base sliding in ahead of the runner in the nick of time.

The similar record, this time with the Idiots on the road, was established by Jeff Tommerson in 1760 in an 8-7 win over Maryland. After the game, Hardrock said, "I was sure that I could set the record, but I was a little worried that the ball would take four hops before I could get to it." Note: for those fraternity men who are interested, Sabacronski is an Alpha Beta Chi up there at Wolgate.

It was really hot at the track meet two weeks ago, where as usual old dependable Girdy Mae Horsmann came through to give us the necessary points to win again, 81-49. Her grand total of 33 points for the meet broke the existing record of 32, also held by a young lady, Miss Roselyn Source, who established the mark in 1944.

Girdy, a sweet little ole thing from Tifton, Georgia and nicknamed by the boys as "Big ole

girl," set her record by taking firsts in the shot put, discus, javelin, broad jump, highjump, and 220 yard low hurdles and a second in the 100 yard dash. She only got second in the century because some imbecile had dropped a shot on her right foot making her hop all the way on one leg.

The Cats Meow

By Alphonse R. Muse

Hello all you cats. This is yours truly, the Feline Phantom, talking to you from my cage on Cloud Nine. I ain't so hep on this sports jazz so you'll just have to bee-bop along while I try to dig this drool. It looks like a jivey day on the sports stage, with all those hep cats having to compete.

Out on the baseball field, Coach Eratic Tiptop sends his baseball cats to bee-bop the opponents. Yeah, man that should be a real cool wing-ding. Like Elvis Presley says, "I'm all shook up."

Now all you hep fans will be hurting in the pocket books and saying, "Money honey?" But if you really hep on the cool drool, you'll know that you do not need scratch to parlay to the baseball game.

I think maybe that it is a game for squares, man, because these nine jazz-bows in prison suits, with the smallest numbers for so big a hoosegow, go rocking around those crazy dirt paths. And if they don't step on those big bags, a crazy daddio in a blue suit, with no peg pants, throws his thumb in the air and does the fastest crazy jive I ever saw.

Like I said, the Feline Phantom ain't so hep on shorts. Now take track meets. The crazy cats, with hair cut in crew style (can you imagine that?) go running down between chalk marks. And all they wear are these crazy under shirts and shorts. Man, those daddios ought to know its cool out there some times. Their coach, a cat named Hairless Clove, is the most hep cat, I ever saw. He doesn't never stop rocking.

But sports is like a new edition of Birdland, man. It's the most. You cats should see that dreamy stuff. It ain't as jivey as a-cool rock and roll, but it's the next number, man. You should get hep to this sports jazz.

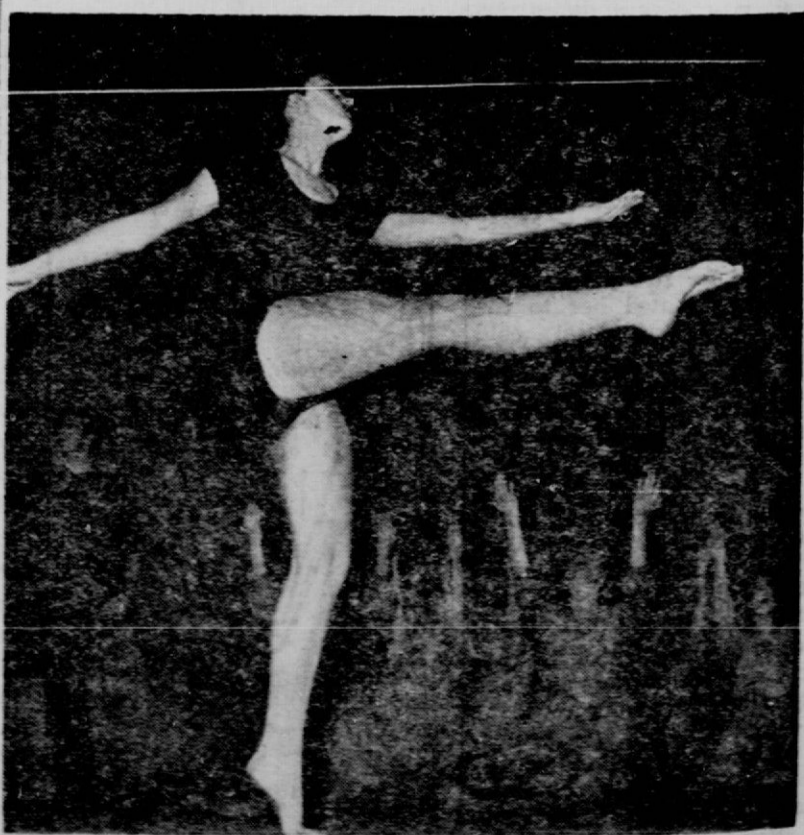
DEPARTMENT OF ANSWERABLE QUESTIONS:

When is a foul not a foul? When it is a fowl. When is a door not a door? When it's ajar. Is airborne? No, it is issued. What girl was Marshall-Wythe? None, he came stag. What did the nine out of ten doctors who used camels do? Go back to using cars again. Does filter tip? No, he's the cheapest thing I know. What is the Kinsey Report? Most uneducated say it is a book on sex, but actually it is the name given the noise when Mount Kinsey erupted. What does ROTC? Nothing. An ROT is a species of undertrained mole and can't C anything. What is Elvis Presley? A real cool Daddio. What is Dean Marsh? It is a famous swamp in the middle of Okefenokee. Pogo sneaks there when Walt Kelly runs out of ink. What is Wren Building? Nothing. He's dead and buried, a fact that has upset many a tourist.

The Wilhelm and Magda baseball team, better labeled the "I give a hoot nine," have won their first game against Carumba Spanish Seminary, dealt Scrounge Tech a loss, clobbered the University of Virgins and yesterday beat Cold Cream College. With the new, "lose every game policy" just laid down, something should be done, eh, coach?

Well, that is the meowing for this week. I have to return to my jazzy cage on Cloud nine and pluck my crazy whiskers. Hope you cats get out to support your athletic daddios. Sports is the most.

Idiot Of The Week



This week's choice of INDIAN OF THE WEEK goes to Eustacia Sigafoos Vye. Vye, a three letter dame for Wilhelm and Magda, drove in 12 runs in the W&M-Cold Cream College baseball game, set two records in the W&M-University of Virgins track meet. Five doubles and one single in six times at bat accounted for Vye's efforts in the baseball contest. In the track meet, running the 440 yard dash, Vye was clocked at 1:44.3 to set a new Southern Conference standard. Vye has one minute to shave off her time for world recognition. In the pole vault, Vye cleared the fantastic height of 5 feet 2 inches for a Cary Field record. The old one was 5 feet one inch set by Max Schulmantz in 1845. Vye also gained prominence in football last spring with a brilliant minus 341 yard rushing average. She handily challenged the record set in 1893 by Sam Samovar. The Fat Head regrets the age of the picture. Here Vye is shown eluding the clutches of opponents during a football game. She lost fifty yards on this particular play.